

PHOTOPLAY

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Budweiser
KING OF BOTTLED BEER

Because it fits so gracefully and so gaily into the scheme of good living, BUDWEISER is recognized as the King of Bottled Beer. Millions who welcomed beer back, are finding there is only one BUDWEISER—brewed and fully aged in the world's largest brewery.



A N H E U S E R - B U S C H ~ S T . L O U I S

"But even people My Age get 'Pink Tooth Brush,' Dad!"



KAY: Dad, you're just being perverse! It isn't because you're 48 that your teeth look sort of foggy. It's because you've had "pink tooth brush" for perfect ages.

MR. HUNT: I say it's old age. My gums are getting ready to retire from service.

KAY: Fiddlesticks. Even people *my* age get "pink tooth brush." Not that I'll ever have it, of course.

MR. HUNT: You immune or something?

KAY: Now, Dad, you listen. People today don't eat tough meats or crunchy foods. Our gums don't get enough *exercise*. Naturally they get soft, then tender. And sometimes they bleed.

MR. HUNT: I follow you perfectly.

KAY: But if you *massaged* your gums

every day—with Ipana Tooth Paste—your gums wouldn't get so lazy and tender. Why, I've been massaging Ipana into my gums ever since I was knee-high to a duck! Dr. Grant told me about it *years* ago!

MR. HUNT: You *do* have nice teeth.

KAY: You see, Dad, Ipana has something

called "ziratol" in it, and Dr. Grant said that was what toned up the gums. Now you begin massaging Ipana into *your* gums, like a good boy. And you won't have "pink tooth brush."

MR. HUNT: O.K. You've sold me. Bring me home some Ipana, will you?

* * *

You can't afford to ignore "pink tooth brush." Neglected, it may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Your gums will become firmer, your teeth brighter. And you can forget "pink tooth brush." Start with Ipana today!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

General Exhibits Group—Bldg. No. 4
Chicago, June—October, 1933

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH



Move your feet?

"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."



He Pets!

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.

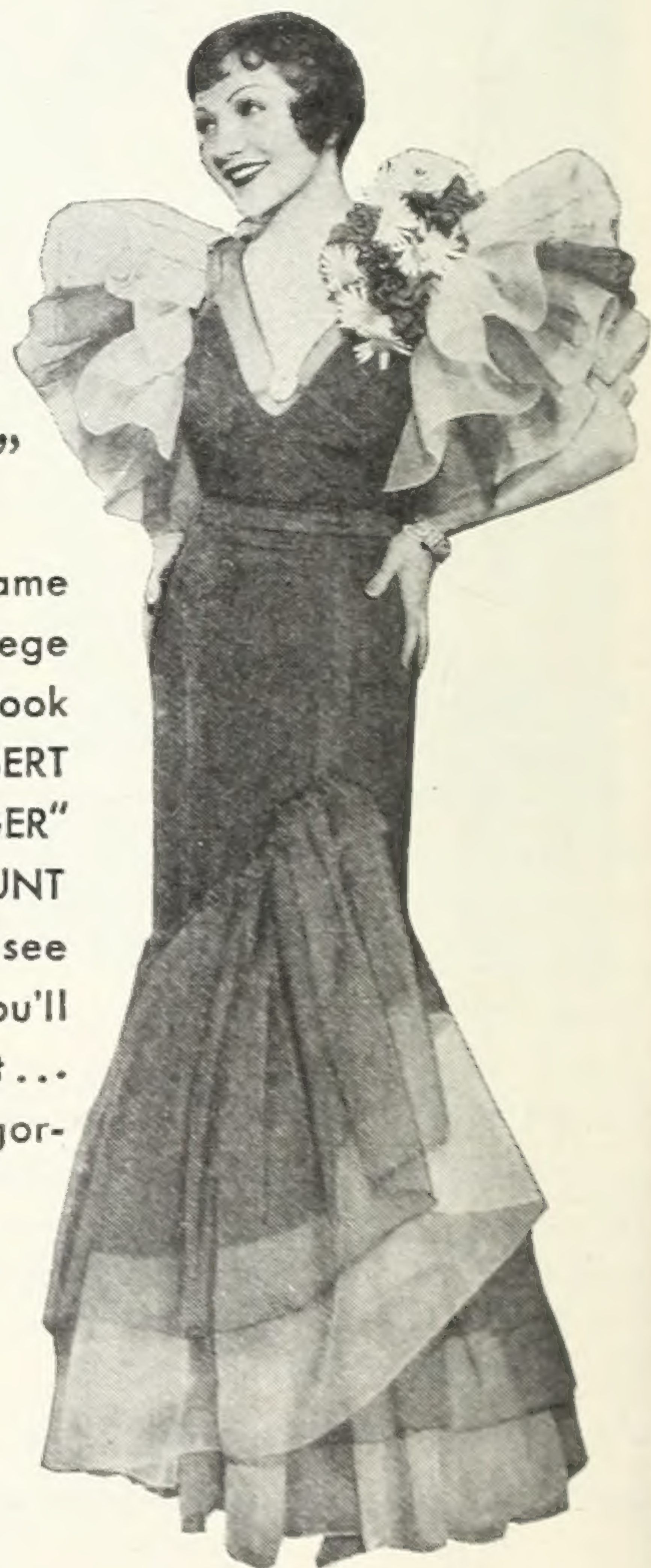
"A Good Number!"

.... I should say, 'numbers'.... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor"... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."



"Boy, She's Stacked!"

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.



Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIV No. 5

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

October, 1933



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

1927
"7th HEAVEN"

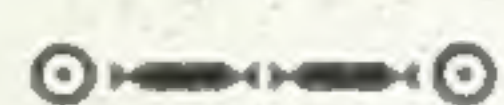
1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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On the cover—Ruby Keeler—Painted by Earl Christy

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The Audience Talks Back



THE \$25 LETTER

I am a doctor practicing psychiatry. As many of you know, obscure troubles of the nervous system are baffling, and physicians too often send these mental cases at once to the asylum or mental hospital. I have another scheme. I send 'em to the movies.

Here's a sample of successful prescriptions:

For melancholia—Laurel and Hardy in anything.

Dementia praecox—The Four Marx Brothers in "Cracked Ice," "Cracked Nuts," or anything else that is cracked.

Nervous prostration—"A Bedtime Story."

Religious mania—"She Done Him Wrong."

Intermittent amnesia—"Gold Diggers" or "42nd Street."

Morbidity—"Peg O' My Heart."

Paranoia—"King Kong" or "Tarzan."

Restlessness and Boredom—"Rome Express."

The jitters—Anything with Marie Dressler.

Complicated jitters—Add Wallace Beery to Marie.

I seriously believe that the motion pictures have been a great factor in preserving the world's sanity during the past four years.

J. W. CAMERON, M. D., Regina, Canada

THE \$10 LETTER

Whenever I read a criticism of some minor detail in a film, it occurs to me that the public has become spoiled.

Twenty-five years ago, picture theaters were store-rooms with wooden chairs, all on the same level. A piano player whanged away in one corner. The main picture was generally about a French count who wooed a peasant girl, grew tired of her, and pushed her off a cliff to end the romance. And people thought the movies were wonderful.

Want to cure the double jitters? See any picture featuring Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler. Or so the psychiatrist says. Jitters or no jitters, everybody will welcome the pair in the salt-tanged story of Seattle's waterfront, "Tugboat Annie". You'll laugh and relax

SEEMS like everybody's been concerned with the bloom of youth, music in the air, and that man Tone!

More and more girls are getting lyric over Franchot. We'll bet his picture is the masculine touch on lots of feminine dressing tables.

Half the ladies in the land who have stopped counting birthdays wrote heated letters bawling out the lad who suggested that Mary Pickford retire from the screen 'cause she's no longer a member of the younger generation. Mary's star of glory has not dimmed.

And say! The producers made no mistake when they accidentally made a musical out of "42nd Street." It was supposed to be a straight talkie, you know. But with loads of talent and a big stage, the director decided to toss in a couple of song'n'dance numbers. Result: "42nd Street" was hailed as a musical and the public hollered for more.

Well, everybody ought to be happy: more musicals are in production, Franchot's wearing grease paint, and there are rumors of big things on the Pickford lot.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Nowadays people go to wonderful picture palaces, sit in luxurious seats, hear fine orchestras, and see and hear great films. Then many of them go home and write to magazines criticizing the feature, because the hero had on the kind of suspenders that hadn't been invented at supposed date of the story.

RODERICK DHU, Chicago, Ill.

THE \$5 LETTER

Mom and Pop and Sis and I have our own movies "Who's Who," but we have some heated discussions nominating the favorites. It runs like this:

"But he's so suave and charming. And always romantic! Now take 'Animal Kingdom' . . ." That's Mom, talking about Leslie Howard.

"She's an excellent actress—and good to look at. Humph! Deserves more recognition!" That's Pop, who never misses Aline MacMahon.

"But he's a master of his art—and handsome! Why he has *everything*!" That's Sis. She's that way about Fredric March.

But we all agree that Garbo and Mickey Mouse are chief favorites.

Also we want to thank you for PHOTOPLAY. It means so much to our family. A movie gives us seventy-two minutes of pleasure. PHOTOPLAY has given us years of enjoyment.

RAOUL R. MOORE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A HAPPY EVENING WITH GOLD DIGGERS

Oh! What an enjoyable evening's entertainment one receives in "Gold Diggers of 1933." In times like these we need something humorous. Will we see more of these depression chasers in the future? I laughed until my sides ached! Even the next day at work I would find myself laughing at Aline MacMahon's chiseling.

MARTY HILE, Sunbury, Pa.

BOYS IN UNIFORM

A friend of mine is a cook in a reformatory. It is like Mr. Thompson's in "The Mayor of Hell." Doubtless many others are like that, too. I wish all state officials and reformatory heads would see this interesting picture. It might make them realize the crying need for self-government and other reforms in these schools.

D. N., Olympia, Wash.

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE" IS COMING

Bring on your pretty girls and dancing feet. Let's have more "42nd Streets."

No babies being born. No baths being taken.

It was a darn good show!

G. S. HUMPHREYS, Logan, Kansas

ADVERTISING PAYS

The advertisers may not know it, but many of their slogans remind me of favorite screen personalities. For instance:—

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

I LOVED A WOMAN . . . SO DID MANY MEN!"

Together...the mighty Robinson and the divine Francis... because at last the screen has found a story big enough for both—a heart drama that hits like the shock of worlds colliding! Everything you'd expect to happen when the screen's woman of fire wraps her arms around the screen's man of thunder!

The story of an all-consuming passion . . . crashing all barriers! . . . Defying all conventions! . . . Sweeping a man and woman on to the desperate destiny of those who play against the rules!

EDW.G.ROBINSON

surpassing even his great triumphs of the past in

"I Loved a Woman"

A First National Picture with a cast of stars including

KAY FRANCIS

Genevieve Tobin . . . J. Farrel MacDonald . . .
Henry Kolker . . . Robert Barrat . . . George
Blackwood . . . Directed by Alfred E. Green

Another
WARNER BROS.
Hit . . . Coming
to your theatre
soon

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (April)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (Sept.)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (April)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BED OF ROSES—RKO-Radio.—Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (Aug.)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (April)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (Aug.)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (April)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (Aug.)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (April)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (April)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

BEAUTY!

To whom is flawless beauty so important as the star who must appear, day after day, before the searching eye of the camera?

Here PHOTOPLAY serves you—by discovering and describing the newest beauty hints developed in this never-ending battle for perfect appearance. To know the latest and best in the art of being beautiful, read

Carolyn Van Wyck's
Hollywood Beauty Shop
in this and all issues of
PHOTOPLAY

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (April)

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scorning "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (Aug.)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (Sept.)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE—World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (July)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (April)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (Sept.)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordan, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (April)

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (April)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept.)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

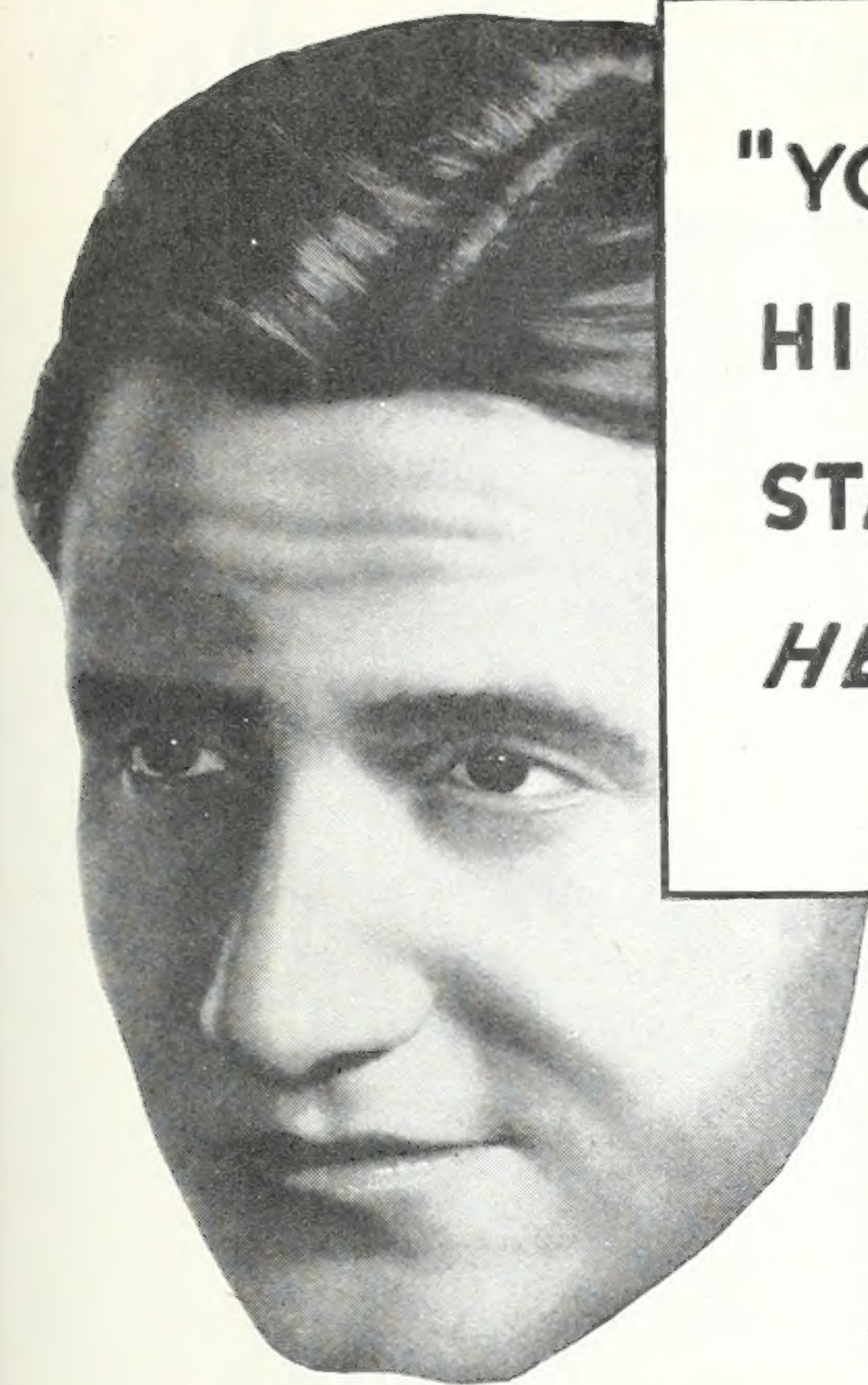
DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (April)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rum-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



"YOU CAN'T JUDGE
HIM BY ORDINARY
STANDARDS
HE WAS TOO BIG"



... AND THIS PICTURE IS *TOO BIG*
TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in NARRATAGE—talking pictures' newest wonder—forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

SPENCER TRACY • **COLLEEN MOORE**

RALPH MORGAN • **HELEN VINSON**

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Directed by William K. Howard

Story by Preston Sturges



The Public Determines Today



Here's the answer to a lot of prayers. And we aren't referring especially to Jimmy Cagney—but to more musicals. These beautiful girls are hard at work on "Footlight Parade," with Ruby Keeler and Mr. Cagney, ex-hoofer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

THE OTHER WOMAN

"Good to the Last Drop" makes me think of Charlie Ruggles. "Hams What Am" is the Four Marx Brothers. "Beware of Substitutes," makes me think of Garbo and those who copy her, while Walter Huston "Removes the Dirt but Not the Surface," and "They Satisfy" is meant for Wheeler and Woolsey.

MRS. HAY FISHER, Quebec, Canada

TRY AND PLEASE 'EM

Here is a true-life "talkie" entitled: "Why Movie Producers Go Mad."

Mama (after seeing "She Done Him Wrong")—What a raw picture, papa! Have they forgotten how to make wholesome pictures that delight instead of shock?

Papa: That's what I'd like to know, mama! All the pictures nowadays are alike. No fancy. No beauty.

What I wouldn't give to see a good old-fashioned fairy tale on the screen!

A week later the same couple after seeing Janet Gaynor in "Adorable."

Mama: Ho hum. Did you ever see anything so silly, papa! No action—no plot—why I almost fell asleep.

Papa: You said it, mama! Those little fairy stories are okay for the children. They seemed to enjoy it, but we're not kids! There's one thing I like in my picture—and that's realism.

MARIE D. MEYER, Detroit, Mich.

The American girl, with her new freedom, has lost respect for the American wife. A movie such as "When Ladies Meet" will teach the bachelor maidens that it is wisest to leave the married man alone—a lesson no preaching, no sermon, no wife's tears, could teach.

MRS. VANCE VERCELL, Torrington, Conn.

A PERFECT FORTY

A dunce-cap for the schoolboy who says America's Sweetheart is old! The years have taken nothing from Mary Pickford. Each passing season has *added* something, enriching her fine, unselfish personality, making beautiful a face that in youth was merely pretty and charming.

I've followed with loving interest her growth from a cute youngster to a charming woman, from a clever comédienne to a fine actress. She is perfect now!

R. B. S., Boise, Idaho

Recently you printed a letter from a young man that I would like to spank. He must be *very* young, because he thinks Mary Pickford is too old to play in the movies. And only an adolescent would fail to realize that at forty a woman can magically combine the beauty and spirit of youth with the poise and understanding of maturity.

I've loved Mary since the early days of Pick-



Better not say anything against Mary unless you want to bring the wrath of thousands down on your head! Her loyal followers, many of whom haven't missed a picture since pigtail days, want more grown-up Pickford pictures like Mary's latest feature, "Secrets"

ford curls and childish antics. Even more I appreciate the grown-up Mary we saw and loved in "Secrets."

The greatest actresses the world has known—Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Duse—were at their best after forty.

Pitkin says, "Life Begins at Forty." Well, I'm glad of that!

It insures us more Pickford films. And besides, I'm forty myself!

Mrs. E. B. W., St. Paul, Minn.

The Pictures of Tomorrow!



Mr. Tone has all the younger girls agog! He takes the part of a handsome young farmer in "Stranger's Return." Lionel Barrymore is the old man, warning Franchot against city slickers. And Miriam Hopkins is why Franchot gets romantic

HE'S COMING BACK

Just read in PHOTOPLAY that my favorite actor has gone home! Is Leslie Howard coming back, or am I going to have to go to England? MRS. J. C. WHITE, Knoxville, Tenn.

WELL, SCREEN LOVE IS BETTER THAN LIFE!

I am only thirty, but already of the harried appearance that marks the young husband who

Believe it or not, most of the Howard-be-praised letters come from ladies with a Mrs. in front of their names. And they always say things about "poetic soul," "spiritually romantic," etc. Well, they should enjoy "Berkeley Square"

begins to suspect that the better part of his life was his bachelorhood. My dark, ready-made clothes, my twice-soled shoes, and my hair, which is too long for a neat and businesslike aspect, are symptoms of necessary economy. More and more of late I am turning to the phantom world. Always we turn from those actualities to live for a delightful hour in that land where our most impossible dreams come true.

What is the difference between watching a love adventure on the screen and having one? The difference is: A love adventure in story form is guaranteed to be complete in itself. To be over when it is finished. And to leave behind it nothing but a pleasant memory.

A. P. G., Detroit, Mich.

THOSE GOOD OLD NEWSREELS

Perhaps when the bugles announce the newsreel, I may feel impatient with it, but by the time the newsreel has ended I have always had a hearty laugh. I am usually badly bored watching the Duchess of Ham christen a cruiser, or the changing of the guards at London Castle, but all the yawns leave when I get to watch a seventh son of a seventh son finding water with a forked stick from a prune tree.

The newsreels are also to be highly commended for the splendid way in which they bring us the truly dramatic events of today and help us to see more vividly behind the news.

STEWART JOHNSON, Palmyra, Mo.

HER HARMONY

I have always been rather cool and calm about movie heroes (indifferent, to you). But —this Tone lad has completely captured me. If I had a bit of a chance competing with Joan I'd spend my summer vacation camping on Franchot's door-step.

More Tone will be music to my ears
RUTH E. IDELBURG, Charleston, W. Va.

WE'RE HAPPY, TOO

I am a young mother with two babies who require a large share of my time. I am unable to afford a servant, and because the babies are too young to take many places I am forced to stay at home.

Can you imagine then the joy I receive in reading of Hollywood's magic splendor and beauty? Through the pages of PHOTOPLAY I am carried to the city that is unlike any other. I read of men and of women whose occupations are widely different from mine, but whose problems are often similar. I feel a kinship with them.

I see very few pictures, but I feel the loss less because I have the reviews in PHOTOPLAY to read. These are so well written that it makes one feel as though he had viewed the picture in an abbreviated form. Can you wonder then that I look forward to each issue? And then when I have avidly read each line, I pass the
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]



Everybody's begging for more laughs! Well, "Too Much Harmony" will shoo the blues away—with Bing Crosby and Oakie, chief shooers, aided by Judith Allen, Skeets Gallagher and Harry Green

magazine on to someone who awaits it as eagerly as I.

MRS. E. J. HARRIS, Atlanta, Ga.

MEN OF THE FOREST

Being in the Civilian Conservation Corps, we don't get many chances to get to a movie. Here in the forests we are at least ten miles away from the nearest movie house. We can't get to a movie during the week, but on Saturday nights the gang collects and we start walking.

With the anticipation of a good picture, we don't mind the twenty-mile walk there and back. Without this weekly visit to a movie, I imagine camp life would be pretty dull.

The cinema world has some loyal supporters in us Forest Workers.

M. L. LENGEL, Salisbury, Pa.

SICK O' SLAPSTICK

I'm not what they call an ardent movie follower, but I can say I certainly enjoy pictures such as "Be Mine Tonight," "The Little Giant," with laughs galore, "The White Sister," and delightful extravaganzas such as "Gold Diggers of 1933."

But somehow these are a bit spoiled when you've got to sit through one of those comedies in which the "comedians" still throw pies and get tangled up in macaroni. Are there moviegoers who laugh at and enjoy these? I'd really like to know.

R. M. STANTON, Corona, Calif.

MOVIES AND REPEAL

A slap at prohibition, and an urge to remember the part the movies played in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, wins first prize in your reader's department.

I, for one, deplore the part the movies have played in the prohibition question, especially in the minds of our younger generation.

While I know that prohibition isn't what it

should be, we will discover upon its repeal that it had its good points too. Its check, slight as many claimed it is, is far better than no check at all. And when the wet tide sweeps over this country, remember then that the movies helped to remove the barriers prohibition had erected to check the flow of alcohol.

No, I cannot feel proud of the part the screen has played in helping to bring back liquor.

MRS. R. W. CARR, Parkersburg, W. Va.

HILL BILLIES, TOO

In my state, there are many isolated towns and villages in the mountains. For the people in these places, the ablest writers, famous artists and experienced actors toil. Beauty and talent and fashion are brought to their doors, however remote. Through the movies. All honor to the industry that brings such happiness to those who, without it, would find life so much harder to endure.

BESSIE ARMSTRONG, Louisville, Ky.

REFORMING MOTHER

Last night I took my mother to a motion picture. I practically had to use forceful measures to get her there. My mother is one of those people who thinks spending money (thirty cents) to see a show is outrageous, when you might use it for something needy. Well, a good show is what *she* needed.

The picture was "No Man of Her Own," with Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. It was a fine movie with plenty of laughs, and it converted my mother to the movies. She thoroughly enjoyed it and said to me later, "I want to go again!"

MILDRED CARD, Merced, Calif.

SAD BUT LOGICAL

After having seen "Stranger's Return," I couldn't refrain from writing my praise of this excellent movie. I liked, in particular, the ending of the picture, where the two lovers bravely

part, each on a separate journey. It is true that there is a bit of heart-ache, but it is a dramatic, logical ending as sincere and true as life itself. Why do the producers so often feed the public with obstacle-avoiding, automatic endings, which are so unconvincing, so wrong that we fairly ache to see a story which conforms to truth and real art?

MAY TENENBAUM, Chicago, Ill.

CLARK AND JEAN

Clark Gable and Jean Harlow make a great pair. Here's to them! "Hold Your Man" is an exceptional picture. A vivid, colorful romance, and a relief from the humdrum of every day life.

JANE GREY, Salt Lake City, Utah

TEN PENNY PEEP SHOW

"Hold Your Man" belongs to the old-fashioned, ten-cent peep shows. Like those shows, which promised so much before you looked, it is dull, common and vicious. The reformatory is false in every note and the Head crowned with thorns, in the chapel scene, will be re-sented. With this picture, the industry which has shown such vast improvement in the past year, has lost much that it gained.

MAUDE BEAMISH, Harrisburg, Penna.

GOOD MANNERS

Thank heaven for "The Warrior's Husband!" Just when the country needed a laugh, this picture tickled the funny bones of a teary nation. And how that Manners boy can pull your heart-strings!

MARGARETTE CHASE, Beverly Hills, Calif.

PEACEMAKER

The only thing to regret after seeing such a marvelous picture as "The Eagle and the Hawk," is that it wasn't shown before the Geneva Conference.

MARGARETTE RICHARDSON, Kansas City, Kans.



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THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DIPLOMANIACS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (Sept.)

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (Aug.)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (Sept.)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (Sept.)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE**—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (July)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (July)

EX-LADY—Warners.—Pette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (April)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mac Clarke and in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (May)

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (Sept.)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (Aug.)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (Aug.)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (May)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (April)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (June)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—a good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (Aug.)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (May)

GIRL IN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (July)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (Aug.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (Sept.)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (April)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—News-reel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (Sept.)

★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (June)

HELLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (July)

HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (Sept.)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelmess! (Aug.)

HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (June)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (July)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (Aug.)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (Sept.)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (June)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (May)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (July)

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (April)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (Sept.)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (July)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (July)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (May)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (July)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (Sept.)

JENNIE GERHARDT—Paramount.—Sylvia Sydney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (Aug.)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hooley. (April)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a blackmailing mystery. (May)

★ **KING KONG** — RKO-Radio. — A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (May)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (July)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (May)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (April)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (April)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (May)

★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Apple-woman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Britishers unwittingly running a speakeasy. (May)

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (Aug.)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE—Warners.—Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prize-fighter. (May)

LILLY TURNER—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (July)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)

LONE AVENGER, THE—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (June)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)

LUCKY DOG—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (July)

"M"—Nerofilm.—Based on the Duesseldorf child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (June)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (June)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (Sept.)

MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE—Warners.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

**A NEW PICTURE TAKES ITS PLACE
AMONG THE GREATEST...**

"LADY FOR A DAY"

★★★★
**4 STARS AWARDED BY
LIBERTY MAGAZINE**

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From the story by
DAMON RUNYON

"LADY FOR A DAY"

A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

MELODY CRUISE—RKO-Radio.—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacifism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

MIDNIGHT MARY—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

MORGENROT (DAWN)—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia.—While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

NARROW CORNER, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug.)

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

NO MARRIAGE TIES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (May)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

PENAL CODE, THE—Freuler Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (July)

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (June)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Monogram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (Sept.)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA**—M-G-M.—John Barrymore, as the exiled *Archduke Rudolf*, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (July)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SAMARANG—Zeidman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Universal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (Sept.)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug.)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (Aug.)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (July)

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (April)

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (Sept.)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (Aug.)

★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)

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SEYMOUR and his new STYLE SECTION in this and all issues of PHOTOPLAY

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathé-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lynen splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (Sept.)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (Sept.)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (July)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART**—RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (Aug.)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK**—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (Sept.)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (July)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (Sept.)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake mediums. (July)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as a drama a bit incredible. (June)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (July)

★ **TOPAZE**—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis XV. (Sept.)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE**—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

"Constance Cummings knows my secret for STAYING SLIM!"

Says

Sylvia of Hollywood... famous beauty authority who taught the stars how to have and keep their lovely figures.

Madam Sylvia



Listen to Sylvia over NBC Red Network Coast to Coast, Tuesdays, 10:30 pm. E. S. T.



A Typical Dinner from Constance Cummings' Stay-Slim Diet
Fruit Cup
Lettuce and Tomato Salad with mineral oil and lemon juice
Double Lamb Chop ' Ry-Krisp
Gelatin ' Demi-Tasse

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS — glamorous star of Walter Winchell's BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE
A 20th Century production soon to be released by United Artists

"YOU know what I've done for the movie stars — how I've bossed their diets, massaged, slapped and pounded them to make their lovely figures perfect—but do you know how I advise these stars, to KEEP their figures slim and youthful?"

"Well—I simply say 'Eat Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers with every meal.' You see, I know that with Ry-Krisp, appetites are satisfied and figures are safe—for these crisp wafers that taste so good are actually filling but not fattening."

"If YOU honestly want to improve your own appearance—take the advice I gave the movie stars. Do two things for me today. Begin to eat Ry-Krisp, and send for my free consultation Chart.*"

You'll really enjoy eating Ry-Krisp Wafers. There's something about their true, whole rye flavor that makes them so surprisingly different, so completely tantalizing! Toast-

ed to a golden brown, they're irresistible at breakfast—perfect with cool salads, steaming soups or other foods at lunch or dinner. With savory spreads or pungent cheese, they make exciting tid-bits. And remember—Ry-Krisp Wafers help to keep you fit—and satisfy your appetite, so you don't want starchy, fattening foods!

Your grocer has red and white checkerboard packages of Ry-Krisp. Get some today—and do save the package top.*

HEAR SYLVIA ON THE AIR! Find the answer to your own beauty problem as Sylvia tells her own real-life stories of the stars and their beauty secrets—how she helped build up the ones who were underweight—and reduced those who were too plump—corrected flabby faces and necks, large hips, thick ankles and a thousand other figure faults.



*SYLVIA'S CONSULTATION CHART—FREE! USE THIS COUPON

Madam Sylvia, Ralston Purina Company, 620 Checkerboard Square, Saint Louis, Mo.

I am interested in ☐ reducing ☐ building up. I enclose one box top from a package of Ry-Krisp. Please send me your Consultation Chart, on which I can give you the information you need to help me solve my beauty problem. (Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada)

Name _____

Address _____



HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY

You can't be popular if your breath is not agreeable.

How *is* your breath today? Is it agreeable—or an offense to others?

The truth is, *you do not know*. You only hope it's normal—but the chances are that it is otherwise. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) may be caused by so many conditions, which exist even in normal mouths, that no one is immune from it.

Common causes are fermenting food particles on the teeth or gums, decaying teeth, leaky fillings, unwise eating and drinking, and infections of the mouth, nose, and throat. But 90% of all cases are caused by food fermentation.

Why take the risk of need-

lessly offending others when by the use of Listerine, you can instantly make your breath wholesome and agreeable? Simply rinse the mouth with it.

Listerine halts fermentation, decay, and infection, the primary causes of odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves. The mouth feels clean, refreshed, and invigorated.

Don't expect Listerine's quick, pleasant deodorant effect from ordinary, bargain mouth washes which are too weak to be effective or so harsh they may be dangerous. Repeated tests have shown

that Listerine instantly overcomes odors—that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. When you want to be *sure*, use Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Make it right
WITH
LISTERINE



AS sedately as a minuet, with all the romance and glamour of the period, Heather Angel and Leslie Howard move through the strange love story of "Berkeley Square," Miss Angel's second American movie. The English star makes a lovely leading lady for Leslie in a beautiful setting of cashmere gowns, powdered wigs, and soft music



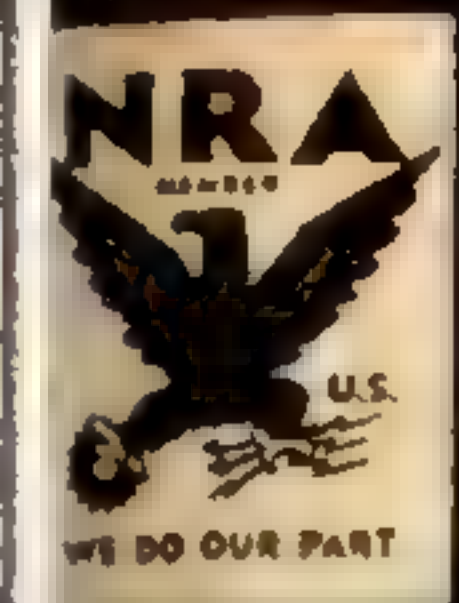
BABY LEROY toddled right up to the big bear and sat down. He wasn't scared at all. He isn't seeing much of Maurice these days. Busy vamping the cast of his next picture. The Baby LeRoy you'll see with Richard Arlen in "Captain Jericho" won't be the same bay-bee you saw in "A Bedtime Story." He's sprouted two teeth and increased his vocabulary



INSTEAD of resting in the cool quiet of his dressing-room after a hard scene, Spencer Tracy pulls up a chair off-set and watches proceedings with an anxious, critical eye. Spencer is working on "Shanghai Madness." The man who plays jailbird rôles on the screen started out to be a surgeon, but couldn't bear dissecting! He admits that he is scared of women, too



LYDA ROBERTI has plenty of the "hot-cha" which is considered native to the U. S. A. But Lyda was the daughter of a European clown, born in Warsaw, brought up in a circus train. She first intrigued Americans on the stage in "You Said It," singing American jazz mostly in Polish and dancing with an abandon that took her to Hollywood



HANDS, too, NEED A LOVELY COMPLEXION

LOVELY hands, smooth... soft... caressing. How vital the role they play in romance! How simple to have them, in spite of work and weather. Consider modern actresses; they aren't Dresden dolls. They play just as hard and use their hands as much as you! But they give them thoughtful care. After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds isn't a gummy, quick-drying lotion that simply "varnishes" the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form that penetrates deeply, to heal and soften. And it costs so little!



AUDETTE COLBERT, whose exquisite hands are so alluring,
with Paul Cavanagh in Paramount's film, "Tonight Is Ours."

NEW! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by makers of Hinds Honey & Almond
Cream, delicate, liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! . . . 40c, 65c.



EDWARD G. ROBINSON deserts gangster roughstuff to play opposite Kay Francis in "I Loved a Woman." And Miss Francis packs away her tailored clothes and looks highly decorative in feminine frills and furbelows. The tale has to do with a man's amazing struggle for success and is the life story of a prominent American meat packer

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

THE propensity for divorce in Hollywood was, perhaps, formerly exaggerated by the press. Today that is scarcely the case. The demand for freedom from the partner of the moment, that has swept over Hollywood like an epidemic, renders even those who wish to keep apart from it all scarcely safe. Rumor attacks them like a fever, resulting often in a feeling of strange insecurity.

THE Neil Hamiltons felt obliged to quash insistent whispers of a separation with this statement in a Hollywood newspaper: "Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton wish to announce that they have been happily married for eleven years, and that in spite of the many rumors appearing in this and other public prints and heard wherever all true gossipers foregather, they intend to remain so for many times eleven more."

Once it was only necessary to announce that a couple had been married. Now, apparently, it is necessary to tell the world that a couple has no intention of getting a divorce.

The necessity for doing this is one of the most astounding of the phenomena called Hollywood. It shows the extraordinary psychological attitude of that community.

BUT we can no longer sooth ourselves regarding Hollywood as a bewildering fantasmagoria to be spoken of with either wonder or disdain. Though few, if any, seem conscious of the fact, Hollywood is America's sociological laboratory where experiments are unwittingly made that have a tremendous influence upon our private lives.

For the emotions and acts of Hollywood today are the emotions and acts of the people of the United States tomorrow. The styles of Hollywood, beauty standards and ideas are conveyed to us subtly through the motion picture. This we have been told again and again. Repetition does not decrease the truth of that statement.

IF the trend in Hollywood is more and more toward divorce, we may confidently look forward to the same trend in Kansas, Georgia or Connecticut.

Unfortunately, that beacon of righteousness, Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, with her thousands of

faithful followers gathered about her in Angelus Temple, is not herself immune from the curse of divorce. And if Aimee cannot check this devastating epidemic, who can?

AN expert in such matters, Dr. Paul Popenoe, Chief of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations, presents, through an interview, in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, some very striking theories of the fundamental causes of divorce in the picture colony.

I believe this to be a viewpoint never before published and more than worthy of very serious attention. Dr. Popenoe states that—contrary to general belief—conditions that lead to divorce in the film colony are no different from those found elsewhere. For that reason this article is of vital interest to everyone.

IN vivid contrast with the lack of permanency in Hollywood domestic life, is the remarkable case of Irving Thalberg and his wife, Norma Shearer.

If a "brain trust" were to be formed in Hollywood, Mr. Thalberg's name would be among the first on the list. He was but twenty-five years old when he became production chief for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The list of notable productions for which he was responsible is impressive. Many of them have been brilliant successes, not only from the standpoint of the box-office, but because of their artistry and dramatic merit as well.

At the age of thirty-four, he has just returned from a well-earned vacation in Europe to renewed activities that will give him even greater opportunities.

SINCE their marriage six years ago, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg have shared a remarkable career. Their joint partnership in business has been pursued with a balance unsurpassed except for the happiness of their domestic life.

Such a partnership, particularly in hectic Hollywood, is unique.

Both knew what they wanted in life and worked unceasingly to attain it.

Both knew when they had found what they wanted.

Both had the remarkable good sense and character to cherish and preserve that which they realized could alone maintain their happiness.

The successful outcome of this marriage is not an accident. It is the result only of unswerving fidelity to ideals.

UNA MERKEL tells this one on herself. She received a letter requesting her picture. The letter was carelessly scribbled on a piece of scrap paper and Una took plenty of time deciphering it. But the next day she received another scribbled message from the same person.

"Do not send picture. Am moving and decided I don't want it."

Una answered her ardent fan as follows:

"Picture is sent. You'll take it and like it."

He evidently did, for Una heard no more.

NOW that Pickfair, the home of Mary and Doug, is for sale, it can be told how it came by its name. Mary and Doug's press-agent suggested it first. But neither Mary nor Doug cared for it. "It's out," they both told him.

But the p.a. felt pretty sure the name was a winner, so the next time the reporters dropped in and asked about the house, he very casually mentioned that "Pickfair" had been suggested as a name by a screen admirer, but that nothing had been done about it.

THE reporters eagerly scooped it up, plastered it all over the papers and to Mary and Doug's utter surprise, they found the house generally known as Pickfair.

From then on, they liked it. But the clever press-agent never let on how he had slipped over a fast one on the newspaper boys—or, rather, on his clients.

JIMMY STARR, local Hollywood columnist, was a guest master of ceremonies at a downtown theater. "Romeo," Eskimo juvenile actor brought from the Arctic by Director W. S. Van Dyke, appeared wearing long fur pants.

"Where did you get those pants?" asked Jimmy, right out in public. "Did Dietrich give them to you?"

"No, Dietrich, no. My fadder he shoot dem."

THE ranks of aging troupers are thinning. Gallant Louise Closser Hale is the latest to be called by death. She was stricken by a stroke of apoplexy at the age of sixty-one. For thirty-five years she followed an actress' career. She had long been a close friend of Marie Dressler and May Robson. Her forte had been the rôle of an old woman, and her services were always in big demand at the studios.

A sincere, kindly woman, both in her stage and her motion picture days, she was always generous with advice and her help to young, inexperienced actors or actresses. The screen has lost not only a woman of great talent, but of rare character.

YOU remember George K. Arthur in those Dane-Arthur comedies M-G-M made. When talkies came, Karl Dane couldn't control his accent. It broke up the team; but it takes more than that to break the spirit of the indomitable little George K.

George has opened a repertory theater—with all the talent in Hollywood to select from. At his openings a list of patrons turn out that seldom attend any other Hollywood premiere: Ann Harding, Lubitsch, Chaplin, Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, C. B. De Mille, Maurice Chevalier and Clive Brook are just a few. They are all subscribers, who occupy the same seats every opening night.

And not only do they attend the fine productions—they all want to play in them.

ERNST LUBITSCH arrived in Hollywood by airplane from New York.

"I'm worried sick," he confessed to a friend, "I can't hear. The roar of the motors must have deafened me."

An hour went by. He grew panicky.

"I'm finished," he moaned. "Boys, I'm stone deaf. It's all over. Call a doctor."

A friend looked more closely at Ernst's ears. "I think," he said, "if you took the cotton wads out of your ears you might be all right."

And the friend was right.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is out of luck. He should have had a new picture running in the theaters when the news broke that certain disgruntled patriots of the Far Eastern Empire had marked him for assassination.

If Charlie had been put on the spot about a year ago, in the hope of plunging the United States into war with Japan, as a Japanese lieutenant testifies was planned, it would have been an international tragedy. Probably conflict would not have followed, especially as the great comedian is a British subject. But the potentialities of Chaplin's merry-making are by no means exhausted.

Great comedians, they say, have much pathos in their private lives. And if sadness is the spark that gives impetus to such genius, then Charlie has it in him to create a dozen more comedies as great as "Shoulder Arms" or "The Gold Rush."

SOME idea of the tremendous interest shown in Mae West may be gleaned from this small incident.

In one issue of one of the Los Angeles daily papers, Paramount announced a "nicknaming contest" for Mae West. No prizes or reward whatsoever were offered. Paramount found itself completely swamped with replies.

And this from Los Angeles only. You can imagine what a national contest on Mae would mean to Hollywood mailmen.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

Silhouette Expert

at **BONWIT TELLER** says

“Use **IVORY FLAKES**”



Here we are in the Corset Shop of Bonwit Teller, New York, with the department head. She says, "Ivory Flakes is the soap we advise." Yes, it keeps silk and elastic strong because Ivory's purity won't dry out even a baby's skin!

* * *

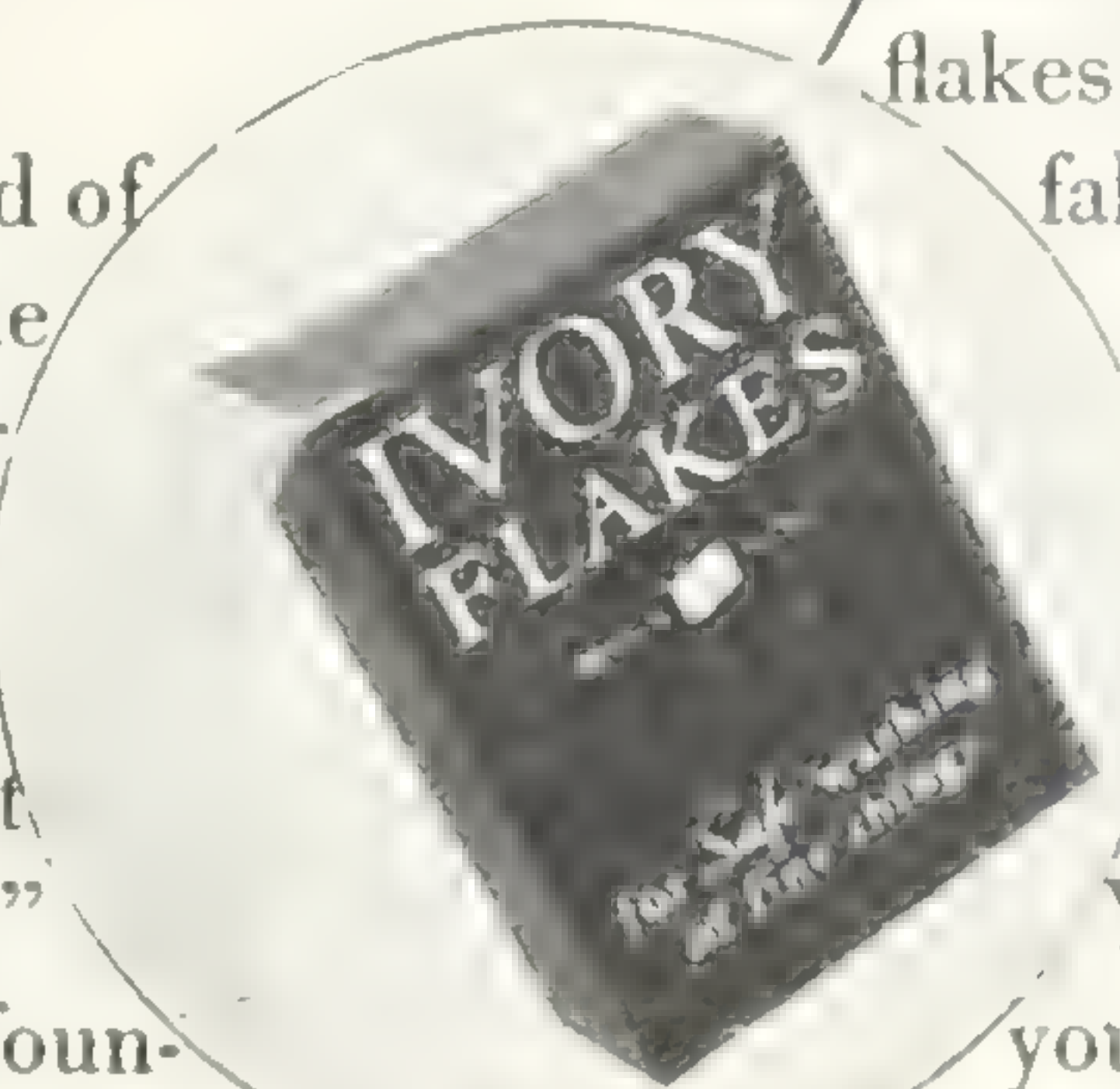
To fashionable Bonwit Teller's comes every kind of figure—even slim ones! And the head of the famous Corset Shop says, "Whether a customer buys a foundation that costs \$5.95 or \$225, we say, 'Wash it often with Ivory Flakes. We've found that a stronger soap is actually almost as hard on elastic and silk as perspiration itself.'"

"Frequent tubbing with Ivory Flakes makes foundations keep their snug fit and last much longer," she

adds. "If women once realized this, I'm sure they'd never be careless."

Try Bonwit Teller's tested method: *Lukewarm* water—very important. Ivory Flakes *most important*, because they are made from pure Ivory Soap. See how quickly these *curly* flakes go into rich Ivory suds (no flat flakes to stick to the fabric and cause soap spots!). Squeeze Ivory suds through garment. Use *soft* brush on soiled edges. Rinse in several lukewarm waters. Squeeze. Wrap in Turkish towel. Squeeze again. Hang away from heat (not on radiator, please!). Before garment dries completely, limber it with hands.

You get bigger boxes and *more* Ivory Flakes for your money than of any other fine fabrics soap.



CURLY, INSTANT-DISSOLVING • 99¹¹/₁₀₀ PURE



A brilliant and magnetic personality was Queen Christina of Sweden. She ruled nearly 300 years ago. From an old print by courtesy Bonnier Pub. House

Two Queens *were* Born *in* Sweden

And the parallel between the lives of Greta and the Christina she interprets is truly remarkable

IT is the year of our Lord 1644, and far off in Sweden a girl sits, lonely and thoughtful, and bowed by the weight of a tremendous burden. Christina ponders the task before her. She is to be crowned Queen of Sweden.

It is the year of our Lord 1933, and here in Hollywood a girl sits. Garbo ponders the task before her. She is to be crowned Queen of Sweden . . . on the screen.

And across the centuries, the two queens clasp hands, their eyes meeting in perfect understanding. You can almost hear Christina saying, "You already have my heart and mind. Now take my crown. It will fit you beautifully."

For Greta Garbo might easily be the reincarnation of Christina, so closely are the two related, emotionally, intellectually and spiritually.

Garbo certainly feels a close kinship with Christina, for it is an open secret that her ambition has always been to play this famous Swedish queen on the screen. She must acknowledge, deep within herself, that emotional accord linking the two most famous Swedes in history—that harmony of mood that stretches back through the years like a golden cord and makes them both say, one to the other, "I understand."

For "the things of the spirit" that Christina possessed, Garbo has also. No one can read a history of the great Queen's life and not be struck instantly with the resemblance between the two. Consider for a moment the architecture of Christina's spiritual being.

She was moody—extremely so; headstrong, secretive, witty, charming; she had the courage of her convictions and those

convictions were definitely individual; she collected books (her library was one of the most famous in the world); she loved horses and dogs; her taste in clothes was distinctly masculine, and she drank nothing but water. She was sullen and scintillating in bewildering succession; she went her own sweet way regardless of public opinion; she refused to marry and did not hesitate to elaborate strongly on her reasons; and she was the most beloved figure in all Sweden in her day. You could substitute the name of Garbo anywhere in this paragraph, except that the great star has never elaborated on her reasons for not marrying . . . or on any other subject, for that matter.

CHRISTINA was one of the most original, mysterious, spectacular, and intriguing personalities the world has ever known. She possessed a subtle, magnetic charm that drew volumes of praise from the letter writers at her court. On the other hand, she was a consummate actress. She thought, did and said exactly what she wished (and usually to a startling, dramatic degree), all of which encouraged the most extravagant commendation and, at the same time, the most bitter criticism. As a queen, she never quite forgot her own individuality. As an individual, she never quite forgot her queenship.

Draw your own parallels. They are very plain.

Very few articles appear on Greta Garbo which do not call attention to her clothes. On the very first page of Mackenzie's history of Christina, the author remarks on her disregard of clothes. Christina herself said that she was "the least curious in clothes of any woman." That may be so, but at the same



Alike in appearance and character, it is fitting that the queenly Garbo should play the part of Sweden's famous monarch

time she was very particular about the clothes she did wear, and she steered totally clear of anything that remotely resembled a feminine frill or ruffle. She wore as near to man's attire as was possible in those days . . . "flat shoes with small black heels, a plain gray jacket, a black mariner's tie, a velvet cavalry cap which she put on and off like a man, and her hair plainly braided." A short gray skirt and shirt usually took the place of the long, flowing robes in fashion then.

HOWEVER, you will notice that the queen dedicated herself a little further to the masculine mode than does Garbo. She "put her hat on and off like a man." Garbo refrains from tipping her beret to friends.

Christina's hands were beautiful and white, but strong and virile; her eyes might have belonged to either sex, and they were extremely intelligent; her voice was clear, deep and emotional. It would be difficult to find a more exact description of Garbo.

Although one of her historians called her "a fiery genius with an insatiable lust for life and knowledge," the queen did close the door of her mind to one subject, and that subject was marriage. In spite of the fact that her ministers of state, her philosophers, and her advisers became almost rabid about it (with an heir to the throne in mind, of course), she refused to discuss it except on rare occasions when she was driven beyond her patience, and then her remarks were harsh and very much to the point.

"I would rather die than be married,"

she said once. "I could never allow anyone to treat me as a peasant does his field." Another time: "My ambition and my pride are incapable of submitting to anyone."

Could not those very well be Garbo's sentiments?

Christina much preferred the company of men to women. She despised the usual feminine inanities and small talk heard at court in those days. Her greatest pleasure was to engage in some deep and weighty discussion with one of the many philosophers who swarmed about her. It was for conversational reasons alone that she persuaded the great Descartes to attach himself to her court. She wished to hear him propound his philosophy. But when he arrived she found that the only hour of her time not taken up with studies and affairs of state was at five o'clock in the morning. So at that uncomfortable hour (when she took her daily canter) she met Descartes each morning, and as they galloped furiously through the forests, the unfortunate man had to shout out to her his plutosophic theories.

EVENTUALLY, Descartes died while at her court, and all Europe blamed Christina for wearing the poor fellow out!

Christina had a life-long struggle against criticism. Garbo, for the eight years she has been in Hollywood, has been the subject of more criticism and ridicule, along with praise, than any other actress.

Christina was born December 8, 1626, and was crowned Queen of Sweden on her eighteenth birthday. It was a magnificent occasion. She sat on a silver [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

By Helen Dale



“What’s Wrecking

Dr. Paul Popenoe, Chief of Los Angeles’ Institute of Family Relations, analyzes the current divorce epidemic with amazing conclusions

NEVER before in the history of Hollywood’s motion picture colony has there been such an avalanche of startling divorce actions.

For the past few months headlines have screamed a new, sensational divorce almost every day. Couples, via court proceedings, have told just why they could no longer live together as man and wife.

Has something suddenly gone wrong in Hollywood? Always, there have been divorces from time to time. But now, there is a veritable epidemic of them. What is the cause?

We sought out the most noteworthy authority on the subject, a man who heads the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles—Dr. Paul Popenoe, whose trained ear has been close to more than 7,000 domestic difficulties since his office was organized in 1930.

His is an authoritative civic bureau, organized to help forestall the increasing divorce statistics of Los Angeles County.

His territory takes in Hollywood. And his keen, analytical mind cleaves to the root of the new Hollywood divorce epidemic with astonishing clarity. Here are some of his startling revelations:

“Human nature does not vary much,” says Dr. Popenoe, “even though many every-day people fondly imagine picture stars’ marriages differ vastly from their own. Hollywood marriage is comparable with all marriage—only the circumstances are exaggerated to the extreme limit. There is too much money, too much sex, too much of the glare of publicity. Everything is high-lighted.

“Also, there is no even balance between the emotions and the intellect. Emotion is the driving force, intellect the restraint. Our emotions tell us to go ahead and do a certain thing—but the intellect applies the brakes.

“The emotional life of Hollywood has the upper hand. People there have not adjusted their emotions to life in the *real* world, of which marriage is an integral part. They forget their marriages are conducted at home—not in the studios. But they bring home the unreal emotions and try to apply them to the domestic institution, and it won’t work.”

WE asked Dr. Popenoe if he had treated any cases of unhappy marriage among moving picture actresses and actors. He looked at us in amused surprise.

“Of course not. They do not want their differences straightened out. They want to change. They regard changes as stepping stones to a bigger career. This is because very few motion picture stars have grown up, emotionally.

“They do not consider *remote objectives*.

“Offer a youngster his choice between a piece of candy now, or a quarter next Christmas. Which will he take? Naturally, he considers the immediate recourse, because the infant lives entirely in the present. In his life, there is no past or future.

“The emotionally adult person keeps an even balance between past, present and future.

“This type will not rush into the divorce court the moment some present grievance arrives. He will consider the past—the wife who shared his struggling years. He will give her the credit due for his present achievement. He will think of her future as well as his own . . . a lonely, unshared old age, perhaps, to be faced by one or both of them.

“Next in importance to living entirely in the present, Hollywood marriages fail because of *superficial judgments*. Hollywood is governed by flash—and this carries right on into marriage. Too much importance is placed on vivacity and face value, at the expense of substantial qualities. The vivacious, pretty girl ‘dresses her window’ artfully, and is apt to get a better husband than she deserves. The same applies to the men.

“The emotional life of the baby is centered on his own



Hollywood Marriage?"

By Ruth Rankin

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS



wants. He values the people with whom he comes in contact largely by the extent to which they gratify his desires. There are few greater stimulants to the male ego than a beautiful wife. But that built-up ego can be just as rapidly diminished if she turns out to be hyper-critical, nagging and fault-finding. Or if she is overly flirtatious and her vanity demands constant admiration from other men.

"The main ambition of the baby, or emotional infant, is to have his own way—and if he discovers that can be obtained through a tantrum, then he adopts that as his method for dominating everyone around him.

"From all I can understand, the so-called temperament of many stars is nothing more or less than plain 'tantrums'—and a happy marriage has no room for them.

"If the emotional development of an individual progresses no further, he is arrested at that level. Obviously, such an outlook on life is not compatible with the team-work, the give-and-take, which is the fundamental part of a successful marriage.

"The infantile outlook in regard to sex is similar. It is merely a matter of self-gratification. In the early stages of transition to sex-consciousness, any member of the opposite sex is fascinating and thrilling. As development proceeds, this interest gradually is confined to an exclusive and continued preference for *one person*. This marks the adult level of mating.

"Apparently, many actors and actresses have never grown anywhere near that far. Their adult life represents, emotionally, the normal level of early high school years, combined with a strong influence of nursery attitudes.

"Emotionally, they are of course not old enough to marry successfully, being totally unable to narrow their easily scattered interest to one mate.

"If all the emotional concern that one Hollywood actor diffuses over a variety of women were concentrated on his wife—divorce would be unheard-of!"

Dr. Popenoe paused to let that sink in.

"When a person goes through certain patterns of behavior all day long, he cannot easily turn them off at night, as one turns off an electric light, and blot them out completely. They are likely to influence him during the rest of the time. When these patterns, thus played on the stage or on location, are really of actions not compatible with sound family life—or with any kind of wholesome, happy, and useful life, so far as that goes—the individual's success in switching to a different type of behavior when he goes home is likely to be impaired. Thus it may be difficult for a girl to play 'vamp' rôles six days a week and not unconsciously keep up the part on Sundays!

"The lack of children in motion picture marriages is another important factor. The majority of divorces everywhere are among childless couples. In Hollywood, this is especially true. Statistically, every child cuts the danger of divorce in half.

"Another thing wrong with Hollywood marriage," Dr. Popenoe continued, "is the frequent separations caused by the work. It requires unusually strong character in both man and wife to hold up under prolonged and repeated absences. Successful marriage depends largely on a sharing of experiences. When a husband and wife have few significant experiences in common, they naturally lack the mutual interests that would hold them together.

"Finally, there is in some cases more frequent in Hollywood than elsewhere, I presume—a deliberate attempt to break up a marriage by outsiders who want to gain influence or promote their interests in some way. Few persons are immune to flattery, cajolment, lavish entertainment and sex-appeal.

"The childish, self-centered personality found in some picture stars is particularly susceptible. Subjected to such an attack, it is no wonder many a romance collapses.

"For instance, a girl in a small rôle is playing opposite an important male star with a glamorous name and salary. He is married. This presents merely a temporary obstacle to the ambitious girl.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

The LAST of the



Brass may glitter just as brightly, but Cecil B. De Mille still demands gold

By Sara Hamilton

gone, leaving only Cecil behind. Unchanged, undimmed and head unbowed.

Gone is Fatty with his block-long limousine. Gone is Norma with her black eyes melting. Gone is Wally, his house closed forever. Gone is Valentino, who bloomed so dark and scarlet and faded so quickly. Gone the pearls from Swanson's hair and even Griffith with his round-and-round-the-mulberry-bush Lillian. Yes, all the carefree life, the light-hearted laughter, the glamour, the romance of old Hollywood is gone. All of it. Except Cecil.

In its place big business, Warner Bros., mergers, talkies, stage stars, heartaches, efficiency, and yes,

Cecil B. De Mille, the lone survivor of a colorful Hollywood that reveled in glamorous extremes, is constantly accompanied, on the set, by his microphone carrier

WHEN Hollywood was really "Follywood"; when Fatty Arbuckle's bright green car, with the ice box built in, reached from Vine Street to Ivar; when Tom Mix dressed up in a blue velvet tuxedo (yes, he did!) and white cowboy hat; when ZaSu Pitts waltzed with her best beau, Tom Gallery, at the old Hollywood Hotel; while notorious blondes ran screaming in and out of the low windows with notorious directors screaming right after them; when Valentino looked on from the outside with yearning eyes; while Wally Reid kept open house; while Norma Talmadge was in full bloom and Garbo was a little girl in Sweden—Cecil B. De Mille was the "God of Hollywood."

He, it was, who jerked the strings while puppets danced, who flashed his jewels and clicked his gold coins and wore his puttees (heaven help us), and his cap on backwards. Who stormed and raged and draped pearls—yards of them in Swanson's hair and on Betty Blythe's bare bosom.

De Mille, the symbol of an era, with the era long since



There's plenty of reminiscing when A. Zukor, president of Paramount, and Mr. De Mille get together. They both worked with the old Famous Players outfit

Veteran Showmen

culture, have crept in. Like a tired old lady in her rocking chair, the old Hollywood Hotel still rests on its corner, basking in the sunshine and living in its memories.

Drooping, forlorn and forgotten.

Forgotten, along with the others. Except Cecil. Who goes marching on. In puttees. Linking the glamour of yesterday with the cold business of today. Never changing.

The coins in his pocket still clink out their melody of moods. Lightly they jingle when all is well and the star sits romantically in her bath-tub.

Furiously they jingle when the star slips on the soap, the hero refuses to remain virile, and two extras, three miles away in the last row of the mob scene, fail to register "temptation rebuffed."

The story of that pocket full of gold is typically De Millish. He began by cherishing the first silver dollar he ever earned. And then, bless his heart, he got it mixed with another silver dollar and couldn't tell which was which.

But nothing daunts Cecil for long. He found the two coins made quite an attractive jingle in his pocket. And gradually he added more and more. All gold, this time. Now the \$102 rest contentedly, if not a little heavily,



With kingly authority, De Mille strides about the lot, using extravagant gestures and dramatic speeches as he directs, and followed by a large retinue of personal aides



C. B. introduces a new "discovery" to an old friend. Judith Allen, the feminine lead in De Mille's latest picture, "This Day and Age," meets Elsie Janis

in the pocket of one of his fifty pair of riding breeches.

His undershirt, his shirt, and even his shorts match the jewel that gleams on his little finger. Green shorts and things mean an emerald. White things mean a diamond. And so on. The puttees, he claims, are not puttees but riding boots made especially for him while directing. Which adds infinitely to the confusion, if you ask me. Especially as he is not going riding.

Four (count them) assistant directors flutter nervously about him. Let them fail to flutter nervously, and they're dismissed. Each assistant (yes men, as they are technically called) has his own particular job. Only they never quite find out what it is. Neither does Cecil know.

Nevertheless, they must keep busy on it. Instructing this group of extras. And that group.

Each individual on a De Mille set, from the highest star to the lowest extra, must have his own particular bit of business to perform. His own lines to speak. During each scene. And heaven help everyone if [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

The "NEW DEAL"



THERE'S to be a new deal now in the way of girls, along with other codes which have come to mean so much in industry.

The "NRA" functioning to pull America out of the rut has swung its force in the direction of femininity. And the national recovery of those good, old-fashioned virtues, which have been so casually dissipated in the hectic turmoil of post-war years, is well on its way. The jazz era is over. We've had enough of sirens and flappers and we're ready now for the sedative qualities of sobriety.

Hollywood picture producers awakened one morning to this startling fact and set out in search of a new roster of girls. These men have their ears trained to the pulse of American demand. And they knew, for a certainty, that America was asking for the new deal in girls, the buoyantly radiant beauty which comes from within, touched lightly by the art of the make-up box.

They wanted girls who radiated vitality, stamina, sincerity; the clean-cut, clear-eyed girls of this new era who typify the backbone of our nation and who emulate the sturdiness of our pioneer women; those women who, in the original history-making days of our country, struggled against all physical odds that an ideal might be preserved.

Vitally lovely Jean Parker, for example, whom M-G-M first spotted in an Olympic Games float, was one of these new deal girls to be signed for pictures.

Redheads, brunettes, or platinum blondes—complexions don't matter. What is important is that each of these Junior players chosen by Warner Bros. is brimful of vim, vigor and vitality. Their beauty is youthful, wholesome, natural rather than artificial. Their charm is radiant health, not glamour. That is the cry of another day

She's typical of the sweet girl graduate, yet there's a forcefulness behind those gentle eyes and a determination of purpose even in the soft curves of her pretty mouth. She's the "beat biscuit and fudge" type of beauty against the cloying seductiveness of a caviar queen.

And June Vlassek, an American girl, despite her foreign name, who hails from Minnesota. June has that live, wholesome force which is magnetic. She's the outdoor type, the "rough towel and shower" beauty who doesn't fritter away her time with nonsense. You have only to chat with her a few brief moments to know that behind her life is a definite plan, a plan of action she formulated herself and by which she hopes to attain the heights of stardom. A prairie beauty of the sort who must have descended from stalwart, pioneer ancestors.

WHEN Judith Allen first arrived in Hollywood, a director immediately spotted in her the sort of new deal girl that was going to be in vogue before long. She was "Mari Coleman" then. They said her name aloud, over and over again. It lacked force. It wasn't vital. In other words, it didn't give you the feeling that here was a girl whose standards were those of the new feminine code. So they changed "Mari Coleman" to "Judith Allen." If you say this name aloud to yourself, you'll note the difference.

in GIRLS

Eyes alight with robust health is the new ideal—and the hunt for them is on

By Virginia Maxwell



June Vasek, promising little Fox starlet, is refreshingly vigorous. Her allure is the result of healthful activity, rigorously pursued



The screen star that shines brightly in the future will be sparkling with energy and as buoyantly peppy as we see Lyda Roberti to be



Vitality and the unsophisticated beauty of carefree youth make Jean Parker irresistible. She's climbing rapidly up the ladder



Dewy eyes and a fresh, flower-like beauty combined with vital alertness won Judith Allen a coveted rôle and a good contract



Gone are the days of languorous eyes and exotic make-up! The demand is for natural, healthy beauty like Betty Furness'

In the *Godey's Ladies' Book* of another generation you might find a type like Judith Allen. Yet this modern version of gentility which she expresses is fired with the strength of a new sort of vital alertness typical of the new girl. She's the type who radiates a sense of loyalty.

The sort of girl who doesn't need orchids and square-cut emeralds to make her happy; who could enjoy the world from the sanctum of home, no matter how humble it might be.

And that brings us to another side of this new deal girl. Along with the physical attractiveness of these girls who have been chosen to represent the new standard of American girlhood, their stories are being chosen to meet modernized situations. So that we shall be seeing a gradual turn-about of plot if Hollywood predictions come true.

Haven't you noticed some of the recent pictures playing up the idealistic girl? We don't mean the high-hat, intellectual beauty, but rather the average girl who places a high value on her affections.

Promiscuous petting and casual love are fast being relegated to the debris heap of outmoded customs. Hip flasks and "hey hey" mannerisms are as passé as last year's hat.

LORETTA YOUNG first showed the new type of girl in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan" when she played that delightful idealistic character of the rural district, the type of girl who fits the new code like a glove.

It was Loretta who set the boy friend on the right track about life, gave him a spiritual boost and brought out the finer qualities of his character. This attitude, you may recall, is in direct contrast to the flapper dolls who but a few years back were dragging out their savage lure to woo the unwily male.

Right out of an exclusive boarding school into Hollywood, is the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Let's Gather 'Round The Goldfish Bowl

And see what the
actors eat and whom
and how they love

By Carl Vonnell

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

THERE'S a *printable* stanza or two or three from "Songs of Hollywood," an amusing anthology which has never been published, for sufficient reasons—
They go like this:

If I'm gonna take a hubby,
Or divorce the one I've
got;

If I'm gonna have a baby
(In how long, it matters
not!)—

Why, the whole world
knows it,
Though I haven't told a
soul,

'Cause there aren't any secrets
In this GOLD FISH
BOWL . . . !

By the way, you know that gag about "Hollywood is the place where a husband reads the paper to find out whether his wife's divorcing him today or not," don't you? Well, in Hollywood they don't think that's funny, any more. It's too true. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., for instance; and Bill Powell, whom Carole Lombard is suing for divorce. . . .

But let's get on with the singing:

What I eat for lunch, for
breakfast:

What I read, and what
I wear;

How I look when taking
sunbaths:

How I get my titian
hair

Why, it's all wide-open
knowledge

To the public as a whole,
'Cause there aren't any secrets
In this GOLD FISH BOWL . . . !

And that reminds me of the star whose pretty face is still red



because she discovered all Hollywood was giggling at the knowledge that her lovely figure is really due to the inventive genius of her hubby, who created a—let's call it a "bandeau"—of rubber, fillable with water to compensate in any desired degree for any inadequacy, upper-thoraxically located,

in Dame Nature's gifts. Well, anyway, there's another stanza—

Just how I lead my love-life;
If I'm "hot" or if I'm "dead";
My tactics when in public, and
My manners when in bed—
Why, in most elab'rate detail,
It's like a public scroll;
'Cause there aren't ANY secrets
In this GOLD FISH BOWL . . . !

Why, for a movie star, not even a honeymoon is private! One of them returned from hers and discovered that a sweet little bedchamber idea of hers was no secret at all, but a matter of more or less general knowledge. I mean that she'd surprised her new hubby, on the marital night, with a nightgown on which had been embroidered, right over her heart, two little hearts pierced by a Cupid's-arrow. And in one heart was her initial, and in the other, her husband's.

CERTAINLY, it's a pretty little gesture, but even so, no bride wants anybody but herself and her hubby to know about things like that.

But after all, there *are* people who have to wash the nighties, and to wash them, they have to see them, and they've got tongues and—well, you know how it is.

And you can also see, can't you, that it's no wonder Hollywoodtown is sometimes called "The Goldfish Bowl" because of its inmates' utter sacrifice of any vestige of privacy, in exchange for their position, fame and fat salaries.

Every now and then, some star—some beautiful lady or some one of your favorite he-actors—nettled beyond endurance by some interviewer's ultra-personal questions, breaks into a rage and shrieks:

"My private life is my own, and it's none of your so-and-so business!"

But even while they say it, they know it isn't so.

They know but too well that, regardless of whether or not it *should be*, their private life is *not* their own, by a long shot! As a matter of fact, there isn't any such thing as a movie star's private life . . . ! Privacy would mean lack of public interest—and lack of public interest means—retirement from the screen.

AND the next time you get tired of being just plain YOU, and begin to wish you were Joan Crawford, stop a moment and put yourself into her place. For a day, say—

She wakes up. Beautiful room, yes—but it just as well might have plate glass walls. It's been pictured, described, written about, endless times. (And as I write this, I recall that only yesterday, a man came to fix the screens on the sunporch of my home. "Nice place y'got here," he condescended, "but I was out to Joan Crawford's house yesterday

[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 104]

They can't get out of the goldfish bowl, because wherever they go they're recognized! Utter strangers know all the intimate details of their lives. They belong to the public and they can't even enjoy a honeymoon in private

Social



When Stephen Ames came to the Coast recently to visit his wife, Adrienne, they enjoyed all the night spots together, then announced that they had made plans for a temporary separation. No divorce, they say. Just separate paths for a while



Jack Gilbert and Virginia Bruce were caught by the camera while talking to the English actor, George K. Arthur, at the theater. This picture was taken before the blessed event. For the Gilberts number three now, you know. The baby is a girl

Maybe Evalyn Knapp doesn't like tall stories—or maybe she *does* like ermine wraps. Anyhow, she's turned from Jack Pearl to smile at Louis Shurr, who, they say, always lends his date an ermine cloak. As for Jack—don't worry. He's not lonesome

High-Lights

After dark Hollywood's stars and social lights come out, to dance and dine and be entertained

Staff Photos by William Phillips



That's a proud and adoring glance Mary Brian is bestowing upon Terry Dantzler. And not a crooner in Hollywood will object! Terry, young orchestra leader at the Roosevelt Roof, is Mary's brother. Miss Brian's escort for the evening is Russell Gleason

Oh, it's strictly business—an actress and producer discussing their movie plans. The gentleman is Larry Fox, New York stock broker, who has gone to Hollywood to produce a picture. The lady is Wera Engels, who will star in the movie Larry plans to produce

Sue Carol and Ken Murray are keeping an eye on each other. They are dining at the Miramar Hotel. Looks like Sue's heart wounds are healing. Nick Stuart, from whom she is separated, isn't pouting, either. He's been going places with Bobbe Arnst



He Started LIFE On A Door-Step



Here's a powerful human interest story of a lad bigger and stronger than his environment

By Jim Tully



Wallace Ford was abandoned on the steps of a foundling home. His childhood was a nightmare of temporary adoptions and return trips to the orphanage. A hard climb from the rôle of run-away orphan to that of a successful screen star. Right, Ford with Anita Page in "The Big Cage"

HE was left on the door-step of a Home for Girls. A doctor took him to a Home for Boys. As he was none too clean, he was stripped and taken to what had once been a swimming pool, now empty. A hose was turned upon him. Knocked down by the force of the water, he sprawled pitifully on the slippery cement.

After guessing his age, he was given the name of Sammy Jones. Like most orphans, he wanted to run away.

The years passed.

Life soon became for him, one adoption after another.

He went through the process seven times. The first adoption might have been all right. The woman who adopted him was elderly and kind. Her home was beautiful. The forlorn youngster began to see life through a more brightly colored lens.

His adopted mother died.

In his grief, the boy stole into the room of death and slept upon her coffin. He fought the undertaker when she was taken away. The grief of an orphan is never long considered. He was soon returned to the Home.

His purgatory was now far worse than before. He had tasted of heaven.

Five other adoptions followed. Then came the last.

After a fight with another boy, in which a jack-knife was used, the boys were separated, and Sammy Jones, his clothes saturated with blood, was thrown into a padded cell.

All of this happened in Canada.

The superintendent of the Home, according to Sammy Jones, the future Wallace Ford, looked like King George—except that his eyes were much harder. He brought to Sammy's cell, an aged woman and her middle-aged son. They wanted to adopt a boy.

THE superintendent with the hard eyes, showed them Sammy Jones, and said, "He is the worst boy we have in the Home. He is always in a fight."

The old lady's son said, "I guess if I had him on the farm I'd take that out of him mighty quick."

Soon the boy was on a far journey across immense Canada, clear to Manitoba, and beyond to a small village which consisted of a grain elevator, a box car, a telegraph office, and the small railroad station.

The farm, to which the weird old lady, her son, and the vagabond boy drove, was twenty-four miles from the village. The trip was made in silence.

The boy was made to work like [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



AFTER miraculously escaping the clutches of monstrous apes, the screen's greatest scream artist turns to calmer things. Fay Wray, on the set of "Shanghai Madness," looks very lady-like and not at all in danger. She also has a non-horror rôle in "The Bowery." Fay says that narrow escapes and screams do get on your nerves after a while



HERE'S how one of the best figures in Hollywood keeps in shape. Dolores Del Rio enjoys tennis after a hard day's work at the studio on "Dance of Desire." Dolores looks gorgeous in that abbreviated tennis costume—but it must be difficult for her partner to keep his eye on the ball

JUST dishing up a lot of dirt! It's part of Robert Young's home work. After playing around at the studio all day, Bob comes down to earth when he gets home and goes to work in the family garden. The new Mrs. Young is very proud of her flower garden and it keeps Bob busy shoveling and hoeing





GINGER is all set for a high-dive off the boat and a swim in the briny deep. The little Rogers girl was a guest on Charlie Farrell's yachting party. But the voyage was short. Ginger was due at the studio for work on "Broadway Through a Keyhole"

WHEN David Manners decided he wanted an adobe house built in the middle of the desert, he studied the old Mexican-Indian art of brick laying and went to work. David is hauling a wheelbarrow full of desert-mud mortar to bind the adoblar bricks



Robert W. Coburn

"WELL, here's looking at you," says little Barrie Gargan. "Milk in your eye!" and he clinks glasses (of milk) with his father, William Gargan. Barrie has all kinds of ideas about what to do with his father's spare time. A new heir was recently born into the Gargan family. And is Barrie proud of his little brother! Another playmate!

It's A Woozy World says Woolsey

*By Hilary
Lynn*

AMERICA'S champion cigar twister chewed pensively on his bombshell—the twenty-ninth he'd had that day—and those owlish eyes behind the tortoise shell specs grew thoughtfuller and thoughtfuller.

"So you want a few pungent remarks on world travel? Ah ha!" He eyed me dubiously. "Well, how's this for a beginning? Travel makes the heart grow fonder—hold on a minute; don't put it down yet—for America!"

All of a sudden and all of a piece, strong-armed Woolsey sprang out of his chair and approached me menacingly. I shrank back, but he fixed me with those compelling lenses, and his voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "Can you stand the truth, girlie?" he snarled. "Well, whether you can or not, you're going to get it!" And the plastered-down hair on both sides of the famous Woolsey part stood up.

"Speaking for myself—it's impossible to speak for that guy, Wheeler—I'd say that this 'round-the-world business is plain torture. Believe me, the Orient's no place for a comic! Showing a funny man to an Asiatic is like showing a chunky side of beef to a jolly old lion! They just gobble you up. Maybe it's because they haven't any screaming comedies of their own



The Woolseys couldn't escape cameras on their trip around the world. That Black Arabian Knight between them is Mr. Wheeler. Can't fool us! Bert tried to introduce new shades for autumn in Arabia

there. As far as I could make out, a good play in Japan is just a sitting contest. The actors come out, make a bow and squat. Maybe they talk and maybe they don't. But the fellow that outsits the others is the winner.

"And that's not the only funny thing about the Orient. Can you feature living in a country where kissing is strictly prohibited? That's Japan for you. Not a kiss in a carload!

"It's funny, too, how ideas of decency change with geography. In China, a woman can show as much of her legs as she wants above her stumpy feet (the stumpier, the more beautiful they are to Chinese men). But to show a square inch of neck is considered as indecent as appearing nude on Broadway. Between you and me and the door-post, I bet Marlene couldn't get a flicker from Peking to Hong Kong."

Woolsey, that masculine mass of muscles, shook his head dolorously. "Don't ever let anyone tell you, honey, that when in the Orient you should do as the Orientals do. What a mistake we made!

"YOU see, the Japanese have invented the neat idea of making their women walk four paces in back of them on the street. Now, that sounded like an excellent idea to Bert and me. Bert even suggested it would be good practice for my wife. Like a chump, I accepted his weak-brained suggestion, and we made her walk behind us, all through Japan and China. Sometimes we didn't even answer her when she spoke to us, just to show her, once and for all, who was ruling the roost. But would you believe it—that woman didn't even appreciate the idea! It just made her mad! And her treatment of me all the way to Singapore [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Woolsey would rather walk a mile than ride one! It was the cigar, not Robert, the camel didn't like. And the humps, not the camel, bothered Bob



The skipper and the first mate are called out on deck to face the camera. Charlie Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, treat their Hollywood friends to some smooth sailing aboard the Farrell yacht, "Flying Cloud." Aye, aye, Captain! No rocks ahead, and the seas are calm—so ho for a fine trip!

A CUSTOMER of a certain Hollywood beauty parlor drew back the curtain of a certain booth by mistake and stood there, rooted to the spot by what she saw.

For there sat Connie Bennett and a little manicurist, each eating half a ham sandwich and taking turns with one spoon, eating cole slaw out of a paper carton.

MEMBERS of the "Dancing Lady" company were in the projection room, running rushes. There was a scene where Joan Crawford, as a cheap burleycue girl, is brought to her rich boy friend's home for the first time. And just as the scene started and Joan, on the screen, registered a sickly, miserable grin, Joan, sitting looking at it, remarked: "You know, that's exactly the way I felt the first time I went up to Pick-fair."

MAE WEST, who wears tights in her new picture, "I'm No Angel," has a reason.

After "She Done Him Wrong" was shown throughout the country, letters poured in to ask if Mae wore those long dresses because she liked them or because her—er—limbs needed covering.

It burned Mae up. Rushing into a producer's office she yanked up her skirt and said, "Give a look. Have I legs or not? Well, I'll show 'em I have, in the next one."

And so came the tights, little children.

IMAGINE your surprise to find out that the Best-Dressed Man on the Screen hasn't paid for a suit of clothes in ten years!

Cal York

Announcing-



You have to have nifty under-pinnings to go to a kid's party, if you're a woman. You have to have knickers, if you're a man. So Dorothy MacKaill, George E. Stone and Constance Talmadge were all properly garbed for the "When-we-were-seven" party which Connie Talmadge threw

All was revealed when twenty-five suits of Adolphe Menjou's personal wardrobe were delivered to the Fox Studio, to be used in "The Worst Woman in Paris."

Menjou was asked to place a value on them—and replied that he hadn't the faintest idea what they were worth!

"But what if something should happen to

them," was the alarmed answer. "In that case, I have fifty more at home," replied Menjou.

And the reason he didn't know the value of the suits was because tailors in all parts of the world make his clothes and present them to him.

All he has to do is wear them!

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Mary Pickford packed her troubles in an old kit bag and left the bag behind her while she went to the Cocoanut Grove to enjoy a gay evening with old friends. The gentleman with Mary is Adolph Zukor, veteran movie producer, who knew her long before the days of Pickfair and love that is past



Three-fourths of the Barthelmess family venture out in the noon day sun to lunch at the Beverly Hills Derby: Stuart Sergeant, his mother, Jessica Barthelmess, and Dick. Little Mary Hay is the absent member. Dick is still being very cautious because of a threat, a while back, to kidnap Mary

WHAT'S happened to Doug and Mary? Is a reconciliation in sight?

With Mary's announcement that Pickfair is not for sale and the declaration that Doug is "absolutely not" going to live in England, there is ground for surmising that the great romance in movie history may be re cemented.

COMMENTS to the contrary, Garbo still insists upon being her own secretive self.

Recently, when Mrs. Vertel, one of her closest friends, was giving a dinner party for a few intimates, Tala Birell walked in.

Garbo immediately covered her face with her hands.

It took Mrs. Vertel almost the rest of the

evening to convince the Swedish actress that Tala was also a dear friend, and not merely a casual acquaintance who just happened to drop in.

When she had convinced her Garbo lowered her hands and let Tala see her face.

THE marriage of Thelma Todd and Pat di Cicco, son of New York's broccoli king, is under the fire of rumor.

A friend of Thelma's describes her as denying that a separation impends.

"Why, I wrote him a lot of letters while I was in Europe," Thelma is quoted as saying. "Three."

And three letters in three months—well, what do you think?

THE first extra announcing the separation of William Powell and Carole Lombard, had scarcely hit the gutter before they were saying in Hollywood that the next Mrs. Powell would be chosen from the extra ranks.

"YOU know," a very close friend of Joan Crawford remarked recently, "I don't think Joan will ever allow herself to fall deeply in love again. Joan is too intense about everything. A thing that concerns her vitally, takes all her interest, all her time, and all her thoughts.

"And Joan is so anxious to keep ahead in her work, she knows falling in love would be fatal to her career."

All of which must be no end of depressing news for one Franchot Tone, who doesn't even try to hide his feelings for Joan.

There's work to do on the set



If Roscoe Karns would remove the hat, maybe Jack LaRue and Shirley Grey would take him seriously. There's no privacy in Hollywood, anyhow! Even Oscar the burro had to come butting in on the party. But Oscar says he will be very glad to kick in on the check

PAULETTE GODDARD, who heretofore has declined to make any comment on reports she and Charlie Chaplin are secretly married, has finally thought up an answer.

"What do you think?" she replied to all inquiries.

THE countess Zanardi-Landi certainly can cook! She's Elissa's mother, you know, and descended directly from the imperial Austrian family.

When Elissa entertains, the Countess rises at six A. M. and prepares the epicurean delicacies with her own hands. Her luncheons start at one and are still going strong at five. One of her choicest dishes is cold breast of chicken served with a specially made paprika sauce that defies description—even in Hollywood!

SEEN on a theater marquee:

"It's Great To Be Alive
With Edna May Oliver."

Well, maybe you're right!

HERE'S a sign Hollywood always takes seriously: When the "little woman" starts redecorating *his* dressing room. Joan Crawford

has just put the finishing touches on Franchot Tone's.

THE pressing problem bothering Una Merkel these days is just this: If she has her tonsils out, will she lose her Southern accent?

IT sounds fantastic but there seems to be just enough foundation to the yarn to make it interesting, and that is, when her next picture is completed, Greta Garbo will marry Rouben Mamoulian, the director of the piece.

THE cabled dispatch from England, hinting at a romance between Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Gertrude Lawrence, stage star, gave Hollywood quite a chuckle.

Douglas will not be free to marry for almost a year, his divorce from Joan Crawford lacking many months of being final, and with his sculpting and his poetry and his play acting, he probably will have changed his mind a dozen times before the wedding day rolls around.

RUTH CHATTERTON seems to be the only casualty of the strike in the Hollywood studios.

The first day the men walked out at Warner Bros.-First National, Ruth got hit on the head by a microphone but—it was almost entirely



East meets West—and many will tell you that blonde Mary McCormic is a yellow peril, too! The opera star, who is making her movie debut in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," found the little Chinese youngster wandering about the set and took him for a ride in an old American rickshaw

But between scenes they can play

her own fault, according to her version of the story. Maybe the new men handling the mike were a bit inexperienced but, in an event, they were a little slow in clearing it out of the way.

Ruth, who had been sitting down for the scene, got up, bumping her head against the heavy instrument.

She was able to resume work the next day.

RUMORS that Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were going to kiss and make up died a quick death when Lew threw a big birthday party for Ginger Rogers and gave her a beautiful leather bag complete with carved coral fittings.

A LOT of actors who have been making pictures for yeahs and yeahs — and some of whom have saved their dough, too, are somewhat baffled. They wonder how Jack LaRue, a comparative newcomer, can afford to throw dice with big-shot executives, at a hundred smacks a throw. Gosh, he can't *always* win.

SEPARATION Department: Gloria Stuart and her husband, Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor, have taken up residence in different houses. They say no divorce—just a trial separation to see how it works out.



Jackie Cooper doesn't believe in wasting his valuable time. He's practicing ventriloquism between scenes of "Show World." His playmate, who is so much amused at Jackie's efforts, is Romeo, the Eskimo youngster brought down to Hollywood from the Arctic

Divorces: Kathryn Carver and Adolphe Menjou. Judith Allen and Gus Sonnenberg, wrestler (pending).

Marriages: Jack Dempsey and Hannah Williams. Benita Hume and Jack Dunfee might be married by transatlantic telephone 'cause they can't wait.

Babies: Skeets Gallaghers—a girl.

Romantic rumors continue to float around about M. Chevalier and Jacqueline Francelle, who closely resembles Chevalier's ex.

SOUND motors were turning, cameras began to grind, when Una Merkel, in the glare of the Klieg lights, felt something slip.

"Well," said Una afterwards, "at least nobody can say I lost 'em in the stock market!"

NILS ASTHER rode his own personal horse in "Storm at Daybreak," a magnificent big black animal, "Chief," which he has owned for seven years.

He says "Chief" is so responsive to the tone of his master's voice that he never has to use the reins at all.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Globe

Lots of men wouldn't admit it! But Warner Oland doesn't mind telling you about his permanent. And the proof's in the picture! Oh, it's grown out by now. Warner had the wave put in when he stopped being Fu Man-Chu and took to character rôles. Villains never do have curly locks

"There are 7 Kinds

This interview with Carole Lombard reveals the seven various kinds of love she has experienced in her own life. Her statements were made some time before her action for divorce from William Powell. As a consequence, this article has an unusually interesting angle. It brings up the question, "How can we be sure?"



Carole thought her marriage with William Powell would last because theirs was a love of give and take, a romance of opposites

CAROLE says that the most conceited thing anyone can do is to try to define or describe *love*. Every great one from Solomon down has attempted to do it. But none has succeeded.

And so, said Carole, in spite of all this failure, she would nevertheless give her version of love.

There are, claims Carole, seven kinds of love, not one. And she should know, because she has personally experienced all seven, and love, she says, you can know only from intimate experience.

"To begin with, there is Child Love, and let no one say that a child cannot be in love. I mean, *in love*. No one could tell me differently, because I was in love when I was eight years old. The very Impossible He was eleven, and he was named Ralph Pop. You may gauge the extent of my passion by the fact that at an age when the names of Percival and Ronald and Curtis and so on were romantic names to me, I was able to idealize the name of Pop."

Carole was, she explained, as madly in love with what-a-man Pop as ever she has been since with any man! It was a completely adult passion in every one of its manifestations. She wrote him ardent love notes, rather smudgy, but none the less burning and intense. She waited in agonies of alternating hope and fear for the answers that never came. She suffered, then, the torments of unrequited love. She knew sleepless nights and feelings of faintness and the desire for death. She fought tooth and nail, actually and physically fought off other girls who seemed to hover 'round him. She dreamed of the day when she would be Mrs. Pop and they would live together in a cottage by the sea, and there would be lots of babies tumbling about.

"I tell you I was *in love* with Ralph Pop," Carole said, "and even now, after all these years, I can't *really* laugh at it, or about it. I felt all the pain, all the actual intense emotion, all the hurt pride and baffled hope of a woman for a man. Don't ever laugh at a child in love. *Really, don't. It hurts.*

"**T**HEN there is Emotional Love. The love that is nothing but emotion. I suppose it would be called, baldly, physical love, because that is all there is to it. I had that experience, too, when I was in my 'teens. I was so crazy about a boy named Clive that I could think of nothing but making opportunities to be alone with him. I didn't care about anything but being alone with him, because all I wanted from him were his kisses, his love-making.

"I didn't want to *talk* to him. I had nothing to say to him and he had nothing to say to me, nothing I was interested in hearing. We hadn't one taste in common. We didn't think alike. I didn't want to do things with him, go places, or play games, or read books or anything like that.

"The whole point was that I *loved* him, but I did not *like* him. If the quality of emotion had been subtracted from the little affair, there would have been nothing left. So many girls *marry* that kind of a love. Their senses fool their brains. It's too bad, because the instant the emotion, the passion dies away, there is nothing left. And two strangers find themselves living together and, usually, two *enemies*.

"Then there is the Love Ideal. That is, an ideal built up by yourself, out of your own mind, created by something you have read or dreamed about or imagined.

"You build this ideal in your own mind and heart, and then you attach it to the first presentable male who happens to come along. You build your ideal to the proportions of a god, and then attach it to the boy next door, or some casual caller, or some man you

of LOVE"

says

Carole Lombard

to Gladys Hall

How many kinds have you had? The seventh, which she thought ideal, proved otherwise

have seen somewhere and who seems to fit the self-made picture.

"Nine times out of ten, the ideal doesn't fit the person in any respect. He wears your ideal of him as a man wears a hat several sizes too large or too small.

"I had that experience, too. It is the love that always leaves a faint, sad fragrance, like the breath of lavender, in your memory. Perhaps because it was so perfect, being an illusion.

"At any rate, I had created my own image of the ideal man. I'd read a lot of poetry and things. I was at that age. I planned out the kind of things this ideal man would do, the flowers he would send to commemorate, sensitively, certain shared and lovely hours. I dreamed of the gallantries he would exhibit, the songs he would sing, the lyrical names he would call me, the poetic things he would want to do with me. And when my ideal was all built and ready-to-wear, I met a stolid, commonplace lad and forthwith pinned my ideal to his rather prosaic chest.

"I waited—on tip-toe—and nothing happened. For weeks and even months, I *made* myself read into his babbitty words things he had never meant to say. I answered him with flights of imagery that left him dumb—and a little cross. I interpreted his rather unimaginative actions into the shining deeds of my own mind. I worked over that love as I never have over any other.

"And then, at last, I had to realize that the poor boy's feet were clay, wingless clay. So much so, that they had trampled my ideal right under them. It took me a long time to learn that lesson because, of all loves, the love you create yourself is the hardest to kill, takes the longest time to die.

"There is," Carole continued, cataloging the love classifications on the tips of her pointed fingers, "the Love-on-the-Rebound. Which usually follows some such disappointment as the death of the Love-Ideal. It did with me. You feel so lonely after you have lived with an ideal of your own making for a long while, and then find yourself bereft of it. It must be like giving birth to a fairy child and losing him.

"At any rate, after my Love Ideal was gone I turned to the nearest boy at hand. He was a lad I'd known for years and had never even thought of falling in love with. But then I discovered that my Ideal Love was nothing more nor less than a dream I had dreamed. I thought that love would never come to me. I was afraid of being lonely. I was slightly and very dramatically bitter. I talked a great deal about disillusionment



Carole says she was seriously in love at the age of eight and since then has experienced all the loves in her catalog of seven

and the lamed heart of the world. I was in that phase. The boy listened to all of my young, self-conscious grief and world-weariness. He did all the things I had wanted my ideal to do. He sent flowers on certain days and sang sweet, sad songs to me, and remembered places we had gone together and what I had worn the first time we danced together, and all sorts of things like that.

"I tried to believe that I was in love with him. I told myself that *he* was *real*. But I had gotten over fooling myself after that last experience. He had a funny nose, and I couldn't make it straight. He had a funny curly mouth, and I couldn't make it into the mouth of a Galahad. He talked all the time and said funny things, and I couldn't recreate him into the stern and silent type.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

The Virgin Queen

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

*One day George A.
Strolled in on Mae.*

Said George:

"Dear Miss West, please accept this abrupt introduction,
"For I hope you'll consider a dual production."

Said Mae:

"So at last you come to see muh, huh?
"I kinda thought yuh wouldn't stay away."

Said George:

"May I thank you? You truly are gracious;
"I am heartened to mention a project audacious.
"Each producer, each author, each studio office,
"Is demanding some films by Mae West and George Arliss."

Cooed Mae:

"That'd be some team. . . .
Yuh know what I mean . . .!"

Said George:

"Ah, indeed, yes! But let me get on with my duty,
"Though it make me appear to be slighting great beauty.
"From the glorious pages of Albion's history,
"We have chosen a tale of romance and of mystery—"

*At that the Diamond Gal got curious,
Queried in cooing tones luxurious,*

"Come on, big boy, spill it! The gag?"

Cried George:

"Ah, Miss West, in our co-starring tale you'll be seen,
"As Elizabeth, England's superb Virgin Queen!"

"What, me!" cried Mae, in agitation,
"Do that, and ruin my reputation—"

Soothed George:



"You truly are gracious. I am heartened to mention a project audacious"

"Please do not be alarmed. This just needs elucidation;

"'Virgin Queen' is a term that requires interpretation—"

"Oho!" said Mae. "Why, then okay;
"That's just the dish for me to play—"

Said George:

"You accept, my dear lady! My word, that is charming!

"There remains one condition, all critics disarming.

"Since Elizabeth held so supreme a position,
"We felt sure you would welcome some help with your diction."

*With that he handed her his present,
A book as huge as he could carry.
Mae took one look, then shrieked;
The volume was a dictionary!*

"Big boy, I like you nerve!" she cried;
"I've never had my pride so tried.
"Just know that I don't need that stuff;
"I can make muh meanin' plain enough.
"When I set out to have my say,
"You bet your hat I gotta way,
"Which every man can understan'."

*She let her hips sway,
While George cried in dismay,*

"My dear lady, I just thought I should bring this,
"And also say I would gladly impart the King's English!"

"Oh, yeah?" said she. "Well, I'm no fool;
"I'm wise to what they call 'old school'—"

*In a fit of most furious rage
She started ripping the book page by page,
He could merely emit hums and haws
Till a startling new notion brought pause—*

"I say!" she mused. "It might be so—
"Put on your act! Let's go!"

"Well, you see," he replied, "it's in the inflection.
"Both the lips must be moved in the proper direction."

"Oho!" said Mae. "Please demonstrate;
"This has a chance to turn out great"

So he pursed both his lips and he said, "Please discern,
"That to each little sound you must give the right turn—"

"I know," said Mae, "but I can't see
"When you're so far away from me.
"Come near—yes, nearer yet;
"There's somethun there I gotta get"

* * *

And then their lips met.

* * *

*There was a sizzling, burning sound,
Then as Old English to the ground
Did slump, and fall, into his eyes
Came mingled joy and great surprise.*

"Ah, dear me!" he did murmur. "It is perfect, divine—
"Dear Miss West, your inflection is better than mine!"

*And as his soul passed slowly away
Our Mae only smiled and let her hips sway. . . .*



Into his eyes came mingled joy and great surprise. "It is perfect, divine—"



Sadie Thompson, the character Gloria played when Sylvia first met her. And Gloria herself, like *Sadie*, proved to be taut as a violin string

I ADORE Laura Hope Crews. She's a grand woman and I wanted to do everything I could for her; but when she told me one day that Gloria Swanson was her best friend and she wanted me to take her I said, "Nothing doing!"

I'd already heard about Gloria. There aren't any secrets in Hollywood, and I knew that she had a habit of keeping people waiting. Well, I was too busy to wait on stars, no matter how important they were.

That's what I told Laura, but every morning when I treated her all I heard was, "Poor Gloria, she's so fatigued. Poor Gloria, she's so run down." And finally one morning she said, "Sylvia, I'm going to stop begging you to take poor Gloria. You've just got to take her—that's all."

My first appointment with *La Swanson* was for nine P.M., but at seven I got a call from the studio saying she would be an hour late. That was nothing new for Hollywood, so I drove up to Gloria's mansion at ten o'clock.

A very solemn butler let me in and told me to walk up the big stairs with the mulberry carpets. There a very chic French maid showed me into a little den, the walls of which were decorated with sketches that the Marquis had done (Gloria was married to Hank then), and a lot of amusing French books.

Pretty soon the butler came in with a tray of tiny sandwiches and a long chilled glass. After that I must have dozed off, for the next thing I heard was Laura's voice calling, "Yoo hoo, Sylvia, here we are." It was half past eleven, so the first time I took Gloria I had to wait! Gosh, I knew it!

I had to wait some more while Gloria took her perfumed bath and then I began to work on her. She wanted to reduce her tummy and her waistline, but I saw that what she really needed was nerve treatment, for she was as nervous and as sensitive as a race-horse. And no wonder Laura kept calling her "poor Gloria!" She was worn out. As I began to treat her she looked up at me and murmured, "My, Sylvia, that feels good."

How Sylvia Tamed "Jumpy Nerves" for Gloria Swanson



One glimpse of Gloria at work as *Sadie*, though, such as the scene above, is ample to explain her worn, nervous state. Nobody keys herself to such a pitch, or throws herself into rôles, more than Gloria. No wonder Sylvia was needed!

When I left her she was sound asleep. But I wasn't. It was three A.M., too. I got home at sunrise.

The next day a man called and asked me if I would like to be put under contract by Miss Swanson.

"Right now," I told him, "there's not a star wealthy enough to have me exclusively."

"Maybe not a star—but a studio," he said. And then he told me he was Joseph Kennedy, at that time the head of Pathe Studios, so although I went to Pathe to treat all the stars, Gloria was one of my main charges.



FOR years Sylvia, America's foremost physical culturist and masseuse, has been Hollywood's court of last resort for problems in her field. Now she tells every month in PHOTOPLAY how she helped some well-known star conquer a problem of health or appearance, threatening her career.

Sylvia also tells how these wonder-working treatments may be applied by anyone right in the home—and better than that, she has agreed to answer all personal queries on such matters. On page 92 you'll find many of her answers and how to obtain her help. Turn there now!

It's easy to understand why she was considered the queen of that lot. Glamour is written all over her and besides she is one of the most charming stars I know, but she certainly led me a merry chase.

Once I waited six hours for her, but she was such a kid when she was in a playful mood that you had to forgive her anything.

When we were late for the studio we used to race down Washington Boulevard, go through all the stop signals as Gloria—with her hair flying—waved and yelled at the astonished cops.

One night she asked me to stay all night so I could treat her first thing in the morning. I told her I didn't have a toothbrush.

"Look," she said and took a dozen new ones out of the cabinet in the bathroom. I said I didn't have any pajamas. She opened up a drawer and showed me a hundred night-gowns, each one more beautiful and sheer than the other. So what can you do with a person like that? I stayed.

But just as I was dropping off to sleep in one of the twin beds in Gloria's room, I felt something like a cake of ice on my stomach. It was Gloria's ice cold toe. She thought that was a big joke, but I didn't think it was amusing. So I sneaked out of the house at six A.M. and wouldn't answer my telephone until ten.

One of the reasons that Gloria is so nervous is that she puts her heart and soul in everything she does. I've seen her playing hide-and-seek in her gar-



But behold the Gloria who learned to rest and relax! As different from the worn Gloria as the sun is from cloud! Sylvia (above) tells how all high-strung girls achieve the same results

den with some friends, and she does that as energetically as she works. She works like a fiend.

Naturally, when a person is nervous, it shows in the face. And a star has to have a beautiful face. But you nervous girls just look at yourselves in the mirror. You'll see plenty of lines and drawn muscles. And if you want to be lovely you've got to work those away—just as I did for Gloria.

Twice every day that I was with her I gave her a facial.

That was to soothe the nerves as well as take off her double chin, which was beginning to show. Gloria's studio paid me lots of money for those facials, which you can do your self.

Listen—you must never, never pull the skin of the face. I believe in being plenty vigorous when you're working on a lump of fat on the body; but the face is different. Yet if wrinkles are to come off and muscles to be relaxed, every bit of the face has to be treated.

With a thick coating of cold cream work with the fingers in a gentle rotating movement. And slowly, slowly you'll [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

**Another of Sylvia's
noted "Help Yourself"
stories, based on her
work for famous stars**

***And don't miss Sylvia's
helpful answers to
girls, on page 92!***

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



☆ *THE MORNING GLORY*—RKO-Radio

FOLLOWERS of Katharine Hepburn should find this a complete evening of what they like. It's Katharine at her superb best—and not much else—from beginning to end.

The story has to do with a naïve but ambitious girl from Vermont who's determined to get ahead on the New York stage. Right at the start comes something that nobody but a Hepburn could handle—an immensely long monologue, in which she talks the arm off everybody she meets. But thanks to Hepburn art, she makes you like it.

The rest of it is carried in pretty much the same way, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. giving one of his best performances, as the young playwright willing to cast her, and Adolphe Menjou as a producer of mixed motives and morals. Mary Duncan good, too—but it's Katharine's show.



☆ *RAFTER ROMANCE*—RKO-Radio

HERE'S one of those pictures bristling with plot situations that simply couldn't work out as shown, but that you like for its sheer fun and entertainment value.

Ginger Rogers is the snappy girl who can't pay her rent, so gets moved into the attic by her crusty landlord, George Sidney. Another delinquent, artist Norman Foster, is sent aloft too, for the same reason—but it's all right because Ginger's out all day selling refrigerators, and Norman's eating, thanks to a job as a night watchman.

Each hates the unknown fellow tenant—or thinks so, neither one dreaming, when they meet and strike up an affair outside, who the other really is. From that you can guess the comic build-up—and with Laura Hope Crews, Robert Benchley and others helping, you won't be disappointed.

The Shadow Stage (REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ *THIS DAY AND AGE*—Paramount

WHEN Cecil B. De Mille is in the directorial chair, we expect plenty of color, drama, and skilled use of mob hysteria. In this one he comes up to all expectations and then some—with a story that's bound to arouse controversy all over the land, both as to theme and performance.

The story is a shrewd and bitter hit at the seeming inability of public authority to cope with gangsters, built up to a powerful and hair-raising climax. Charles Bickford is the gangster who, failing to exact tribute from a kindly, mild-mannered neighborhood tailor, slays him. Then the authorities go through their futile legal hocus-pocus, and Bickford stands vindicated by acquittal.

This so enrages high school boys who were fond of the tailor, that they take up the job the authorities have muffed. Led by Richard Cromwell, Eddie Nugent and Ben Alexander, who turn in marvelous performances, they go after the evidence, while their girl companion, Judith Allen, becomes enmeshed with one of Bickford's gunmen.

Murder of one of the boys, horrible torture of Bickford, and a grand mob scene featuring the boys triumphant, are the resulting high points in this bill of fare of extremely strong meat.

When it ends, you'll have all sorts of questions about the propriety of it all—but no doubt whatever that you've seen one of the season's strongest films.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THIS DAY AND AGE
THE MORNING GLORY
THREE-CORNERED MOON
TUGBOAT ANNIE

THE MAN WHO DARED
RAFTER ROMANCE
ANOTHER LANGUAGE
HER FIRST MATE

The Best Performances of the Month

Richard Cromwell in "This Day and Age"
Charles Bickford in "This Day and Age"
Katharine Hepburn in "The Morning Glory"
Mary Boland in "Three-Cornered Moon"
Helen Hayes in "Another Language"
John Beal in "Another Language"
Marie Dressler in "Tugboat Annie"
Wallace Beery in "Tugboat Annie"
Victor Jory in "The Devil's in Love"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



★ THE MAN WHO DARED—Fox

HERE'S the life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from his start as an immigrant coal mine boy to his end at the hand of an assassin, while accompanying President-elect Roosevelt through Miami. And lest you wonder whether this will be entertaining, let us say right away that if you count a gripping portrayal of American life and political ways good entertainment, you'll have plenty here.

After Jay Ward has done the boy *Jon Novak* (*Jon* is, of course, Cermak), Preston Foster takes over the rôle, while the film paints the old rough-and-tough, brawling, lusty Chicago of early days, as far back as the great Chicago fire of 1871. From there Preston and Chicago move forward together, with Preston battling his way upward and giving an excellent characterization all the way, as well as an authentic picture of Chicago politics, good and bad.

Aiding Preston are Zita Johann, his wife, Leon Waycoff and Irene Biller, his immigrant parents, while Frank Sheridan adds an excellent unsavory politician. The picture owes much of its balance to them.

There, then, you have what this film offers, and you can see that its appeal lies, not in dramatic "situations" or emotional appeal, but in its interesting record of an American public career, as these are so often lived. As such, it can be called a fine job, well done.



★ THREE-CORNERED MOON—Paramount

A LAUGH from the first moment to the end. Vague and incompetent mama Mary Boland has invested and lost all the family money; then proceeds to move through what follows in a befuddled state of mind and an ostrich-trimmed negligée.

The result should be a tragedy. Instead, it's a laugh riot. The grown children, Claudette Colbert, Wally Ford, Tom Brown and Billy Bakewell go about getting jobs, while Claudette's boy friend (Hardie Albright), a dreamy and poverty-stricken author, moves in with the family.

Dr. Stevens (Richard Arlen) also helps out by renting a room in the home and falls in love with Claudette. Thereby making the mix-up worse than ever—and helping you laugh off your own troubles. And that's something!



★ ANOTHER LANGUAGE—M-G-M

TWO things lend this remake of a stage success its value. One is the homely, everyday theme—a narrow, opinionated family making life unbearable for a bride brought into it by a husband who's under a dominating mother's thumb.

The other is the superb, subtle character drawing achieved by a grand cast, headed by Helen Hayes as the bride.

For most, these two advantages will redeem the woefully slow development, up to the wife's final rebellion. Helen, as you would expect, is perfect, while the late Louise Closser Hale does the mother wonderfully. Henry Travers adds one of his delightful helpless fathers, and John Beal is great as the nephew smitten with puppy love. The one slight disappointment might be Bob Montgomery in a slow rôle.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

★
**TUGBOAT
ANNIE—
M-G-M**



MARIE DRESSLER plies the Seattle waterfront with her decrepit tugboat *Narcissus*. Hubby Wally Beery's tippling brings ruin and enrages their son, Bob Young, captain of a smart steamer—until Bob's steamer gets in trouble, and the *Narcissus* appears. This rescue climax may sound old, but just wait till you see how it's done! Movies rarely have offered a better thrill! Finely acted; Maureen O'Sullivan pleasing.

★
**HER FIRST
MATE—
Universal**



SLIM SUMMERVILLE sells peanuts on the night boat to Albany, but ZaSu Pitts thinks he's first mate. Still, knowing his yen to be a captain, ZaSu takes the family savings of five thousand dollars and buys him a ferry-boat that promptly blows up. Una Merkel, his pain-in-the-neck sister, thickens the plot, which gets hilariously funny, with dumber and dumber tricks all around. You'll love it.

**F. P. 1.—
Fox-Gaumont
British-UFA**



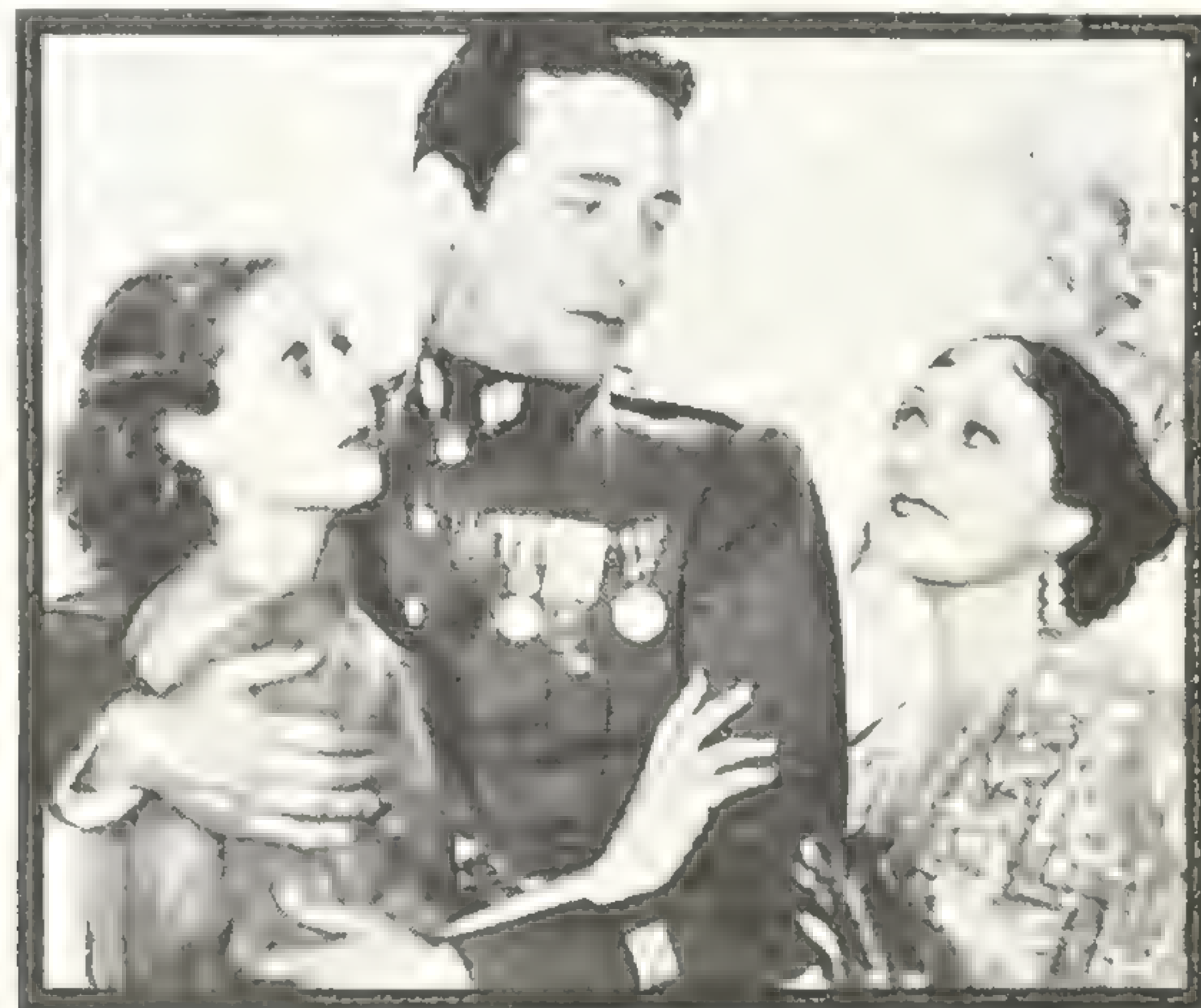
FLOATING PLATFORM ONE is built in mid-ocean as a landing field for transatlantic air service. Building it and preserving it from unscrupulous attacks first unite and then break up the triumvirate of aviator, played by Conrad Veidt, inventor, Leslie Fenton, and the English girl, Jill Esmond. Interesting photography, Veidt's virile acting, Fenton's adequacy, and plot suspense make this novel idea a thriller.

**MIDNIGHT
CLUB—
Paramount**



IMPROBABLE in spots and lacking the vim and zest of a good crook picture, this story of a detective who plays crook to catch crooks, still remains fairly amusing entertainment. George Raft seems a bit miscast as the detective who falls in love with Helen Vinson, a thief, while Clive Brook is a bit too suave a villain. Sir Guy Standing, Alison Skipworth and Alan Mowbray adequate.

**THE DEVIL'S
IN LOVE—
Fox**



WARMED-over Foreign Legion ideas, built into fair entertainment. Victor Jory, army surgeon at a French post in Morocco, is falsely accused of murdering the brutal commander. His pal, David Manners, helps him escape. Across the border he meets Loretta Young—to find later that she is affianced to his pal. All okay in the end, of course. Colorful atmosphere helps the fine cast put the time-worn story over.

**BIG
EXECUTIVE
—Paramount**



ANOTHER of those stock market things. It gets pretty boggled before the end, and turns out to be a character study of an erratic financial mogul, played by Richard Bennett. Ricardo Cortez, as the big executive, seems embarrassed by the whole thing, and you never do find out if he shot his superfluous wife on purpose. A lot of handsome production and Elizabeth Young as heroine, with a weak story.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**THE
WRECKER—**
Columbia



HE-MAN Jack Holt, boss of a house-wrecking gang, develops fondness for George Stone, a Jewish junk man, and for Sidney Blackmer, his employee. All prosper; then Sidney turns home-wrecker and steals Jack's wife, Genevieve Tobin. It's pretty sentimental so far—but after the earthquake traps Genevieve and Sidney in a shoddy school building Sidney built, Jack gets he-man again. Average entertainment.

**DEVIL'S
MATE—**
Monogram



THIS starts out with a murderer himself being murdered in the death chamber just as he is going to the electric chair. Although there is no other situation in the film which can compare with that one, still this mystery thriller will stand up with the run of them. Preston Foster, as the detective, and Peggy Shannon as the newspaper sob-sister who solves the murder mystery, both give creditable performances.

**SAVAGE
GOLD—**
Harold Auten
Prod.



A HAIR-RAISING travel film, showing Commander G. M. Dyott and companions seeking a lost prospector among the Jivaro Indians of the Upper Amazon. Their danger was having their heads cut off and shrunk to the size of oranges (the film shows this being done, by the way, to several heads). If you can stand strong stuff, and like travel pictures, you couldn't ask better than this.

**LIFE IN
THE RAW—**
Fox



LINGERIE blowing about in a desert windstorm, and a 'bucking bronc' on the dance floor of a night club, add novelty to this Western. Attractive Claire Trevor, as the tenderfoot sister of a young rancher, gets George O'Brien into plenty of trouble trying to save her erring brother. But George's fast riding and quick wit get all three into the clear. Western addicts won't be sorry they've seen it.

**HIS PRIVATE
SECRETARY**
—Showmens
Pictures



EVALYN KNAPP is a sweet young minister's daughter who wins rich playboy John Wayne in marriage—only to have John's crusty papa refuse to see or acknowledge her. Thereupon Evalyn launches a neat flank attack that saves the day. More intelligently written and directed than many of Evalyn's pieces. Good small-time entertainment, well enough acted throughout. Better than a lot of current offerings.

**BLIND
ADVENTURE**
—RKO-Radio



MYSTERY, comedy and romance all in a London fog—and the plot's pretty much befogged, as well as the characters. It's a case of Bob Armstrong, an adventuring young American, involved with a gang of crooks, a pretty girl (Helen Mack) and a congenial burglar (Roland Young). They speed from one exciting episode to another.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 102]



Dolores asked to okay her own stories so that she would be sure to have rôles in which she could wear good looking clothes. Gives her leading men a chance to be handsome, says Dolores

How Many Lives *Has* Del Rio?

A CAT is commonly supposed to have nine lives. It's the only member of the animal kingdom allowed such a weird and unusual privilege.

In Hollywood there is one person—and one only—who seems to be allowed a cinematic exception parallel to that of the felines, from the rules that control the professional lives of most film folk.

It seems that—with the one exception—almost certain retirement from the screen arises from any of the following:

A succession of productions that do not pay out.

A reputation as a "million dollar star"—that is, as one whose power to "pack them in" in the box-office depends upon being surrounded with sumptuously mounted and lavishly cast stories on the grand scale.

A long absence from the screen. Successful "comebacks" have been known—but they have been so rare as hardly to warrant gambling upon any star's ability to stage one.

"But"—you may object, "I can name several who break all these rules all the time, and are still with us. Charlie Chaplin, for one—and Harold Lloyd—and —"

Hold on, though! These people—and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.—do not come under the rules. They finance their own productions; they take their own chances. "Laws" do not apply to them, because they make their own laws governing their productions. We are talking about stars for whom some producing company puts up the money.

And among them, the one "nine-life" exception to the rule, the one person who has gone counter to each of these rules (except the *succession* of failures), yet survived, is—Dolores Del Rio.

She has never invested a cent of her own money in a Del Rio production.

She has spent months, more than a year at a time, between pictures.

Her pictures have all been "million dollar" productions.

Yet since "Bird of Paradise" was released in 1932, she has received more than one hundred offers. And more amazing than that—until she received an offer carrying with it the most sure "passport to oblivion" any ordinary star could have, she said "no" to every proposition. Just as though she were waiting for a chance to flirt with certain screen death!

"Okay, you can be your own boss," Merian Cooper of RKO-Radio said to her at last. "You can okay your own stories."

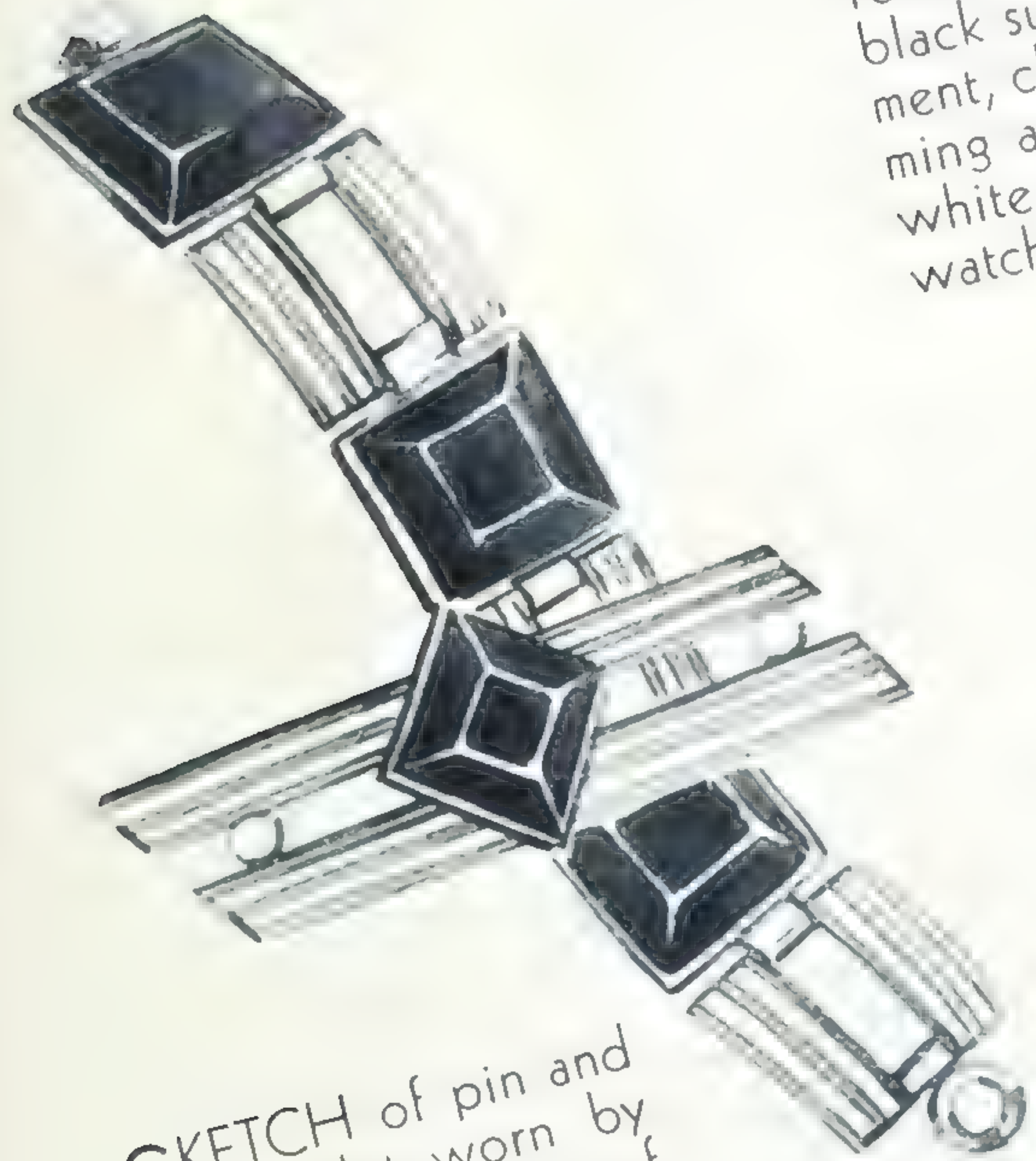
Now, with most stars, that would be like handing them the cup of hemlock Socrates was given to drink. Witness Ruth Chatterton. But Dolores—who does not claim to know more than producers, directors and other technicians about [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Time and again, the rules had her "out." Now she tackles the worst taboo of all—and expects to win!

By Ruth Biery

Hollywood Sketches

SMART accessory notes sponsored by Elizabeth Young at recent Hollywood gatherings. A black suede bag with mirror ornament, chiffon hankie with lace trimming and hand drawn work—and white kid gloves with a wrist watch opening and bow trimming



SKETCH of pin and bracelet worn by Claire Trevor. Part of ensemble of black gailith and gold. She alternates matching necklace and earrings



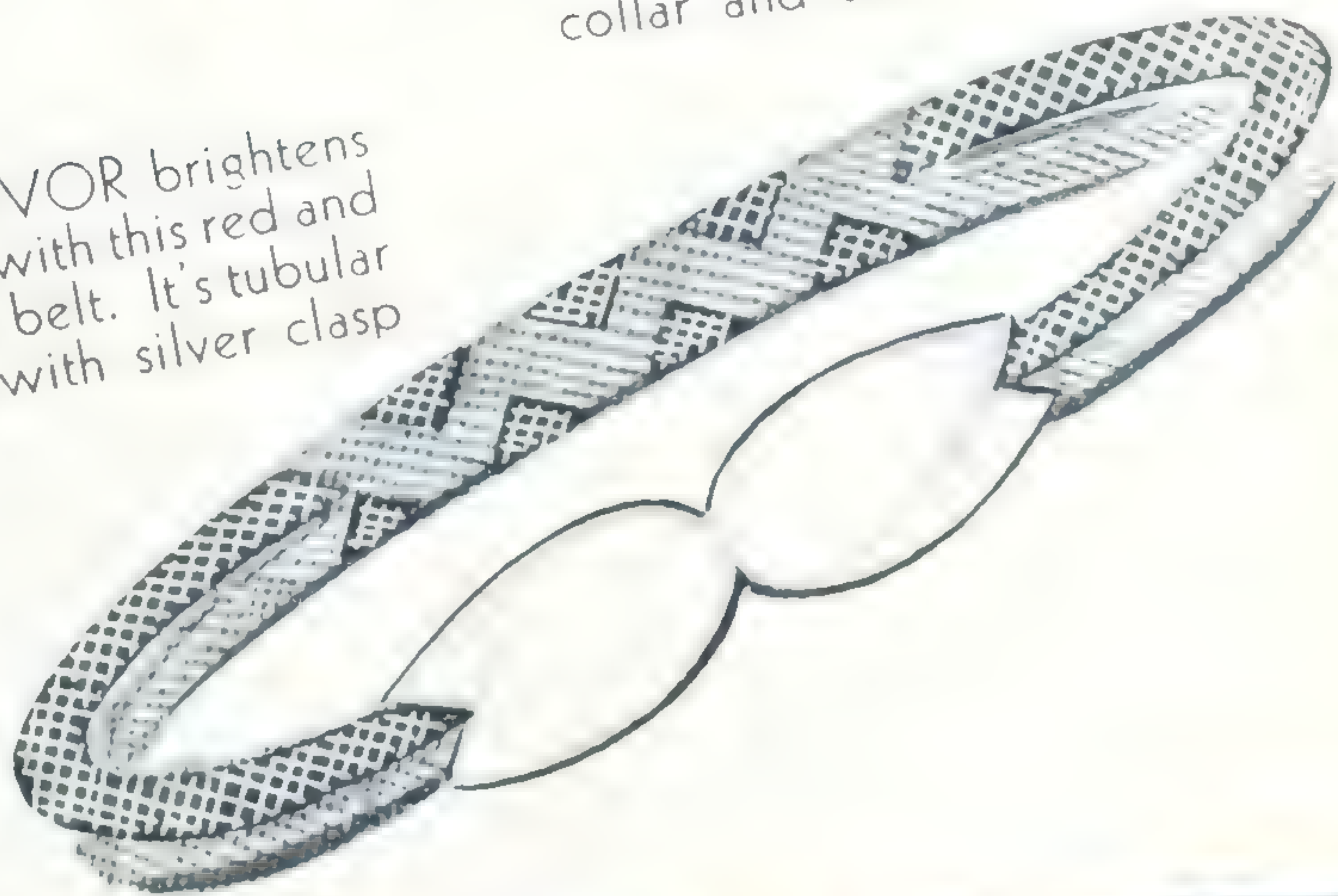
RAQUEL TORRES at luncheon, wearing stunning new gloves of beige kid with draped cuffs. Faille stitching and silver cuff button balls are unusual trimming detail. Raquel's beret is trimmed with similar silver balls



GINGER ROGERS wears a gay printed velvet scarf with her fall suits, in Ascot fashion or in this fly-away manner

STILL another day, Ginger is seen lunching at Sardi's, wearing a simple black dress topped by a wide satin collar reminiscent of Puritan styles. Large crystal buttons trim the collar and the matching cuffs

CLAIRE TREVOR brightens her frocks with this red and black Lyolene belt. It's tubular and braided with silver clasp





HEATHER ANGEL plays a school-girl in "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," and Royer has created this perfect, youthful fall ensemble for her to wear while traveling. It's a four-piece affair with a satin blouse, a diagonal woolen vest with leather frog fasteners, a wool crepe skirt, and topped by a three-quarter length woolen coat

Fabrics Tell Smart Story Of Fashion

— Seymour —



THIS sketch shows you a clever adaptation of a dress Travis Banton has designed for Claudette Colbert to wear in "Torch Singer." Banton's original had short sleeves, but we have given this copy long ones. In a hairy woolen with buttons used for detail



DOROTHY TREE has graciously let us copy one of her own favorite costumes. It is this attractive satin suit that she is wearing to smart Hollywood events these early fall days. Her dress has a high collarless neckline with amusing buttons. Her fingertip length jacket is trimmed with candy striped satin



Hollywood Wears A New Evening Gown This Fall



THIS charming black crepe dinner dress from Gloria Stuart's personal wardrobe is studded all over with tiny rhinestones. The fabric elaboration is allowed to carry the interest of the dress with a belt buckle of chromium rondels adding a glittering note. The high neckline is very chic, and a favorite Hollywood note for fall

THE sketch of this Claudette Colbert costume from "Torch Singer," was snatched practically from Travis Banton's hands so that you could have a preview of it! It is pale blue satin with garlands of pink roses about the arms. Long streamers from the sash form a train. Notice the jeweled shoulder straps and the cowl neckline

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 119.

Seymour

VERA has designed this exciting costume for Gloria Stuart to wear in "The Secret of the Blue Room." The short gray crepe bolero is given a striking accent in deep gauntlet cuffs and scarf of blue corduroy velvet. The gauntlets pull down over the hand and are detachable. The slim skirt of the gown has a slight train and is slit up on the left side





SATIN is used for smart accessory accent to this green suit of Claire Trevor. Claire wears this traveling in her new picture "The Last Trail." Royer not only designed the costume but the brown satin gauntlet gloves, the sailor hat and blouse. The jacket is short, fashioned by leopard buttons—the leopard collar is sailor-effect at the back. Claire's hatband and very demure blouse collar are white mousseline

— Seymour —



AND here's another good looking Royer costume worn by Claire Trevor in "The Last Trail." Fabric contrast being an important fall fashion note, it is used here by combining a dark green wool with a green, brown and beige plaid. The back of the frock has a yoke of the plaid, the plain green wool forming a jacket effect. The pleated epaulets give width to the shoulders. Note nice matching hat detail

HELEN CHANDLER is gowned in black satin and white ruffles for the movie, "Goodbye Again." Helen may look fragile, but she's a seasoned trouser. She was an acclaimed actress when, at the age of eight, she played in a Shakespearean play on Broadway. Since the stage was her first love, it is hard to keep her in Hollywood. She keeps darting back to Broadway to win laurels in another play

Hurrell





Jack Freulich

A NEW way to dance was used successfully in "Only Yesterday." You may see Margaret Sullivan and John Boles using the method in a ballroom scene. Margaret and John stood in a dolly, which moved about with the cameras. With a little shoulder swaying on their part and a little jiggling of the dolly, a convincing dance scene was produced

By
*Reginald
Taviner*

MARGARET SULLAVAN accepted a screen career upon condition that she didn't have to be made beautiful.

She came to Hollywood with one of the most unique contracts ever drawn. Among other things, it contained the clause that she should not be "made over" a la Hollywood, and that, if she didn't like the screen colony or anything about it after she had been here ten days, she wouldn't have to stay and make any pictures.

She says she doesn't like it or anything about it—but she's still here, just the same. Actually, she does like the fundamentals—the picture-making—but she doesn't go for the frills.

But about that being-made-beautiful thing.

When John Stahl saw Margaret playing in the "Dinner At Eight" company in New York, he thought he had come to the end of the trail in his search for a girl. He had been searching for months, fruitlessly and at the finish hopelessly, for the lead in "Only Yesterday," now being made at Universal and co-starring John Boles. He had tested virtually every actress in Hollywood and a great many in New York, and still he hadn't found his mental image for the part.

He was about to give up the picture altogether



Not that charming Margaret Sullavan needs the beautician's art. But she had a horror of being made up in the "Hollywood mold"

She Abhors Being "BEAUTIFIED"

when he saw Margaret Sullavan. And after he first talked with her, he almost gave it up anyway.

It is a big picture—one of the biggest Universal has made since "All Quiet On The Western Front." Margaret is getting quite the biggest break that any cinematographically unknown player has had since Janet Gaynor was cast in "7th Heaven," or Lew Ayres in "All Quiet." Yet, when Stahl told her all these things and offered her co-stardom in a film of this magnitude, Margaret wasn't the least bit interested.

"I loved the theater and I wanted to stay there," she explained, talking about it. "I didn't think I'd like Hollywood, didn't think I'd like pictures, didn't want to come."

At the time Margaret, though well-known on the stage,

wasn't a star. Born in Norfolk, Virginia, twenty-two years ago, she went to the University Theater in Cape Cod after majoring in art, Latin, English and dramatics (how's that for versatility?) at private Virginia schools. She played on the road in "Strictly Dishonorable" and the title rôle in "The Modern Virgin" in New York for a year. Then, after other pieces, she landed in "Dinner At Eight."

With that as a background, she disdained movie offers and made no bones whatever about saying so.

Stahl, having found what he considered the ideal personality for his picture, persevered. At first he got blank refusal. Finally, after he had told her what the picture meant to him, Margaret gave in. But before she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

"If I Could

What the famous picture stars
would do if they were seventeen

By William F. French



"I determined to meet people—and to stop worrying about what they thought of me. I was miserably self-conscious," says poised Sally Eilers of today

IF I had my life to live over again, I wouldn't run from anything."

Joan Crawford looked up from the little lawn table before which she was kneeling, and emphasized each word with a jerk of her head.

"I mean that while I would, no doubt, follow the exact path I did blaze for myself, I would do a great many things differently. I don't think I would let myself out of certain things as easily as I did. Instead, I'd face them squarely. By living and learning, I have discovered that the most bitter lessons are the most profitable ones. A person cannot possibly mold his character by running away from things.



Joan wishes that when she was seventeen she had made a rule never to waste a single hour. In those wasted hours, says Joan, she might have learned many things which would have helped her no end in achieving her screen career



"It broke me up," says May Robson, "to have had to make a choice between the theater and the young man I loved"

"I don't mean that I have done this of late, but when I was younger and not used to the responsibility of life, I did not realize the importance of facing experience.

"If I were seventeen again I would make it a rule to hold to my plans. I would force myself to study languages, music, singing and art. I wanted to do those things then, but abandoned them because I thought there were more important things I should learn, things that would help me more. Those other things were important, too, but I should not have given up my own desires. I realize now that lost time can never be brought back, and that every moment should be made into a paying one—as to duties first, then desires.

Start Over Again”

“If I could re-live my life, I would learn to be a sketch artist. Today I have many ideas for costumes I would like to wear in my pictures. I can describe the designs, but often it is difficult to paint a word picture.

“When I made ‘Possessed,’ I had to sing a song in three different languages and accompany myself on the piano. It took me weeks to memorize this number. Ordinarily I need only run over a thing two or three times, and I never forget it. If I had been able to read the music, it would have been so much simpler for me.

“Of late I have learned that the hours I wasted as a girl of sixteen and seventeen and the problems I failed to face out in full, demand interest payment almost every day of my life. If I could live over these last six years I would crowd them unmercifully; improving myself in every manner, shape and form.”

THUS this girl who has climbed to the very top of her profession regrets the hours she wasted while in her teens, and this star who is known for her courage in facing the problems that come her way feels she should have stood her ground even more indomitably than she did.

“Face it!” said Joan, setting her jaw—“That’s my religion.”

Marie Dressler, caught in an off moment at her work, answered the question in her usual, brusque, direct manner.

“If I were starting all over again, I’d hope to



Irene Dunne knows what she wants and goes after it. But she insists girls should lay their plans before they are seventeen, as the best picture years are early ones. Endurance is the great test



Elissa Landi would ask her mother’s advice about her career—then follow it. And that is actually what she did do, and says she has never regretted following that advice. Many girls lack this faith

learn quickly what I’ve learned through sad experience, and that is—to ‘take it.’

“I’d learn to take what Fate passed out and make the most of it. The quicker a girl learns that, the better she’ll get along in this world.

“I’d do the job at hand, whatever it might be, as best I know how. That’s what I did then—and now I know it’s the only thing to do.

“I saw I would have to earn my own living and get my own education—one way or another. Nobody else was going to do either for me.

“So I took every job that was offered to me whether it seemed menial or not, and tried to stuff complaints into a dark closet. And I read everything I could get my hands on, which, more often than not, proved to be discarded newspapers.

“The only work I could get was in the chorus in shows playing all over the country. It was very hard work and bitterly disappointing. But I learned then that no job in the world is beneath you until [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

Famous Film Flops

History has been
made, careers blasted
and fortunes lost,
when pictures failed

*By Fred
James*



Until that moment, the public had flocked to see Charles Ray. But when "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which took his life's savings, failed, it was his swan song

AS a critical movie follower, you know a successful picture when you see one. But do you also know a flop when one scrambles across the screen? I do not mean just a mediocre film, or a poor show, but a great, big, colossal studio-shaking failure.

What is the dividing line between success and failure in the gamble of making movies to please the public? You have heard all about how the big successes of the screen are made; you have heard the story of their creation from script to net profits. You know who made these big hits, and how and why.

But there are just as many dramatic stories about the failures of the screen. You do not always hear who makes the failures, and you never are told the how and the why of their debacle.

Every big success of the screen creates a new star or a new director, and sometimes both. On the other side of the story, every flop destroys a reputation and blights a career; or, even if the reputation is big enough and well enough established to withstand the blow, then the person involved suffers a setback, a financial loss and a severe shock to the pride.



Nazimova believed the American public had an artistic soul. To prove it, she produced the exotically beautiful "Salome"—and lost

The parade of film flops is a panorama of the motion picture business, just as significant as a list of the successes.

For instance, the first great screen failure followed the first great success. One man—D. W. Griffith—was responsible for both productions. After “The Birth of a Nation” made history, Griffith launched “Intolerance.” It cost \$350,000—big money in those days and big money in these days, too. It was an adventure in technique, since it had three different periods of the world’s history interwoven into its loose story.

In spite of the spectacle, in spite of its tremendous scenes, the public mind refused to jump from Babylon to Huguenot France to present day America. In baseball language, “Intolerance” lost out on a triple play.

The strange part of the history of flops is that these pictures are nearly always made by people who ought to know better. Apparently it takes brains and money and experience to turn out a first class bloomer. Amateurs and beginners cannot go wrong on a big scale. So, one is tempted to jump to the conclusion, that personal vanity, too much ambition and financial recklessness are the reasons back of the failures.

Of course, the producer of a failure always has the alibi that the film is too artistic and “over the heads of the public.” Sometimes, as in the case of “Broken Blossoms,” or Cecil De Mille’s “The Whispering Chorus,” the alibi holds good. In other instances, the public, not the producer or the star, is right.

Let us consider a film called “The Courtship of Miles Standish.” This picture, by dying the



Sometimes a beautiful, lavish and well cast production is a dead loss. Among these strange failures is Von Stroheim’s romantic picture, “The Wedding March,” featuring Fay Wray



“Intolerance” with Mae Marsh, was a notorious flop. It failed for a reason which is simple to any layman. Yet Griffith, pioneer genius of the screen, thought—was sure—it would succeed



“Joan the Woman” was a flop for DeMille. But it rang the bell for Geraldine Farrar and Wally Reid

death of a dog, made screen history. It just about blighted the career of Charles Ray, until then one of the most popular of stars. What was still harder for Ray, the picture took all his savings—about \$600,000. The money had been earned by Ray when he was the wage slave of the late Thomas H. Ince.

Ray put his all into “The Courtship of Miles Standish.” And he lost. The film was tepid, prosy and had no appeal whatever for the public—a public that until that moment had loved Ray’s pretty brown eyes.

Alla Nazimova also wrote her own one-way ticket out of pictures with an expensive and exotic filming of Oscar Wilde’s “Salome.” Nazimova wanted to prove to the commercial producers that the screen was capable of absorbing Art and plenty of it. But the picture absorbed the star’s money and plenty of it, and the public, as the saying goes, stayed away in droves.

IF you want to be mean—and not strictly just—you can blame all such endeavors on personal vanity, a desire for a star to shine in his or her own way. But this charge is not exactly true.

For one thing, do not forget, a great many persons are concerned in the making of a movie. While the stars and players and directors are directly blamed for a flop and made to suffer for it, too, a failure, like a success, really belongs at the door of an entire organization.

Most of the persons engaged in making a picture are confident of its success with the public. If there weren’t this spirit in a studio, movies would be pretty dull affairs. Now when the film is a success, everyone is entitled to say, “I told you so.”

This state of mass hypnotism also permeates the studio where a failure is being concocted. There may be moments of doubt and hesitation, but most [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

"Now I Help You,"

says GARBO to Gilbert

in one of the most
amazing "turnabouts"
of picture history



Here she is—Queen Garbo shaking hands with the first American actor who helped her. Now she's returning the favor, with ample interest

The Swedish girl had done well in "The Torrent" and in her next, "The Temptress." Gilbert was popular enough to "carry" anyone, however little her name might mean. Why not use her in his new "Flesh and the Devil"?

Not an unusual decision in movie casting—but what Gilbert did *was* unusual.

Most "kings" would have pouted—if indeed they didn't roar to high heaven—over being given "untried" support.

Gilbert made his supporting lady feel welcome and appreciated as a fellow artist. Garbo speaks of it yet.

More than that: Garbo could have as much publicity as her work might command. No trying to grab it all for himself.

No need to tell you the result—how everyone woke almost overnight to hail a new queen of the cinema. Garbo's star shot up to the heights. The acid test of the talkies only made it twinkle the brighter.

Meanwhile, poor Jack! Faced with talkies, he incautiously thought all he needed to do was talk. The result, with a voice that sounded a bit creaky, practically laughed him off the screen.

FIVE years pass—years that Gilbert played in rôles which meant less and less—unable to live down that unfortunate talkie début.

Then Garbo's trip to Sweden—her return to play *Queen Christina*. The world rejoiced—and nobody thought of Jack. Nobody, that is, except Garbo.

Arrived in Hollywood, she went over the studio's plans for her film, pronounced everything satisfactory. But—

She'd prefer Jack Gilbert in the romantic male lead.

And Jack will do the lead, in place of the man previously selected. So now who will say that royalty knows no gratitude—or that Garbo lacks warm human feeling?

WHO says that royalty knows no gratitude—or that Garbo is an aloof, mysterious embodiment of perfect screen art, without inner warmth of human feeling? Listen.

Eight years ago last July, a scared, none-too-well-dressed Swedish girl landed in New York, in tow of the great Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller. Brought because Stiller insisted she must come if he did—and ignored as merely part of the price for getting him.

The studio, not much interested, used her in "The Torrent." But no prairies were set afire; the lonely visitor, at whose English people smiled, knew discouragement to its bitter full.

Meanwhile a comparatively new star—an amazingly bright one—was blazing in the movieland firmament. Jack Gilbert, no less, movie idol of nearly every woman throughout our fair land.

Now the studio got a bright idea.

By Martin Stevers

ANYONE reading anything about Hollywood last spring could hardly have missed the news about the visit Jimmy Cagney was receiving from his brother Bill, the advertising man from New York. It was just too good—and also funny.

Autograph fans traipsing up to Jimmy, requesting his signature—and getting it. Interviewers turned loose on him, and told all they wanted to know—and then some. People talking to him here, there, and everywhere, and writing home to boast about it. When all the time it was brother Bill, spicing his vacation by “playing Jimmy,” and being near enough to the real thing to get away with it.

Yes, it was a good joke—good enough so folks here, there, and everywhere began thinking, “Wouldn’t they make a grand picture team! Why doesn’t some studio hire them?” An idea which, of course, wasn’t too wide of being good business not to have occurred to the studios themselves. So now it’s happened, though they’re not teamed up together. While going through tryouts—and being selected—by one studio, Bill said “Yes” to the contract another studio, RKO-Radio, thrust before him; and now Hollywood has *two* Cagneys, almost alike as two peas, though not, as so many movie-goers had hoped, with the same company.

All of which throws a great, illuminating light on much that has been said, and on some things that haven’t been thoroughly turned inside out, about James Cagney, Esquire, in the last few years. About his lack, for instance, of business ability. Point out a neater way to land a brother on the right road to movie fame, and you’ll be eligible for fancy fees as a promoter of stars—



If One Cagney’s Good, Two Should Be Better!

Director Lowell Sherman stops Jimmy Cagney and his brother Bill in the lobby of the Beverly-Wilshire, and has to look carefully to tell them apart. Bill is in the movies, too, now

By Ruth Rankin



Bill, Mrs. James Cagney and Jimmy get a lot of attention when they lunch together at the Brown Derby. According to Jimmy, Bill is an instinctive actor

Hollywood will have plenty of use for your brains. And if Jimmy is a bit of a mark for slick talkers—well, doesn’t John D., Sr., give away dimes right and left?

There’s the answer to one of the commonest yarns told about Jimmy. One of the less familiar sides to his gingery personality also stands out strong. It’s Jimmy’s immense loyalty to all whom he likes, or to whom he feels bound—as, of course, he does to any of the brood of five that Pa and Ma Cagney raised on the lower East Side of New York City.

Jimmy and younger brother Bill (there’s one between and one older than Jimmy, who are both doctors) have been like that always, since they started life in that rough, tough neighborhood. Let’s hearken to Jimmy on that:

“When I was nine and he was a little bit of a fellow, I had a street fight with a boy. Bill was an interested audience. Then, when it was all over and I was on my way home, I looked around and there was Bill [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

"It's A Grand Adventure,"

says Norma
Shearer

To Virginia Maxwell

She's speaking of
modern marriage
and her own life
furnishes proof



Norma Shearer is a very modern woman, but she has some old-fashioned ideas on love and marriage. Perhaps that is why nothing is more important to her than being a success as a wife and mother

"MRS. THALBERG, please. . . ." A long buzz. A long wait. A series of telephone calls to various people from the hotel desk at the Waldorf-Astoria. "Mrs. Thalberg's secretary says you may come up. "Please step that way."

I started toward the secluded Tower section of this Park Avenue hostelry—the section reserved for celebrities where privacy of elevators and corridors is the last word in service.

But no. You couldn't even put your foot inside that golden lift until once more you were announced from the Tower desk, checked and re-checked so that no possible mistake might be made and an intruder get by the portals of the Thalberg apartment.

I'd interviewed Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mussolini, Edison and Einstein during my reportorial days, and had a few words once with Kaiser Wilhelm when he took his famous run out of Germany. But this was a bit more difficult. I was beginning to get worried. What had I let myself in for?

And then, when the checking, re-checking and okaying was

over and I had my passport to the portals of that luxurious suite on the thirtieth floor which housed the Thalbergs, Irving, and Norma Shearer, and Irving, Jr., just back from their European jaunt, I made my way up there fearfully and very cautiously.

A secretary let me in. Another secretary led me to an ante-room off the main drawing-room which spread in a vista beyond. A white frocked nurse—baby Junior's monitor—came and went noiselessly. A black frocked maid came to the door, looked in and disappeared. A valet went back and forth with masculine attire over his arm.

I PICKED up a newspaper and began scanning the items. Then, suddenly I heard a musical voice say casually: "Hello—I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

I looked up quickly and saw a little girl, dressed simply in a linen frock of navy blue with white horseshoe figures all over it. At the neckline there was a huge linen bow. Above that collar, a slender throat, an exquisite pink and white complexion, two clear blue eyes, chestnut hair, simply arranged in one softly polished dip with snug curls at the back.

It was, of course, Norma Shearer!

I'd never met her before, but you couldn't mistake that profile with its tiny tilt to her nose, her clear, lovely eyes, her long, pointed brows, her voice like a Christmas bell across a wintry countryside.

We shook hands. And suddenly, she looked around her at the masculine disorder of Irving's bedroom—yes, that's where we were, for the drawing-room beyond was filled with business executives in conference.

"Dear me," said Norma, in that typical sense of orderliness with which she's always planned her entire life, "let's get out of here. . . ."

We went then to her sister Athole's suite. Athole, who's been every step of the way with Norma since those first days, ten years ago, when the two Canadian unknown girls came to New York to begin the adventure of making good in show business. Athole is now Mrs. Howard Hawks, you know.

And under the mellow spell of amber and rose lamps in this smaller but cozier suite, Norma began to tell me about her vacation with Irving, the jaunt through Europe they had taken together and from which Irving Thalberg returned a renewed man after his long siege of ailing. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck



A CUNNING new idea in mascara is illustrated by June Vasek. Small, match-like sticks, the ends of which are dampened and brushed on the lashes. Somewhat reminiscent of the old burnt match method but far better. Convenient



THIS lovely portrait of Dolores Del Rio is a perfect lesson in make-up. Brows are slightly emphasized with a black pencil. The pencil, smudged to softness, darkens upper lid slightly above lash-line. A line along the under lid meets the upper line. Shadow extends to the brows. Lashes are accented

AFTER a busy day, or whenever her eyes are tired, Elizabeth Allan applies these eye packs of soothing balsam, wonderful for eye beauty and health. Also excellent for that puffy condition

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



Mimi Jordan Shops In New York

THIS lovely study of Mimi Jordan illustrates eloquently what a change in coiffure can do. Here is Mimi, completely transformed by soft, gracious curls. Compare this with the severe one at the right. Don't you all agree that Mimi did herself a good turn?



WHILE shopping in New York, Mimi Jordan bought this attractive beauty kit containing nine essentials for skin care and make-up. This kit comes in a bright red or black with checked lining to match, and in combinations for a dry, or an oily or normal skin



HERE 'is how Mimi Jordan looked before she bobbed her golden hair. Her conventional coiffure "typed" her too definitely for pictures, and so she changed. Almost every girl can benefit by a decided change now and then

Timely New Things For Autumn



ANOTHER interesting purchase by Mimi was this bath oil fragrantly scented in three odeurs. Its use in the bath perfumes the whole body and makes the water caressingly soft and soothing. A charming prelude to evening



THIS fragrant Eau de Cologne has so many uses that Mimi would not be without it. Splashed or sprayed over the body after a bath it makes a marvelous refreshant and rub-down. It is also an effective lotion for curling the ends of the hair. Very beautifully bottled

MIMI always applies a lotion to her hands before going out. This very new lotion is gorgeously scented, and is particularly good for restoring suppleness to skin dried and burned by summer suns and winds. Applied before powdering, it is a beneficial base

The Helen of Troy Coiffure



THE classical lines of Shirley Grey's coiffure are wholly Grecian, yet ultra-modern in achievement. A good forehead and hairline are necessary, plus the adroit fingers of a good hairdresser. Wide waves and a mass of flat curls create a simple front view, while the back is a poem in ringlets. Blonde hair, like Shirley's, lends itself perfectly to this modern echo of the beauty that once enthralled ancient Greece



(For more beauty tips
turn to page 94)

Jean Harlow keeps her stockings lovely looking this way

Official in all the big studios..

Wardrobe director of the M. G. M. Studio, Joe Rapf (shown making a personal check of Luxable costumes), says: "We have found a way to save on the costumes! By using Lux on all washable garments—heavy and sheer fabrics alike—the color is protected. Besides being safe, economical and quick, Lux restores the costume to its original state of newness and beauty."



"Yes, indeed, you can tell my girl 'fans' that I'm a fan for Lux," says this M. G. M. star now appearing in the glamorous all-star production, "Dinner at Eight."

Why don't you follow her easy LUX method?

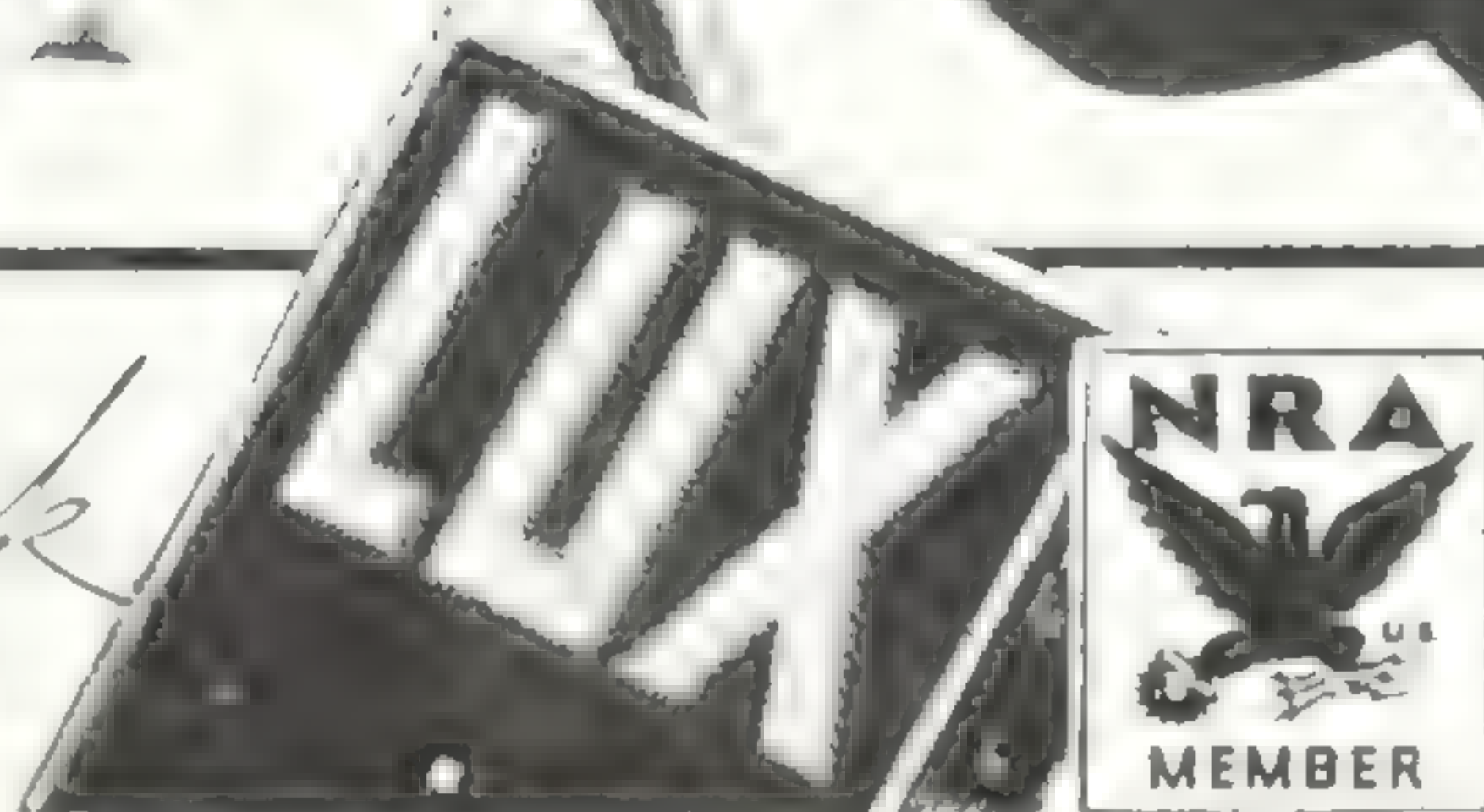
"I'm awfully fussy about the way my stockings fit," says fascinating Jean Harlow. "That's why my maid has explicit instructions to wash them—and my underthings, too—with Lux. Never rub, never use ordinary soap or hot water. Stockings *do* look so much lovelier washed the Lux way—and they keep their beautiful fit."

YOUR STOCKINGS can fit flatteringly, too, like Jean Harlow's, if you care for them the Hollywood way—with Lux! It's especially made to preserve the elasticity in stockings—that's the quality new stockings have that lets them stretch—then spring right back into shape. When elastic, they can stand sudden strains, too—aren't apt to break into runs so often.

With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing, no harmful alkali such as ordinary soaps often have to weaken elasticity, fade color. As everybody knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

TRUST TO LUX



"This soap brings

says HELEN TWELVETREES

"Every screen star knows that lovely skin is irresistibly alluring! We *must* have skin of flawless beauty—that's why so many of us use Lux Toilet Soap faithfully. It keeps skin soft, smooth, infinitely appealing. Any woman who wants to be more attractive would do well to use this same complexion care—for it truly brings greater loveliness!"

Youthful skin! This heart's desire of every woman is every woman's birth-right! To keep complexions lovely screen stars for years have used a simple inexpensive beauty care—fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap.

Paramount
Star



"I wish every girl could know what this soap did for me,"
says Marie Stevens
of Louisville, Ky.



• "I was so discouraged with my skin," says Marie Stevens of Louisville, Kentucky. "So dull and unattractive, it robbed me of the fun all girls should have. Then I learned how the screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely."

greater loveliness_



Scientists tell WHY-

Read WHY this soap is such a wonderful aid to complexion beauty. Scientists say: "Tests show Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Skin gradually loses these elements—grows old-looking. This soap *checks the loss* of these elements from the skin. Readily soluble, completely free from harshness, it is a remarkable aid to complexion beauty."



• "I began using the Beauty Soap of the Stars at once! Gradually my skin took on a new loveliness and clearness and won for me all sorts of nice compliments. Now I'm really proud of it—and so happy."



• For every type of skin, dry, oily, "in-between." 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars are devoted to this fragrant, white soap! Why don't you try it for softer, lovelier skin? Start today!

NOW IS THE TIME FOR EVERYONE TO STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT



"WE DO OUR PART"

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

POOR Clara Bow is having her troubles getting down to the required weight for her next picture.

What Hollywood doesn't know is, that a glandular disturbance causes Clara to gain weight faster than she can lose it. Exercise only increases, instead of decreasing, her weight. After two days of swimming, large muscular pads appear on her arms and shoulders.

Diet helps only a little. So there is just one way to get off the overweight. And that's by rubbing. A masseuse calls daily at her home. First, epsom salts is rubbed over her body. As her skin is very dry, the salts tend to burn. Then with her knuckles, the masseuse kneads off the excess fat while Clara lies and screams so loudly people passing in the street can hear her cries.

No wonder Clara would rather remain off the screen. Who wouldn't?

LITTLE Arliss Parrish picked up his crutches and deserted his hospital cot for a movie set. A fine looking crippled child was needed for a part in Ann Harding's next picture, "Beautiful." Studio scouts discovered Arliss at the Orthopedic Hospital, where seven of his eight years had been spent in treatments for infantile paralysis.

The youngster who remained game and cheerful through the years of suffering will have an important rôle in the movie.

THE Von Sternberg-Lubitsch breach was patched up with a bowl of hot soup. They had a quarrel, you remember, over "The Song of Songs."

Lubitsch was sitting in a restaurant the other day when Von Sternberg came in. Lubitsch thought Joe was headed toward his table and uncertain of what would follow, started to get up. Maybe he was nervous. Anyhow, he upset a bowl of soup, right into his lap.

Von Sternberg began to grin. So Lubitsch grinned, too. They both laughed and hard feelings were soon forgotten.

THERE must be *something* in this Sue Carol-Ken Murray romance. They had been up in Yosemite chaperoned by Al and Ena Rogell. And Yosemite is a swell spot for the romantically inclined. Lois Moran and Douglass Montgomery were among the other romancers there.

A LOCAL electric refrigerator dealer was about to donate one of his products from the stage to a contest winner.

He approached Joan Blondell and asked her if she would present the ice-box.

"No, thank you," said the little Blondell.

"Why not?"

"Because I've tried to lift one of those things before," answered Joan.

THOSE motion picture followers who remember Corinne Griffith in the silent days are to have an opportunity of seeing her in real life this fall.

She has gone East to play the leading rôle in a stock company production.

"WOULD you marry for money?" a little blonde on the set asked Ginger Rogers.

"Why of course not," answered Ginger indignantly. "But I would want my husband to be good-natured and naturally he couldn't have a nice disposition if he didn't have money; now could he?"

FOR seven long years Hobart Bosworth's screen career was interrupted while he fought tuberculosis. Now, well and hardy again, he recently made a personal appearance tour, visiting tuberculosis sanitariums, giving hope to thousands of sufferers who had lost

hope. And his mail-bag is full of thank-you letters from these invalids to whom he gave a new lease on life.

THE reason Anita Louise asked for a release from her RKO-Radio contract, some would have you believe, is because of a series of tiffs with Constance Bennett.

MARY BRIAN'S kid brother, Terry Dantzler, has stepped out as the leader of a band that is making people Roosevelt Hotel conscious these hot summer nights. The Roosevelt Roof, with its smiling maitre d' hotel, Joe Mann, is one of Hollywood's most popular spots. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



George Raft tried out a new dance step while lights were changed on the set of "Midnight Club." George shouldn't have to try very hard. He was a recognized dancer before he went to Hollywood. Became famous, you may remember, when he taught the Prince of Wales to Charleston

LOVE IS *not* BLIND

COULD *Your* COMPLEXION STAND THIS TEST?

OR WOULD an ugly shiny nose mar both your beauty and romance?

You need no longer be embarrassed, for Pompeian has created a new powder that clings for hours. Half-Hour Nose is a thing of the past. You no longer have to powder every time you turn around. At all times, in all circumstances, you can always be sure of looking your romantic best if you use Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian not only clings for hours, but it gives the skin the smooth naturalness that only a soft, fine powder can give. The

ingredients are as skilfully blended and as high in quality as any powder sold. It comes in tones to flatter every shade of skin. Its subtle fragrance is of the finest French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, one that will not enlarge the pores, nor irritate the skin in any way. The famous Pompeian creams and rouges are equally high in quality and moderate in price. Regular sizes are available at all department and drug stores, and convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

Sales Representative: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 54th St., New York City.

Pompeian
BEAUTY
POWDER

Windblown through Silk

Margaret Sullavan and John Boles in a scene from John M. Stahl's production "Only Yesterday," a Universal picture

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

INTIMATE friends of Adolphe Menjou and his wife Kathryn Carver give the reason for the break as Kathryn's desire to go places and spend money, in opposition to Adolphe's thrift. Wonder how he feels about that demand for *all* the community property? Ouch! Says he'll fight and we bet he will!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT had the highest priced manicure on record.

Claudette has always gone to Dolly, popular manicurist. When she recently had to have her nails manicured for a scene in a picture, she wanted Dolly for the job.

But Dolly is camera shy. Just to get out of appearing in a picture, she hiked her price up and up. And when she got it so high that she just couldn't make it any higher, the studio said okay.

So Dolly had to do it and the studio paid the bill. And Claudette got the manicure the way she wanted it.

DON'T pinch Jack Pearl's ear! He's superstitious about it. Has to pinch back, or else—. Frank Fay did it once, back stage. Then ran. Jack left the show flat and didn't come back till he found Fay.

Abe Lyman didn't believe it either. He pinched, and Pearl chased him all over the Cocoanut Grove till he cornered Lyman's ear and broke the jinx.

IT looks as though the house of Fairbanks is giving America the go-by. True, they will return to Hollywood to make an occasional picture, but the two Dougs had just taken a ninety-nine year lease on a London house and say they intend to make it their permanent home.

The English influence, it seems, has got 'em. Or maybe they have dukes and princes in the real estate business over there.

HARPO MARX was in a strange city with nothing to do, so he dropped into a local movie to see his picture "Animal Crackers."

Everything went all right until it came to the scene where Harpo eats the telephone. A big, burly fellow sitting next, snorted in disgust and, turning to Harpo, said, "Know what I think? I think that guy is nuts."

"I do, too," Harpo replied and hurried out of the theater.

GRETA GARBO has broken a habit of years by making a screen test in advance of beginning actual work in a picture.

Because "Queen Christina" is a costume picture, she consented to put on the gowns for a test before the cameras.

EVERYBODY thought William Gargan would be *grand* opposite Joan Crawford in "The Dancing Lady." That is, everybody but Joan thought so.

She said if Gargan were cast in the rôle, she would walk out!

The studio was stunned with this outburst until someone explained that when they were making "Rain," Gargan had candidly remarked that he thought Miss Crawford was not so much as an actress.

DAVE HUTTON, the rotund husband of Aimee Semple McPherson, has literary aspirations.

But, imagine everyone's surprise, when the evangelist's husband tried to sell Paramount a screen story for Mae West.

"What a subject for a choir leader," Mae snorted. "I think I will go right on writing my own stuff."

AND Sally Blane writes from England that she finds most of the nobility over there "oldish and dullish."

But maybe she has made that discovery only after the rather sudden marriage of her boy friend, the Earl of Warwick.

POWIE! Bam! Socko! The director mopped his brow when the fight between June Knight, Sally O'Neil, Mary Carlisle and Dorothy Burgess in "Ladies Must Love" was over.

"Whew!" said the director. "Tom Santschi and Bill Farnum were just patting each other with cream puffs in 'The Spoilers.' The female is more deadly than the male!"



They came in for their share of chewing gum, lollipops and pink lemonade at Constance Talmadge's kid party too. It's George Bancroft and his wife, having a gay young time with others of the picture colony

O. O. MCINTYRE, through his widely read column, recently pinned the medal of his personal approval upon Myrna Loy's taste in screen frocks. Seymour, checking hastily, finds that the fair Loy has had a place in his sheaf of selected Hollywood styles most consistently in the past issues of PHOTOPLAY in fashions from "Thirteen Women," "Animal Kingdom," "Topaze," and "The Barbarian." Gentlemen agree, Myrna.

SUE CAROL told Ken Murray she was about to break down and paint her sun porch—would he like to bring a can of paint and join the party?

"Sure," said Ken, "I'll get some gilt paint, and we'll look guilty in no time!"

A RECENT preview of "Berkeley Square" in Long Beach wasn't so good for Uncle Sam's Navy.

A chief petty officer, with nineteen years of service, wrote the producer as follows:

"Your picture is going to cost me a pension and a life I had dedicated to the Navy. After seeing it I decided there was something beautiful in romance and I'm going to quit the Navy to marry the girl I've known fifteen years."

LOUISE FAZENDA is back playing her first part since a long time before her baby arrived. It's a Universal comedy titled "Nature in the Rough."

And Louise says she needs no rehearsals for a picture like that!

AT a press party on a Warner Bros. set the other day, Ann Dvorak and husband Leslie Fenton, appeared hand in hand.

And something in Ann's face kept drawing every eye. She fairly gleamed with happiness and is much lovelier than when she left over a year ago.

We'll be seeing Ann soon in a Warner Bros. picture.

AND now it's Northwestern University, Illinois, that takes a bow.

Lucille Lund, Northwestern's campus beauty, has been signed by Universal as a result of a contest to discover the "All American Girl." She gets a rôle in the forthcoming football film, "Saturday's Millions," which will feature Johnny Mack Brown.

ANYBODY who walks on the big "Foot-light Parade" set over at Warners, takes his life in his hands. There is an immense swimming-pool where the chorus girls are doing fancy aquatics—and they can see no reason why everybody else shouldn't be all wet, too.

Joe E. Brown, who hadn't been warned, was showing his friend, Lieut. Falconi, the Italian flyer, around the lot.

He strolled into the forbidden territory, and lured on by the girls, found himself—new suit, wrist watch and all—doing a totally unexpected dive.

Falconi was protected by his uniform—you know how girls are about uniforms.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Every woman's had these
hosiery troubles

-but they're over!

•No, ma'am! . . . No stocking has any right to gag the thighs. Drift around on the knees. Fall short of meeting the garters. Or roll up in spare tires around the top. But many of them do—or *did*—as nine out of ten women can tell you!

•Now—Phoenix has fixed up all that! No matter what kind of legs you have—perfect or—you can get a perfect fit. Phoenix' Custom-Fit Top stretches *both* ways. It fits you as though it had been tailored for you—and you alone. And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs.

•In Hollywood, Phoenix Custom-Fit Top is a smart favorite. And all women love the Phoenix "long-mileage" foot. Remember, too, that all Phoenix Hosiery is made of Certified Silk. Priced from \$1 to \$1.95.



PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS

For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl" Hosiery colors. Tally-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.



HER SUIT—a custom model by VERA of Hollywood.
HER HOSE—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP.
JUNE KNIGHT, (above) Universal's dainty star, wears this costume in the motion picture, "Ladies Must Live."



PHOENIX HOSIERY

with **CUSTOM-FIT TOP**

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

THEY rubbed their eyes and stared. Yes sir, there he sat. Jack La Rue on a merry-go-round.

All by himself and riding like mad.

"For heavens sake," his friends asked, "what are you doing all alone on a merry-go-round?"

"I'm learning to ride a horse for my next picture, 'To The Last Man.' I've never been on a horse before so I thought I'd get a little practice on this kind first."

And off he rode. Grabbing the brass rings and giving himself a big time.

WELL, what do you know about this!

"Frankenstein" is on his way back—but that isn't the half of it. Sex has reared its

ugly head—and how ugly—Dear old "Frank" is to have a monster-mate after all.

Universal is busy on "The Return of Frankenstein" with Boris Karloff in his original rôle—and Colin Clive, whom you will remember was the scientist who constructed the monster out of whole cloth, as it were, is building up a better-half for him. In other words, when better monsters are made, Colin Clive will make them!

HEDDA HOPPER has been taking her big son, a six-footer, about the studio, seeing the sights. And the lad proved to be the biggest sight of all for Hedda's friends. They simply can't believe their eyes. When Ed Wynn found the lad was exactly two inches

taller than his own boy, he sulked all day. "Honest, Hedda," Alice Brady told her, "I'd pretend he had glandular trouble and grew out of proportion to his years. And I'd carry about a lot of medicine to prove it."

But Hedda doesn't mind their joshing. You should see the proud look in that swanky lady's eyes.

"WHERE'S your brother Wally?" a friend asked Betty Reid, young daughter of Mrs. Wallace Reid.

"Oh, he's working his way up from under the Ford!" explained Betty.

WELL! Well! Joel McCrea is in a huddle with two architects and a flock of plans for a new house up on his ranch acreage above Chatsworth. And folks that know, say without any doubt, it's a honeymoon house . . . unless Frances Dee changes her mind, which seems unlikely.

WHISPER. Irene Dunne's husband came to town, making one of those Garbo visits of his. "G.G." because no one ever knows a thing about it until long after he's gone. Just happens we know a doctor who knows the doctor who is Irene's husband! That's how.

KATHARINE HEPBURN is all laced up in corsets and frilled out in hoop-skirts these "Little Women" days. The other afternoon, she saw someone across the lot, gave a couple of typical Hepburn whoops and was after them in a cloud of crinoline. When she returned, her director remarked "don't you realize that a lady in that get-up should be calm and collected?" Hepburn, still panting, smoothed her stays and answered, "I may not be calm, but I certainly am *collected*!"

A GREAT deal is said about Lupe Velez' boy friends, but little is said about her mother. Lupe provides an apartment for her mother in Hollywood. "And why do I?" Lupe screams. "She won't stay in it. Gad, gad, gad all day." Driving home from San Francisco, Lupe's car was knocked off the road. Lupe phoned her mother in Hollywood.

"Mother," she said, "I'm all right."

Her mother, knowing nothing of the accident, could only answer "What?"

"I'm all right," Lupe repeated.

"And you call me up in the middle of the night to tell me that? Humph, I knew it all the time."

And her mother hung up.

IF you were decorating Mae West's dressing-room, what colors would you choose as suiting her best. Cerise and orange or purple and scarlet? Well, just recently, "curvacious Mae" personally supervised the redecorating of her dressing-room apartment at the Paramount Studio. And here's what she chose.

Light grey walls and carpet of the same color, contrasted by salmon pink moire striped draperies, plain satin furniture of the same shade of pink, and salmon white chiffon curtains.

Can you picture Mae in that pink and white setting? Neither can we.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



No! Marie Dressler's wardrobe is certainly not limited to rags-and-tags and the threadbare dresses she wears in her hard-boiled, waterfront rôles. Here's the real Marie, stylishly gowned, and photographed as she was leaving the theater after the preview of her latest, "Tugboat Annie"

ROMANCE BEGINS

with that schoolgirl complexion

*A lovely skin
invites Romance*



*Remember, into each cake
of Palmolive Soap goes
an abundance of olive
oil, nature's greatest
beauty aid.*

YOU must take the first steps toward romance alone. Yet those steps are made easier . . . if you let beauty light the way. Luckily, a lovely skin will help you most.

Nature's own beauty aids

Won't you let Palmolive—the soap of youth—help to bring out your hidden beauty? Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils casts a veil of loveliness over your skin. It is soothing, tender, infinitely kind. It cleanses gently but with a thoroughness that is necessary and wholesome. Palmolive's mild lather

penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Pure, safe, natural

Palmolive is nature's own green in color. No artificial color—no strong perfume. A pure soap, safe for the most sensitive skin.

Buy three cakes today. Caress that bland lather into your skin. Rinse it off with warm water, followed by cold. Rejoice in a young skin—in the romance that is every woman's right!

Palmolive . . . *the Soap of Youth*



Hors d'oeuvres Add Zest To Your Meal

WHILE indispensable as a beginning at the dinner party, hors d'oeuvres also play an important rôle in the success of cocktail festivities. Which latter may begin and finish, too, with the same delectable novelties. There should be a goodly quantity, and a variety to satisfy all tastes.

Dress up your simple dinner by serving a colorful assortment of these piquant little appetizers, as June Knight makes them. Your imagination and ingenuity can have full play.

They must be made of foods that have a distinct appetite-encouraging quality. The idea is, of course, to tease the appetite, but not satisfy it. The ideal hors d'oeuvre is a racy and interesting morsel which provokes thirst and hunger by unusual combinations of savory substances.

In preference to crackers as a foundation for the various mixtures, Miss Knight uses toast. The bread should be a few days old, cut in thin slices, and shaped with a cutter in circles, diamond shapes, strips and ovals. These may be sautéed in just enough butter to keep them from burning, or toasted a delicate, golden brown.

ONE of June's favorites—and one of the easiest to prepare—is made by rolling a stuffed green olive in a strip of bacon and anchoring it with a toothpick. Place in broiler until bacon is a bit crisp.

Cut boiled frankfurters in inch length sections and place a toothpick in each. With these, serve a bowl of grated horseradish or a hot Spanish sauce in which the frankfurters may be dipped.

Anchovy Canapes are made as follows: Season two tablespoons anchovy paste with two tablespoons lemon juice and one tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese. Spread on small squares of toast. Split anchovies lengthwise and lay diagonally

across canape. Rice two hard-boiled eggs and place a pyramid of riced egg at point where the anchovies cross. Petal shaped pieces of egg white may radiate from this center decoration. Amounts used serve six.

Caviar with egg! Cut slices of hard-boiled egg, take out the yolk, place the white circle on a slice of buttered toast. Fill the circle with caviar, place the yolk, riced, around the edge, and sprinkle with grated onion.

Sardine Appetizers: Mix sardines, hard-boiled egg and capers, all finely minced. Add a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Spread on buttered toast, decorated on the edge with a little fluting of sardine paste.

Chicken Liver Paste: Cook the livers in hot chicken fat, slowly, for five minutes. Drain and force through sieve. Sauté fresh or dried mushrooms, chop very fine. Mix with liver paste, add lemon and onion juice, salt and pepper to taste. Spread on buttered toast, add strip of pimento. (Calves liver may be used instead of chicken liver.)

As a time-saver, you may prefer to use one of the many crackers on the market in place of toast. This, of course, is simply a matter of choice.

Be certain to have plenty of hors d'oeuvres for your party, for you'll need them.

Pretty June Knight sets up an attractive tray of tasty tidbits with which to tempt her guests. So delicious are they that, even though on strict diet, one can hardly resist



CHIC HOLLANDERS
appreciate diamonds
... and Spuds

At Amsterdam, city of diamond-cutters ... at The Hague, where one of the few remaining courts of Europe calls forth jeweled orders and hand-kissing ... one finds the international set buying jewels. Here, too, one finds Spuds in the crested cigarette-cases. For this throat-smooth, mouth-cool round of tobacco enjoyment is now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe ... quite at home among royalty.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c

(25c IN CANADA)



THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

How Sylvia Tamed "Jumpy Nerves" for Gloria Swanson

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

feel the blood coming to the face. That's just the effect you want. Doesn't it feel wonderful? You bet it does!

There are three spots on the face that are sort of nerve centers and they've got to be relaxed. They are the eyes, the side of the head just above the cheek bone, and the cheeks just under the cheek bone. Press these two last named places as hard as you can and make your fingers vibrate, as you do it, but be sure to keep the rest of the face relaxed.

Then gently, gently rotate the finger tips just at the corner of the eyes. That will keep those wrinkles away. And slowly stroke the eye-lids, too, as well as tap them ever so gently.

To take down the double chin you've got to use more vigorous methods. Use both hands on this, rubbing down with the palm of one hand and up with the back of the other. And don't forget about using plenty of cold cream. But as you do this be sure to get your hand well under the chin right to the neck.

It won't do a bit of good if you just pull the chin muscles down. Dig in under your chin. That's the stuff! And last, with the back of both hands give your chin, underneath, a good sound slapping for five minutes.

That's the type of facial I gave Gloria Swanson twice every day, and it worked wonders. For if you're nervous your face shows it first, and even when you've conquered nerves, that

face remains drawn and wrinkled. So all you girls who have the jitters get busy on the face. And it won't do you placid girls a bit of harm, either.

Then at night, just before you go to sleep, press those bones of the head just back of the ears and also press the bone which the eyebrows cover, too. That will relax your nerves and make you drop right off to sleep.

Also, I gave Gloria every sort of soothing treatment—which you can do for yourself—gently massaging the body all over and then working good and hard on the spine to get the circulation up. As for her stomach and waistline I had to be rougher. I squeezed off the fat around the waistline. The stomach exercise you already know. If you don't, you haven't been reading my articles as carefully as you should, and ought to be ashamed of yourself!

HERE is the diet I gave Gloria:

The first thing every morning she had a glass of water into which a lemon had been squeezed. After she took her bath and gave herself a brisk rub with a good stiff brush, she had her breakfast: berries in season with thin coffee cream, two slices of thick broiled calves liver, two slices of melba toast with a little butter and jam, and tea.

For luncheon she had three vegetables, a fresh green salad, and fruit in season. Remem-

ber that a nervous person should not eat too much meat. In the middle of the afternoon she had a glass of orange juice to pep her up, and at seven she had her dinner. For this she could have a fruit cup, clear soup, roast or broiled meat, two vegetables and a baked potato, salad and some small dessert like a little bit of cup custard with caramel sauce, fruit gelatine, water ice or ice cream.

Gloria had to be constantly made to think of her nerves, because when she does a thing she strains her nerves to the limit and she doesn't care. No amount of lecturing will make her mend her ways. When she works—oh boy, how she works! She's a marvelous mother, too, and makes absolutely no difference between her own two girls and her adopted boy, Joseph. I've already told you how vigorously she plays. So, to counteract all that expending of energy, I had to be with her constantly to quiet those nerves.

But you nervous girls can't have me all the time. You've just got to pull yourselves together. Take it easy. Don't worry. Laugh it off. Nothing in your life is so bad that somebody hasn't worse breaks. Make yourself sleep by doing the things for yourself that I did for Gloria. And above all, while you're quieting your nerves, don't forget to give your face a chance. You'll regret it in a couple of years if you don't!

Answers by Sylvia

SLUMPED-OVER SHOULDERS

Dear Sylvia:

I've tried and tried to hold my shoulders up by doing everything you said, but honestly it seems to be a hopeless task and I always find myself slumping. Isn't there anything I can do?

M. D. E., Providence, R. I.

You bet there's something you can do. You can get enough will power to keep those shoulders up. And that's something I can't do for you. If, as you say, you've done everything I've told you to do, then you know how it should be done. The trouble with you is you won't do it. And that is up to you. I've got no patience with girls who haven't any will power.

BONY, RED HANDS

Dear Madame Sylvia:

My hands are so big and bony and they're red most of the time. Besides, they have large veins in them. I know that the bone formation can't be changed but I thought something could be done for the redness.

L. L., Lexington, Ky.

Thank heaven you're smart enough to realize that bones can't be changed. I'm grateful for women like you. Now you'll just have to give a lot of time and thought to your hands. Here's your routine. Every night before you go to bed massage your hands with a good cold cream and massage each finger, too, with a movement as if you were pulling on a very tight glove. Then put gobs of cold cream on your hands and sleep with loose kid gloves on.

Every morning wash your hands in lukewarm water and use plenty of hand lotion on them; then a dozen times during the day rub down your hand and fingers with that same glove movement. Just before you meet somebody upon whom you want to make a big impression, hold your hands above your head (in private, of course, they'll think you're crazy

TROUBLES, bothers, worries — what a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

otherwise) so that the blood can run away from your hands. And when you're sitting, don't let your arms hang down by your side. Keep them so that the blood runs back toward the arms.

TOO MUCH SUNBURN

My Dear Sylvia:

I had a marvelous sunburn and thought it would turn into a good tan. But now the skin is peeling off and I look too terrible. What do you suppose is the trouble?

Mrs. M. J., Fort Worth, Texas

I think that you had too much sunshine at once. Do you know that the stars spend weeks working up that fine tan of theirs? The first day you should lie in the sun just five minutes on each side. The next day lie for ten minutes, and then lie for ten minutes for three or four days.

Don't take the sun too quickly. That causes bad sunburn and the peeling you complain of. Some skins can take more sun than others but until you know how you re-act, take it slowly, lady, take it slowly. Maybe next summer you'll know better.

ANOTHER SUCCESS FOR SYLVIA'S ANEMIA TREATMENT

Dear Sylvia:

I just want to thank you. I had an incipient case of anemia; but, according to your instruc-

tion, I drank gallons of turnip greens juice and did all the rest of the things you recommended for anemia. The other day I had a doctor's examination and there's not the slightest trace of anemia now.

G. D. H., San Francisco, Calif.

Three cheers and a couple of big whoops. That's wonderful. I'd rather get a letter like that than a big check. Thanks a million for writing me.

SQUEEZING OFF FAT

Dear Sylvia:

In squeezing off fat is it possible to squeeze too hard? My husband tells me that I might injure myself.

Mrs. R. T. W., Milwaukee, Wis.

Personally, I don't believe that you'll squeeze too hard because you won't take the punishment when you're giving it to yourself. When I was treating the stars I used to make them yell so loud that I had to keep my radio going the whole time to drown out the noise. I thought maybe the police would think I was tossing off a murder.

You mustn't squeeze too hard on the stomach and, of course, you must not squeeze the breasts at all. But I think you can squeeze and slap off lumps of fat anywhere else as hard as you like. Ten minutes a day of squeezing is enough, however. Do the rest by exercise. You can take off large areas of fat with exercise. It's just those persistent lumps that need real pressure.

AVOCADOS FOR WEIGHT

My dear Sylvia:

Are avocados fattening?

F. L., Pasadena, Calif.

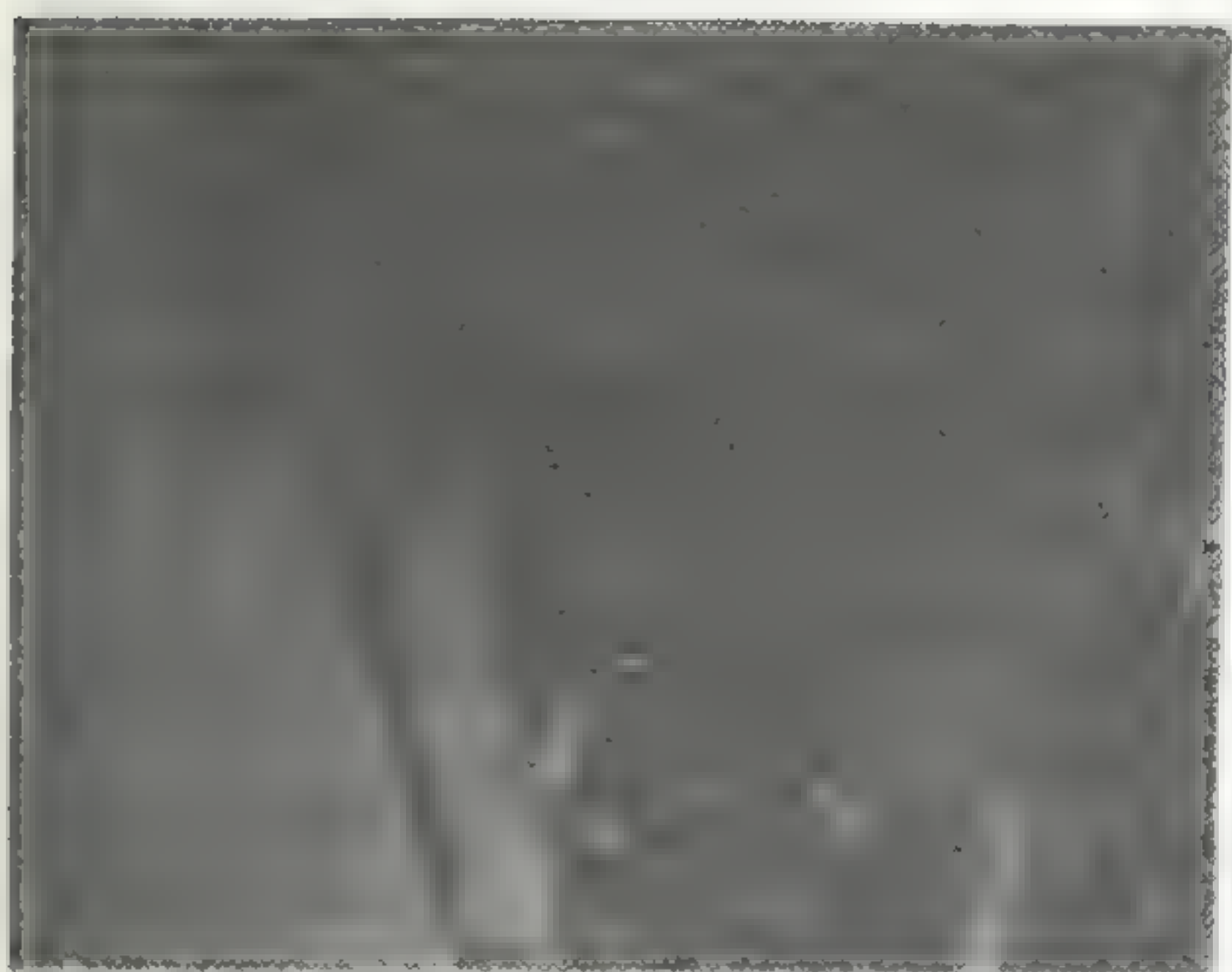
Yes, indeed they are. They'll put weight on fast. I always give them in my diets for thin girls.



Claire Windsor

VIVACIOUS SCREEN BEAUTY

poses in her pert
Red Cross Cobbies

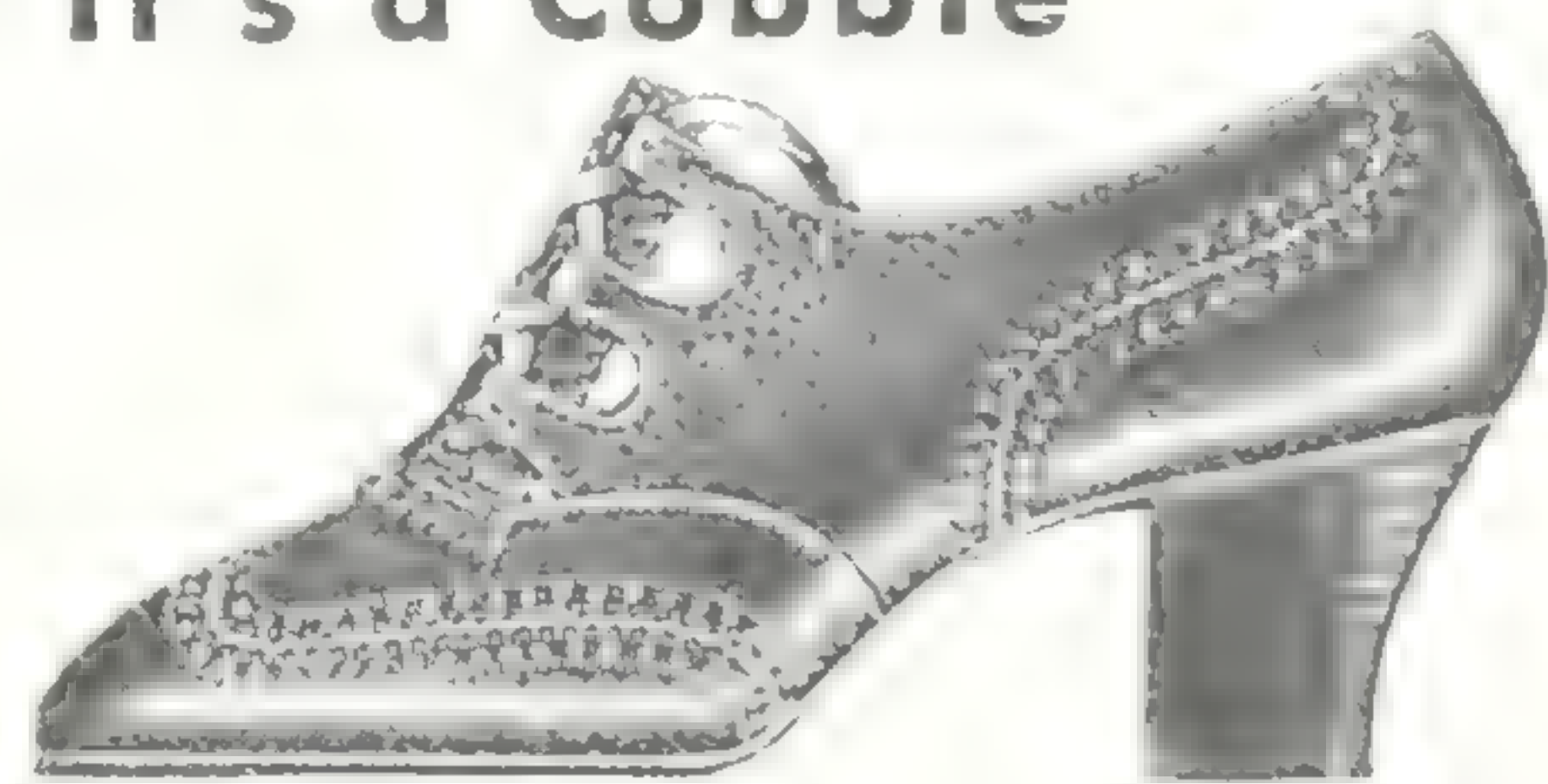


She's lovely to look at— isn't she? But it's hard to imagine this buoyant, bubbling Miss Windsor sitting still. Yet there she is, poised peacefully on the fence with her always-on-the-go feet trimly clothed in Red Cross Cobbies.

THESE trig, new, outdoorish Cobbies have caught the fancy of youthful women from Maribu to Montauk. There's a dash and a go about them—there's a swank and a verve you can't resist. And they do invite going, for they are true Red Cross Shoes—*made to fit all four of your feet*. They dress your "sitting" feet and your "walking" feet in beauty, yet they never pinch or rub. Why, do you know Red Cross Shoes never even need "breaking-in?"

Go to the nearest Red Cross Shoe dealer's. See these breezy Cobbies—and all the other smart models for Fall. You'll love everything about them, including the very modest price. The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

• It's a Cobbie



THE BUCCANEER... A Spectator sports oxford, with tassel and laces. In brown or black heath, with calf underlay and slashed pinking. Also in brown scuffed caracul.

RED CROSS SHOES

FIT ALL FOUR



OF YOUR FEET

\$6 AND \$6⁵⁰

\$6.50 DENVER WEST

Finding Your Type in the Stars

By Carolyn Van Wyck



the benefit of our appearance, but much in the way of the little niceties of life, the fine points that always pave the way for any girl.

Then when you see your own star in these pages, try her make-up tricks, her method of caring for her skin or arrangement of her hair. These things may not always be right for you, but often they will. And the difference that a well rouged mouth or well made-up eyes can make in anyone is tremendous.

Sit right down at your dressing-table and try. Experiment. See if a bang would be becoming. You need not, of course, cut your hair for this, but simply pull it over the forehead in this manner. Take your hand mirror and study the effect carefully, and then ask a few friends. Or take a black or brown eyebrow crayon and see if a tiny, light extension of the brow does something for you; or try blending your rouge lightly and high up, almost to the eyelid.

I do not think there are any standard, set rules for make-up. Every face is a new canvas. All of us, however, are not artists enough to know the correct application of color, line and depth of tone. This is how your star can help you, if you choose a type that is truly yours. She, as a rule, is a finished artist in the art of make-up and hair. It is her business to be. If she is not, studio artists teach her the trick, so you can hardly make a mistake.

If your star has not been shown recently in this department or if you would like to see more of her, please write to me, and tell me just what phase of her appearance interests you. Then I will try to show her.

THE whole purpose of this department, ever since its beginning, has been to bring to our readers true information about all the beauty, glamour and charm that is Hollywood; to try to show, in turn, how it may be accomplished by any girl who is truly interested in herself.

But the reader is, none the less, left with a serious problem—that of finding her true star type. It is very hard to know what we actually look like. We grow accustomed to that same image in the mirror, and, then, perhaps no one really sees exactly the same picture in the same person.

The matter of personal coloring is not important in trying to pick your type, except as it applies to make-up.

The important points to follow, however, are the actual formations of your face—the shape of it, your nose, mouth, eyes—and then, yourself, the real you. If you possess that spirit of world-old sophistication, graphically portrayed by Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, the tricks of Janet Gaynor and Nancy Carroll, the embodiments of youthful loveliness, will not apply, any more than will the ways of poised Ann Harding and Kay Francis fit the Jean Parker or Betty Furness type of girl.

And so—if you are really interested in any special star, first study yourself carefully to be sure that your mentor is the right one for you. Then if you really want to make the most of yourself, so far as your appearance is concerned, watch her. You will get splendid ideas from her, particularly when you see her on the screen. There you have a real opportunity to study her, from every angle, to decide if the back or side view is really as lovely as the front. Watch her figure; the way she walks, rises, sits down. If you apply yourself sincerely to this—and of course I mean when the star is in the character of a person you would wish to emulate—she can supply a sort of finishing school for you. We can all learn much, not only for

SHIRLEY GREY exhibits a beauty kit that is a marvel of efficiency. Aside from its useful contents of cleansing cream, tissue cream, skin lotion, astringent and powder, in combinations for oily or dry skins, it is rubber lined. A slide fastener assures safety. The covering is a modernistic green silk. Very nice for travel



UNA MERKEL'S advice on rouging lips. Begin at center and draw to the end of the lip, then fill in. Now bring the upper lip down over the lower for a perfect outline

Carolyn Van Wyck is always happy to help you personally with your beauty problems, no matter what their nature. Her interesting new leadlets on hair, skin, make-up, perfumes, and personal daintiness are available on request. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your letter—no post cards, please—to her at PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



AGLANCE behind the scenes. Here is Jean Parker being made-up by Mel Berns for her part as *Beth* in "Little Women." The most perfect face requires make-up—and plenty—for screen

JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star
in
"Dancing Lady"

Max Factor's Make-Up
used exclusively



HOW

*Joan Crawford
gives her Beauty
dramatic appeal!*

Florence Vondelle Interviews Joan Crawford

HOLLYWOOD is a world of personalities. The personality of Joan Crawford reflects this modern age. She believes that one must be at one's best, at all times, to harvest the greatest rewards.

"Life itself is colorful," says Joan Crawford, "but even a colorful personality can stand added charm... That is where make-up comes in. That is the double reason for color

harmony make-up. Max Factor's idea in creating color harmony make-up is to accentuate beauty... This means to bring out your own personality with the correct color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick for your type. You can give beauty the same dramatic appeal an artist might give his canvas, by emphasizing your more attractive features with color harmony make-up."

DISCOVER THE DIFFERENCE Hollywood's magic make-up will make in your own beauty. Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius. Now featured by leading stores at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Mail coupon for personal make-up advice, and copy of valuable make-up instruction book.

★ 96% OF ALL MAKE-UP used by Hollywood's Stars and Studios is MAX FACTOR'S... Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics.



© 1933 Max Factor



1. The blending color-tone for my colorings... golden-brown hair, blue eyes and tanned skin... is Max Factor's Sum'r Tan Powder. Exquisitely fine in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.



2. For color attraction, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge to harmonize with the powder and with complexion colorings. Like finest skin-texture... it blends beautifully, clings perfectly... appearing like a natural glow of color.



3. To keep lips in the color key, Max Factor's Vermilion Super-Indelible Lipstick... its dependable permanency of color and smooth texture keeps lip make-up lovely all day. Remember: dry your lips first, and keep them dry when applying lipstick.

★ Mail for Color Harmony
Make-Up Chart ★

PURSE-SIZE BOX OF
POWDER FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.
WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a ✓

1-10-70

NAME	COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
ADDRESS	Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
	Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
	Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
	Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
CITY	Brown ☐	Black ☐	BRUNETTES
	Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
STATE	Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
	Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
	SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐

Max Factor ★ Hollywood
SOCIETY MAKE-UP... COSMETICS OF THE STARS

Ask The Answer Man



ALL the big names and pretty faces have to take a back seat this month and make room for Sterling Holloway, the most asked about lad in pictures. Some of the readers happened to know his name, but many of them, when they wrote in, just referred to him as the "blond boy" who is such a picture stealer.

Sterling was born in Cedartown, Georgia. He missed being a New Year's present by just thirteen days. That was back in 1905. Since then he has managed to stretch to 5 feet, 10½ inches in height and 130 pounds in weight. He has red-gold hair, blue eyes and is still a bachelor. He attended the Georgia Military Academy and later the American Academy of Dramatic Art. His career has been varied. For a time he appeared with the Theatre Guild. Then in the "Garrrick Gaieties," musical comedy, radio and night club work. He is a great creative dancer. Those intricate steps are what keep him so thin.

Although Sterling is a born comedian and has spent most of his working hours doing comedy rôles, he did a grand bit of dramatic work in "Hell Below." His work in that film as the injured sailor trapped in chlorine gas, brought in plenty of applause.

His latest pictures are "Adorable," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "When Ladies Meet," "Professional Sweetheart," and "Wild Boys of the Road," not to mention a number of short comedies.

WALTER SCHMIDT, NAPERVILLE, ILL.—You're a real friend, Walt, saying such nice things. Now I'll tell you about Sally Blane. Her real name is Betty Jane Young, sister of Loretta Young. She was born in Salida, Colo., on July 11, 1910. Her latest picture is "Trick for Trick." Sally is a free-lance player.

Why look so wistful, Sterling? Readers say you walk away with almost every scene you are in. Even those who do not know your name are commenting on your work and asking all about you

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

MICHAEL F. SCHENK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Mike, if you will look elsewhere in this issue you will find the addresses of the stars. Each month in the back of the book we print the casts of the pictures being reviewed. Many of our readers paste these casts in scrap books and always have them when they want to check up on their favorite stars and pictures. Why don't you start a book now? Then you'll always be up to date.

ALICE COLTON, HARTFORD, CONN.—Gene Raymond's real name is Raymond Guion. He was born in New York City on August 13, 1908. Anything more you'd like to know about him?

WALTER MILLAN, SCRANTON, PENNA.—Having no desire to have anyone "bury me out on the prairie," I didn't master the words of the ditty by that name. However, I think if you write to Ken Maynard at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., he will give you the words to that song as well as the others you asked about. Ken has quite a collection of cowboy songs.

M.M.B., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The cute little trick who answers to the name of Mary Carlisle, is a Bostonian. She was 21 years old on the 3rd of February this year. Mary is just 5 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 100 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. A Wampas Baby Star of 1932. Her latest picture is "College Humor." What did you want to know about Clara and Joan?

BERTHA MILLIGAN, CHARLESTON, S. C.—Bertha, you haven't been following your movies very closely, or perhaps the pictures do not reach your town very early, for Phillips Holmes has certainly been turning out some grand work. His most recent pictures are "Men Must Fight," "Looking Forward," "The Big Brain," "Storm at Daybreak" and "Dinner at Eight." Watch for them. Now for your second question—the tiny tot in "Second Hand Wife" really did play the violin. Her name is Karol Kay and she is considered quite an accomplished violinist.

BRANHAM OF K. C.—Fredric March and Kay Francis appeared together in "The Marriage Playground" and "Strangers in Love."

GEORGIANA, GLENWOOD, IA.—I haven't the space here to give you the complete cast as you requested. If you will send me a stamped return envelope I will send you the cast.

SALLY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Jan Kiepura, who sang so delightfully in "Be Mine Tonight," is under contract to Universal. His name is pronounced Kee-poo-rah.

THE CRAZY FOUR, MONTGOMERY, ALA.—And it's Dick Powell you are crazy about! Dick sounded his first "ah" in Mountain View, Ark., one November day in 1904. The 14th if you really want to know. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 177 pounds and has auburn hair and blue eyes. For two years he was a featured tenor in an orchestra. Following that he was Master of Ceremonies in a picture house for four and a half years. Then came picture offers, his first being "Blessed Event." Watch for him in "Footlight Parade" with Ruby Keeler.

D. M. OF NEW YORK.—Here are a few particulars about Kent Taylor who is rapidly becoming a favorite. Kent first saw light on a ranch near Nashua, Ia. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 165 and has dark wavy hair and brown eyes. You will see him soon in the new Mac West picture "I'm No Angel."

JANE AND JUNE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Jeanette MacDonald would be pleased if she heard all the nice things you said about her. She has recently returned to the film capital, from Europe. Her next picture will be "The Cat and the Fiddle." And who do you suppose is her leading man? None other than Ramon Novarro. What think you of that combination?

She Abhors Being "Beautified"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

did give in, she laid out and had incorporated in her contract a set of conditions the like of which even Hollywood had never seen before.

To begin with, she had a small—"a very small," she insists—mole just beneath her left nostril. Stahl noticed it and suggested that she have it removed—or that Universal have it removed for her.

"Nothing doing!" decreed Miss Sullavan. "I won't be beautified. I'll stay exactly as I am, movies or no movies!"

Since she has come to the Coast, however, the mole *has* been removed. Because she consented to be beautified? Good lord, no!

"Just imagine," she snorted indignantly—if such a charmingly vivacious young lady can be said to snort—"they called it a *wart*! They did! I couldn't possibly keep it after that, could I?"

SHE pointed to a tiny scar the size of a pinprick. "Look," she said, "What a chump I was! I'll carry that clear to my grave!"

Of course she won't. And if she does, it doesn't matter. Nobody but she would know.

But about the tooth, Margaret hasn't given in, and swears she won't.

It seems that she has just *one* tooth that is very, very slightly uneven, and Stahl, beauty dissectionist that he is, noticed that too. He suggested that with very little trouble, and no pain at all, a good dentist could make it a perfect match in an hour or so.

"Absolutely not!" decreed Miss Sullavan again. "I absolutely will not." And she hasn't.

Looking at Margaret, it isn't hard to realize why she objected to being beautified. It isn't necessary at all.

She realizes that she isn't the Hollywood-doll type, and that's what she thought might happen to her if she didn't guard against it. But the secret of Margaret's appeal, the thing that won Stahl so instantly, was her utter charm.

She's a sort of white Topsy—a natural rebel. She doesn't fraternize with the movie crowd at all, refuses even to contemplate the usual things that most picture people do.

"I live at a very nice apartment-hotel," she said sweetly. "We have a lovely swimming pool that the other guests don't use, so I have it all to myself. I don't go to openings, soirees, movie teas, cabarets, parties, or anything like that, of course. I tried them all out just once, and I didn't like any of them."

It may be interesting, in passing, to remark that in her first picture Margaret is being *supported* by such veteran screen and stage names as Edna May Oliver, Benita Hume, Robert McWade, Reginald Denny, Billie Burke, Julia Faye, Mary Doran, Natalie Moorhead and dozens and dozens of others.

AT the studio she always eats at the lunch-counter. She doesn't like the "atmosphere" in Universal's exclusive "Indian Room," where all the stars and executives eat.

The first day when they saw her sitting there at the counter, they thought it was a mistake—that she just didn't know any better.

"Oh," a big, double-barreled executive went over to her and said, "you mustn't sit over here, Miss Sullavan—it won't quite do for a leading lady, you know." He jerked his head towards the *sanctum caviarum*. "We all eat in there."

"I see," responded Miss Sullavan contritely. "I'll remember after this."

She did, too. Still eats seated at the lunch counter. She really likes the grips, carpenters, and electricians.

So you've been looking for a better NAIL POLISH?

Here it is! Right Now!

50% LONGER WEAR

NEW LACQUERS OF RICHER LUSTRE

6 SHADES...COLOR CHART ON EACH

PACKAGE...NEW METAL-SHAFT

BRUSH...EXTRA-SIZE POLISH

REMOVER...LARGER BOTTLES

AND A NEW LOW PRICE...

25¢

So many discriminating women are devoted to Glazo's superior quality that for years it has far outsold any other polish of its price.

Today, this famous Glazo costs you even less than ordinary polishes. But more . . . the polish itself has been perfected far beyond anything you've ever hoped for of your manicure!

A new formula gives Glazo a starrier lustre and 50% longer wear. Six authentic and perfect colors—and the Color Chart package makes it so easy to choose just the ones you wish.

The new metal-shaft brush with its shorter, flattened bristles, is certainly easier to use. The Polish bottle is larger than before. And the Remover

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The Smart MANICURE

Only 25¢



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You'll have the loveliest, and easiest manicures you've ever known. And the price is so low you save money.

LIQUID POLISH. *Natural, Shell, Flame Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless.* 25c.

POLISH REMOVER. *Easily removes even the toughest polish. Extra-size bottle, 25c*

CUTICLE REMOVER. *An improved liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c.*

TWIN KIT. *Contains both Polish and Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c.*

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I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .
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THAT IS
actually
NON-SMARTING
TEAR-PROOF
AND ABSOLUTELY
HARMLESS



YES, WE KNOW—you've read many claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only to have an evening ruined because a tear smudged your mascara and the resultant smarting spoiled your make-up—one of life's little tragedies! But it need never have happened! It can't happen when you use our NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara. Quickly and easily applied, it instantly makes your lashes appear longer, darker and more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-to-be-desired natural appearance of eye beauty—the color, depth, and expression of the eyes are intensified by the soft, dark fringe of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons that millions of women are using the NEW MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratifying results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!

Black or Brown

75c at all toilet goods counters

Maybelline
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The
PERFECT
Mascara



MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO

While we were lunching, a bus-load of autograph hunters was unloaded outside. The Universal commissary is the only one open to the public, and has a sign outside inviting the rubbernecks to "eat with the stars." The visitors swarmed into the cafe. This day Paul Lukas was seated at one table, John Boles at another, Gloria Stuart at a third and Margaret herself at a fourth.

Seeing Margaret in make-up, and not having the faintest idea who she was—they couldn't have had because she hasn't yet made a single picture—the signature shooters came swarming over.

Margaret scribbled obligingly on their cards and in their books. But what she scribbled was: "Farina." You'll remember Farina as the little colored star of Our Gang several years ago.

"They couldn't possibly know the difference," Margaret explained, "and I'm sure they'd prefer Farina's autograph to mine."

FOR that first ten days in Hollywood Margaret's life was just one mad whirl. Tests—tests—tests; but, reversing the usual procedure of ten or twenty girls before one camera-

man to see which of *them* registered best, in Margaret's case Universal tried out over a dozen of Hollywood's crack cameramen to see which of *them* could photograph *her* best. Then there were wardrobe fittings, hairdressers, everything that a studio throws behind a girl they're out to make a star of Margaret stood it—and stood it.

"I hate Hollywood!" she stormed. "I hate the movies! I hate the whole place and everything in it!"

THE picture began. Drive, drive. Stahl, always a thorough, painstaking director, made each scene over and over, it seemed to Margaret, innumerable times. She was in almost every shot. She was hungry, hot and tired—so tired.

"I hate Hollywood!" she said again at luncheon. "I hate the movies! I hate it all! I wish I hadn't stayed!"

She sighed.

But she added a moment later, "perhaps if I could have just three days rest I'd probably love it all!"

And that's how Hollywood and a screen career affects the girl who won't be beautified.

It's a Woozy World, says Woolsey

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

should have been reported to the S.P.C.A.

"Nope, I've learned a thing or two from that costly trip. I've learned that every country has its styles in women just like it has its styles in clothes!

"And I've learned that it's sometimes worse to be too popular than not to be popular at all!

"Imagine if you can," he continued dramatically, "being chased up and down Asia for three solid months—from Batavia to Singapore, from Mandalay to Calcutta, from Calcutta to Cairo, from Cairo to Bagdad. Chased by mobs of frenzied followers who grabbed for my cigar or my specs, and if they couldn't get away with those, they'd snatch the buttons off my coat, or take a scrap of my trousers as a memento.

"Gosh, it was ten times worse than being chased through an African jungle by that lunatic, Wheeler.

"By the time we reached Singapore I was feeling pretty shaky. What with having the clothes torn off my back, and my wife in a state because of the way we'd treated her in China and Japan, I was what you'd call slightly the worse for wear.

"To make matters more desperate, we hadn't any money. What I hadn't spent on cigars, we'd lost in the exchange. Remember that ghastly week when the dollar kept sinking and sinking?

"Well, it hit the low on our second day in Singapore. We were stranded!

"That memorable morning I held my coin purse up to Wheeler's ear. 'Hear that,' I said, giving it a violent shake.

"All we heard was the faint jingle of two lonely Japanese yen. 'That,' said I, 'is the death rattle.'

"So we had to borrow enough money from a man who wanted our autographs to cable for cash to move on. Jumping Jupiter, a fugitive from an autograph-hunting gang has got to keep moving! Just to escape his own gags!"

MARTYR Woolsey shuddered. "Yes ma'am, and I guess my weirdest autograph experience was a written request from someone in Scotland, which read: 'Please sir, send me an old shoe-string or something with your name on it.'

"It took me a week of powerful concentrating to figure out how I'd get my name on a shoe string without embroidering it for the

guy. But Bob Woolsey never fails his public!"

The man who "never fails his public" pirouetted around the room and displayed a few invisible muscles.

"Just look at me, look at me now," he said sadly. The man who once had won the Ignoble Prize squeezed the place where those muscles might once have been. Tears blurred the lenses of his specs.

"Believe it or not, I was forced to eat my way around the world! Me—aesthetic Bob Woolsey—with a stomach so delicate that the missus lies awake nights trying to concoct menus to tempt my peckish appetite—me, forced to surrender himself to those native banquets.

"OH, the horror of those snakes *au gratin*—the nightmare of those tender sharks' fins *en casserole*—the deluge of those birds' nest soups—and the grittiness of those betel nuts!

"That wasn't the worst of it, either. If we were allowed to stop eating—it was only to take time off to drink to someone's health. I drank so many healths, I ruined my own for life.

"By the time we arrived in Ireland, where we were to be entertained by President De Valera, I'd drunk so many healths, I'd run smack out of toasts.

"And I had a terrible premonition that I wasn't going to stand up under this health drinking much longer.

"Well, I was right. We arrived in Dublin. Our car was stopped in the main street, and the crowd roared for ten minutes. Thinking I ought to acknowledge such an ovation, I tried to step out of the car. But the strain of those three months had been too great. I couldn't stand up under it. I missed the curb, and fell flat on my schnozzle. And would you believe it—they thought I was being funny on purpose. And cheered for another half hour!

"When we were finally presented to President De Valera, I took it upon myself to tell him how much we appreciated every little thing that had been done for us. Says I, 'You've made a couple of little Americans very happy, sir.' 'Indeed, I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Woolsey,' he answered. 'But begorra, you amaze me. You're the first American I've ever met who referred to himself as *little*!'

"And I should say," concluded the world-weary diplomaniac, "that that remark wasn't half bad for an amateur."

"There are 7 Kinds of Love"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

I couldn't make believe about him for very long . . ."

There often follows, Carole says, Companionship Love. And that is the direct antithesis to the Love Emotional. The Companionship love is *all* friendship and *no* emotion. All prose and no poetry. All practicality and no passion. Love for companionship, she explained, is really friendship, but young people are so incurably romantic that they must attach the poor tired tag line of love to any relationship between the sexes.

"I HAD the Companionship Love too. He was a slightly older man. They usually are when they play this rôle. I admired him enormously. I *liked* everything about him. I liked his mannerisms and his manners, I liked his style. I liked his tastes, his hobbies, his friends, the things he did and the way he did them.

"He taught me things, lots of them. He opened doors to me. He brought out 'the best' in me. And—I would have been positively ill if he had ever kissed me. The thrilling ingredient that sets friendship on fire simply was not there.

"There is, of course, the Maternal Love. I mean the maternal love of a woman for a man. In every love, I think, there is some element of the maternal, or there should be if the woman is a thoroughly normal woman.

"But that is not what I mean now. I mean the love that is *all* maternal, that takes a man and makes a little boy of him, spoiled, dependent, indulged, forgiven all things. The love that assumes all of the responsibility for everything, takes all the burdens, makes all the decisions.

"This is the love that usually comes to strong and dominant women for rather weakling men.

"They become the mothers of these men. That is what they want to be. They are never attracted to men who are stronger and more dominant than they.

"And this, also, happened to me. I seem to be giving a complete symposium of my love affairs. But I'm glad I have a symposium. Only by the process of elimination does a woman ever know what is real, authentic, *true*.

"I fell in love with this boy. I tried to make him over. I wanted to replace his habits with other habits. I tried to find jobs for him, and when he had a job I kept it for him, or thought I did.

"I tried to protect him from criticism and from unkindness on the part of other people. I finally discovered that he was as yellow as the yolk of an egg and that nothing I could ever do would improve him one iota.

"This maternal love is, or can be, the most dangerous love of all, because it usually comes to strong women who crave children of their own, and when that woman marries her weakling mate and has children, and that craving is satisfied, he has served his purpose and shipwreck follows.

"AND now," said Carole slowly, "there is the seventh love. The real love. My love for Junior. Junior's love for me."

"Junior," I must pause to tell you, is Carole's name for Bill Powell. She said, when my look of inquiry and more than slight surprise appeared upon my face, "But I always call him Junior—didn't you know?" And isn't it too perfect for him? *Junior!* Just think of Bill, so suave and dignified and all the things he is, and then think of calling him Junior and you will appreciate the really divine humor of it, if I do say so—!

It's utterly NEW!

Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

gives 20 to 30%
greater protection — gives new
comfort and safety

KOTEX, with the New Patented★ Equalizer, brings 20 to 30% greater protection in its downy cellulose filler. Protection is more adequate but less bulky. It has Phantomized ends, concealing completely all presence of protection. Mere rounded ends are not enough, they must be flattened and tapered.

An intimate explanation of the new Equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

Old advantages remain

You wonder: will this give the same softness, the same absorbency as the Kotex I already trust and like so well? Yes! And the same disposability. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. And you get these features, in Kotex, today, at a lower price than ever before.

For extra safety

During certain hours—in some cases even for two days—extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Kotex Super Size. Have a box of both on your shelf.

You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt . . . the final perfection in sanitary comfort . . . designed to give wearing ease such as has never before been possible.*

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer . . . and this is why:

- 1 —it took two and one-half years to perfect.
- 2 —a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3 —medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4 —★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.





WHEN you visit New York enjoy the comforts of an ideal home and still be in the heart of the Motion Picture Art Centre.



Parlor Bedroom and Bath

\$5.00 PER DAY FOR ONE OR TWO

\$125.00 per month. Less than the cost of most single rooms.

3 room suites in proportion.

Largest single room in New York \$3.50 per day.

All rooms equipped with combination tub and shower ... running ice water.



**Swimming Pool, Gymnasium
Solariums free to guests.**

Write for details. Telegraph reservations (Collect)

**ENJOY NEW YORK'S
COCOANUT GROVE ROOF**

The Park Central

56th St. at 7th Ave.
New York City



"I think I would call our love—Junior's and mine—the Healthy Love. The Counter-balancing Love. Most of all, the Healthy Love. It is not the love of two people who are alike. It is the love of two people who are diametrically different.

"I BELIEVE that like marrying like is as great a fallacy as love at first sight. Neither one of these pretty notions works. Our love is the love that gives and takes. It is the perfect see-saw love.

"When Junior is up I am down, and when Junior is down I am up, and so neither one of us is either too far down or too fantastically far up—but *balanced*.

"There are all the elements. I write Junior ardent little notes such as I once wrote to Ralph Pop. There is the element of Emotional Love. There is also the counter-balancing element of the Companionship Love. He fits

enough of my Love Ideal so that he never lets me down. If he has feet of clay they are winged feet, too.

"The Love-on-the-Rebound element is there too, because, of course, I have rebounded from all these others.

"And there is enough of the maternal quality for me to want to cheer Junior when he is despondent, help him when he is tired, amuse him when he is bored.

"There is only one 'accident' that can happen to this Healthy Love and that is, if one person outgrows the other. That is why I believe in divorce because out-growing does happen sometimes."

BUT even this seventh kind of love did not prevent the break between Carole and Bill. At this time she is seeking a divorce in Reno.

There, then, must be an *eighth* kind of love. What is it?

"What's Wrecking Hollywood Marriage?"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

"The average male is an easy victim to any designing female. His vanity is so great that he can be easily blinded to the fact that he is being hooked.

"Then the problem of the 'other woman' enters into the actor's home.

"There are three paths open to the wife:

"She can regard it as ground for an open break.

"She can conceal her knowledge and ignore it.

"Or the situation can be discussed frankly and an intelligent decision attempted.

"This problem places a heavy strain on marriage, and is one of the most frequently encountered situations in Hollywood. No invariable rule is applicable, but there is this to be said:

"Since possession is nine points of the law, the wife has the advantage. If it is a temporary infatuation from which she thinks her husband will recover, and she earnestly desires to preserve her home, she can ignore the whole business.

"In Hollywood, that is difficult, with every gossip columnist pointing it out to her. This is where the civilian wife has the advantage. She can pretend ignorance much more convincingly.

"If the average wife would make the same attempt to *hold* her husband that the other woman makes to *vamp* him, the divorce courts could go begging!

"I am amazed daily at the number of women who think their work is over when they have snared their man. Wives in Hollywood as well as all wives should realize that marriage is a

competitive business—to a greater degree than any other business.

"No marriage is worth having that is not worth keeping."

WE then asked Dr. Popenoe about the ever-present Hollywood problem of marriage versus career. He answered that few women had the energy and vitality to handle two full-time jobs.

They put the most in the job that presents the greatest competition—so one or the other is bound to be slighted—and it is too often the home.

He added that statistics had proved a woman's career can be conducted successfully along with her home—if she does not make more money and have greater success than her husband.

It takes an almost superhuman male to forgive that damage to his ego, according to Dr. Popenoe.

A line which is very pertinent, we thought, is Dr. Popenoe's "all but the most intelligent and astute young females suffer with a chronic inability to realize when they are well off! They too often feel that any change would be for the better, when as a matter of fact, one man is very like another. So much is up to the woman to make him a good husband. An actress with a career hasn't the time to concentrate on it.

"Marriage is the most free relationship in the world. There are no rules. We make our own.

"It is only when the two people concerned take unfair advantage of that freedom that the structure collapses!"

If One Cagney's Good, Two Should Be Better

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

wading right into him. Thought I had let him off too easy. He was only four, but he sure put up a swell battle."

Bill, however, can match memories of boyish admiration.

"Jimmy used to be the best catcher on the neighborhood baseball team—so I lived for the day when I could be a good catcher, too. After each game, Jim always treated to sodas. That was a real treat in those days, and Jim had to work like a horse to get the dough. But he never let us down. He was the boss of the neighborhood."

So it was quite natural, once Jimmy had landed in Hollywood, that he should want to see brother Bill there, too. Not that Bill needed a job. Jimmy will hasten to set you right on that:

"The kid was good. He had a bankroll when he was twenty-one. Swell business head. Handled the Strand Theater publicity and other accounts, and liked it.

"He stuck with advertising even when the business was at its lowest ebb—and he was making money. Not important dough, but enough to get by on."

No, it was a case with Jimmy of seeing that while advertising might be good, with the set-up they could achieve, movies would be better. So he went to work, along lines that would do credit to the cagiest diplomat of the old school. As he tells it:

"Bill was in bad physical condition." (Trust a Cagney, whose fists have been his passport from cradle days, to feel worried about that!)

"I persuaded him to come out here, take a six months' lay-off, and get into shape. And see what would turn up."

"He started right out playing handball, wrestling, and boxing. He worked at it. The kid sticks with things. Took off thirty-two pounds—went from 196 to 164—and now he's in top shape."

THAT was when, between bouts, Jimmy "showed the young brother the town" and (whisper it!) also showed the town the young brother—with the publicity people fairly eating it up, making Bill famous, and keeping a grand prospective treat before the public. There was one thing he might have had to watch, had Bill been like so many others; but Bill being what he was, Jimmy had no bother. He'll tell you about that, too.

"He was out here four months before he even had a date," the elder Cagney will confide. "He's very cagey about it. Figured it was an easy town to go hay-wire in, so he started out very cautiously, and got the habit. He's hard to get, that one."

Which, by the way, sounds a good deal like Jimmy himself, the lad who never smokes, unless the script demands it, might take a drink about once in two months, and get the razz from his family when he does, for putting on a "bad man" act. The same Jimmy, who, being asked by a not-over-discerning interviewer, about his love life, snapped, "I'm married!" and shut off that topic for keeps.

So now Cagney the Younger has landed for his chance—and the natural question is, what will come of it? Jimmy and Bill both have ideas on that—sound ones. Says Jimmy:

"He's better equipped physically than I am. Taller, good carriage, and he has a grand natural assurance that I had to cultivate. He's an instinctive actor."

"The kid's a much more agreeable guy than I am. Laughs more easily. He hasn't a nerve in his body. Sits in a chair and relaxes as if he'd been born in it. Me, now, I'm jumpy, poised to spring."

"Any business involving speed and action would be Bill's choice. If it happens to be a Cagney rôle, and he gives it the works, that's okay with me. But he's fitted for more romantic stuff than I am. Better looking," adds Jimmy, not at all conscious of modesty.

THAT'S Jimmy on the subject of which Hollywood has seen so much—family rivalry, most of it unpleasant.

But Bill cherishes no ideas of beating brother Jim at his own game.

"It would lead to inevitable comparisons—and there's only one Jimmy. I couldn't equal him, and nobody else can. He's the best there is—so why should I try to crash that field?"

That's Bill's idea—and that's where matters stand right now, while the situation is being warmed up for the screen introduction of Bill. Meanwhile Bill, with a contract tucked away, has rented a house, and is bringing his mother and sis to live with him. "Sis" is just fourteen, and determined to be a doctor, like two of her four grown-up brothers.

And sitting on the side-lines, and knowing what the movies can do, when they take the notion, we'd say it won't be long before, somehow, the two Cagneys are put together. And since Bill, for all that the brothers say about each other, at bottom still is a Cagney, there ought to be plenty of fun for all of us, when that happens. At any event, it looks more like a "natural" than anything we've noticed in many a moon!



Pepsodent Antiseptic assures a pure, sweet breath at 1/3 the cost!

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

IN almost every family—certainly in every group of friends—there is someone who is being fooled by ineffective mouth antiseptics. It's a friendly act to tell them about Pepsodent . . . how Pepsodent is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—how, by adding water, you make it go three times as far and thus get three times as much for your money plus greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Two kinds of antiseptics

Remember, there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still* kill germs in less than 10 seconds.



Don't fool yourself by diluting old-type antiseptics. The result is too important—whether fighting colds or unpleasant breath. Choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent. Be sure! Be safe! Save money!

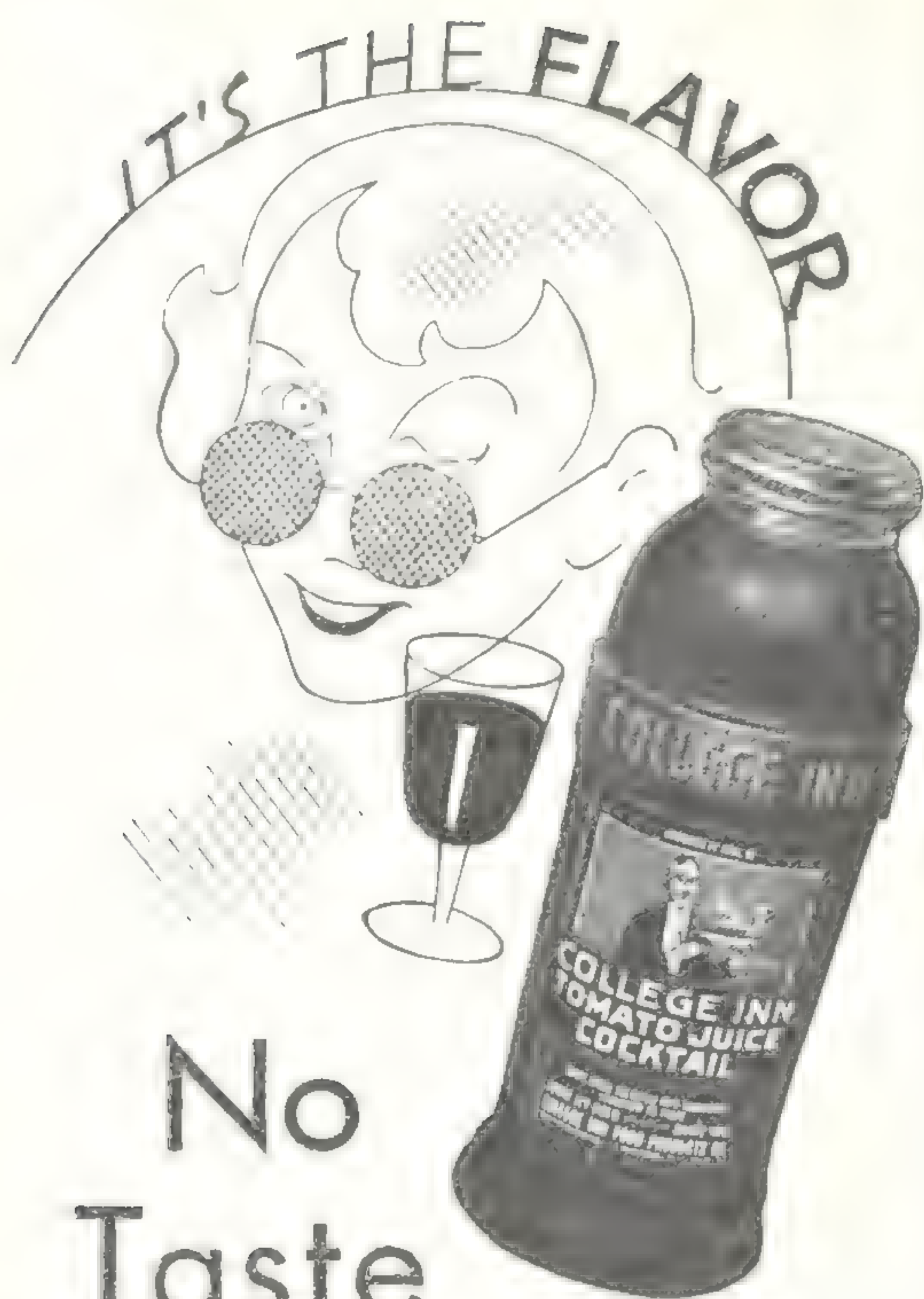
COLDS!

Clinical research reveals that Pepsodent Antiseptic is particularly effective in reducing the number and severity of common colds.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
Head Colds	Chapped Hands
Smoker's Throat	Dandruff
Bad Breath	Skin Irritations
Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm
Irritations of the Gums	Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic



No Taste Blindness Here

Pity the folks who are taste blind! Fighting words? Not at all, for most of us are taste-conscious. Only College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail will satisfy those who enjoy a full, rich, flavorsome appetizer. Common sense—all your senses—prove the importance of those words "College Inn" and "Cocktail" when ordering from the food store.

Ordinary, watery juices may get by the taste-blind palate. But full enjoyment of fine flavor necessitates your ordering College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail—invitingly packed in the famous shaker-shaped bottle, with the magic "White" cap that opens so easily.

True epicures boast of fine-flavored foods. With them, College Inn is favored. Rather significant, we think.

College Inn

THE ORIGINAL
TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.
Hotel Sherman, Chicago • 415 Greenwich St., New York

Importance of Bulletins For Movie Fan Clubs

DURING the past month many interesting and attractive bulletins from movie fan clubs have been received by the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs. These point definitely toward the fact that some of the Fan Clubs are actually building an organization which will not only keep its present members interested but will serve to attract prospective members.

Clubs which have not found it possible to publish some sort of paper or organ can look forward to that experience with the assurance that it will create a closer feeling between members and bring about a feeling of accomplishment.

It is not necessary to spend a large amount of money for the bulletin, especially at first, for its newness will offset any doubt as to its appearance which members might feel. Then, if it is found to be successful, you will have plenty of time in which to dress it up.

NEARLY every club publication had a humble start and its success is due to the united efforts of the entire club membership. You'll find many of your members will be able to contribute worthwhile suggestions, and in some instances furnish articles for the paper.

Interest, of course, is the requisite for a successful club paper, and a variation of the contents is necessary if you want to please everyone. Much of the content can be about the star you sponsor, but there should also be items concerning other stars and movie fan clubs.

You'll find it possible to exchange your bulletin with other clubs and in doing this you will broaden your experience and be able to pick up many good suggestions to work into your own paper.

Among the bulletins received were: Cooper Twinkles, The Jackie Cooper Fan Club, Dove Tales, The Billie Dove Fan Club, Among the

Stars, The Screen Fan's Club, The Legionaire, The Legion, Yours For Fun, The Johnny Downs Fan Club, The MFFC News, The Movie Fans Friendship Club, The Harlow Herald, The Jean Harlow Fan Club, The Crawford Chatter, The Joan Crawford Fan Club, and clippings from The Herald Cinema Club.

The Association will be glad to give you any information or possible help in regard to Club bulletins if you will just drop a line to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CHARTERS have been issued by the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs to these additional clubs:

The John Boles Music Club,
Lillian Musgrave, President,
2700 Vincent Avenue North,
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Bing Crosby Club,
Fay E. Zinn, President,
109 Orchard Road,
Maplewood, N. J.

The Ruth Roland Club,
Lilian Conrad, President,
4822 Meade Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

The name of the Gaynor-Farrell-Gable Club, of which Ruth Fiffer, 5300 Pensacola Avenue, is president, has been changed to the Clark Gable Fan Club.

Anna Glance, president of the Jackie Cooper Club, advises that her address now is 7953 Merrill Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

THIS IS AMERICA— Frederick Ullman, Jr., Prod.

A VIVID demonstration that newsreels can be made to tell history. By careful selecting newsreel material since April, 1917, Gilbert Seldes has woven together a gripping and authentic story, in terms of real folks, great and little, who shaped America's story through war, the jazz age, boom and collapse. Spiced with clever film effects, it is genuinely entertaining for adults, splendidly educational for children.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS— Remington Pictures

A RATHER better than usual British attempt at musical farce, turned on the old twist of a man and a girl supposed to be married, and being continually thrust into bedrooms, etc. It happens when newshawk Stanley Lupino is sent to investigate some crooked maneuvers aimed at Polly Walker, daughter of an American millionaire. The rest

is stock farce, with songs and dances, but not too heavily British.

THE LAST TRAIL—Fox

THIS time it's the racketeers instead of the rustlers who muscle in on George O'Brien's ancestral ranch. Also, speed cops instead of cowboys come to the rescue. The story otherwise is strictly Zane Grey, and it is rather regrettable that it did not remain an out-and-out Western. Comedy is predominant, with El Brendel at least sharing honors with the star.

THE STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY—First Division

A COMPILATION of newsreel and photographic material, rather artlessly (and therefore, the more effectively) reviewing this noted case. Theodore Dreiser makes the opening speech, and Mooney himself, a broken, aged man, closes, from the door of the San Francisco jail. A moving presentation, from Mooney's viewpoint, of his claim that his con-

viction was "framed," with prejudiced passion making it stick.

THE TRAIL DRIVE—Universal

AN acceptable offering for all who must have their weekly Western, and for others who can take average entertainment for an evening. *Honest John* turns out to be a crook who steals all the steers in Texas with a gag based on the late depression, and Ken Maynard restores prosperity in the good old Maynard way. Lots of stunt riding and shooting and a rousing fight.

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied

GETS away to a slow start, but achieves a bang-up finish. Russell Hopton, a dying reporter, sacrifices his life by taking the place of Donald Dillaway who, as Mary Brian's newlywed husband, is on his way to the electric chair. Not too logical, but it's good enough drama in spite of that. Especially if all the obtrusive gags shown at the preview are eliminated before you see it.

SKYWAY—Monogram

AS an airplane pilot in "Skyway," Ray Walker, a newcomer to motion pictures from the New York stage, goes about popping people a little too frequently. His ever-ready fist gets him into several jams as well as an introduction to the banker's daughter. Suspected of theft, he flies out to sea just in time to snatch the real criminal off a liner, and save the money, the girl and the story.

THE FIGHTING PARSON—Allied-First Division

HOOT GIBSON injects comedy into the Western, by donning, while hungry, a minister's garments found in the desert. Reaching Red Dog, he's snared into performing a christening. Pal *Arizona* saves him with an old trick. Of course there's a tangle with crooks, and virtue triumphs in the end, thanks to Hoot. Not enough riding, and there's no shooting; so, since Hoot's not exactly a comic riot, the film runs thin.

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures

A PICTORIAL narrative of events in the World War, taken from official material. It is, of course, silent, but has vocal explanation. Being authentic, the photography is dim, but there are some excellent shots of sinking ships. As seems to be the fashion with such offerings, anti-war propaganda is rubbed in. It seems they just can't let these pictures tell their own story of cruel horror!

SING SINNER SING—Majestic Pictures

IT'S the old story of a wife trying to reform a wayward husband. Leila Hyams tries it on Don Dillaway and it ends in tragedy. As a torch singer on a gambling ship, Leila escapes from her lover, Paul Lukas, after a shooting scrape and marries Don, a wealthy ne'er do well. Ruth Donnelly and George Stone also in the cast. A story that had possibilities before it got mishandled.

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION (THE BIG ATTRACTION)—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.

RICHARD TAUBER, as headliner of a vaudeville troupe called "The Big Attraction," is pursued by an American dancer who is determined to win her way into his act—and his heart—and does both! The story is just fair and moves a bit too slowly, but Tauber's grand singing makes up for all of that. English subtitles aid those not thoroughly familiar with German.



"Gee, honey—I get such a kick out of watching Mildred over there with her new flame" . . .

"Yes, Dave—it's thrilling—he's so obviously fallen. You helped in that, Dave."

"I? Why?" . . .

"Well, you know—the time you got brutal. And showed Milly that ad about the seven stains" . . .

"Oh, that! Well, maybe you're right. She sure has those teeth men-love-to-see—now!"

Don't let the 7 stains dim the beauty of your teeth!

THE loveliest teeth in the world can lose their dazzle at the dining table. Can . . . and do!

For everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth . . . 7 different kinds of stains, all told.

Some are tell-tale. Like blueberries. Others become visible only over a period of time. Yet ALL are a threat to beauty.

Though you be neat as a Dutch girl—though you conscientiously clean your teeth three times a day—those stains still may linger.

Why? Because all 7 stains will not surrender to the single cleansing action of many

toothpastes. It takes TWO actions to rout them all—the TWO actions that Colgate's gives.

First, an *emulsive* action that loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle *polishing* action, that safely rubs away other and more stubborn stains.

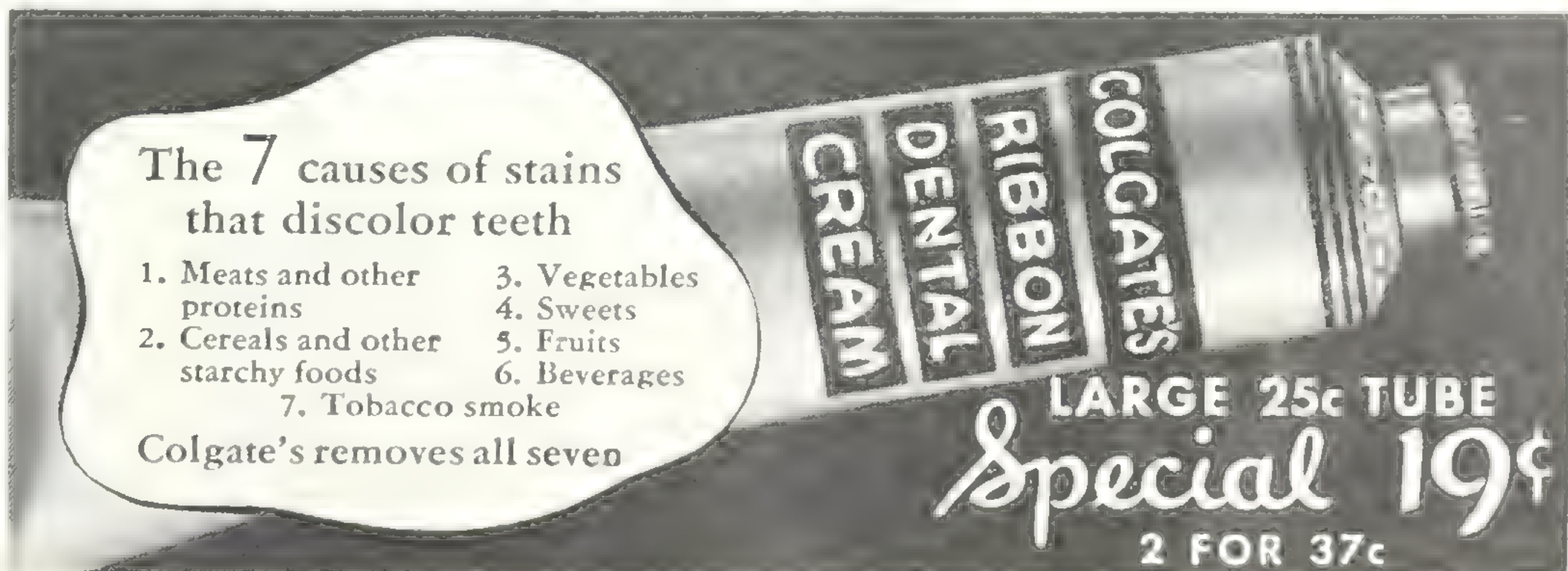
Isn't it worth 19 cents to have lovelier teeth—a more attractive smile? That's what a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream costs. Buy it. Try it—for 10 days. And let your mirror *prove* the difference it can make.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke

Colgate's removes all seven



STA-RITE

Screen Star

BOB PINS

Now you can get genuine Sta-Rite DeLuxe (half-round) Bob Pins—the kind beauty experts recommend—together with a lovely photo-miniature of your favorite star for your movie album or dressing table.

Select Your Favorite

Twelve popular stars to choose from. You'll want to collect the whole series.

Claudette Colbert
Neil Hamilton Jack Holt
Genevieve Tobin
Ralph Forbes Wynne Gibson
Constance Cummings
Edmund Lowe Ginger Rogers
Dorothy Mackaill
Ralph Bellamy Tom Brown

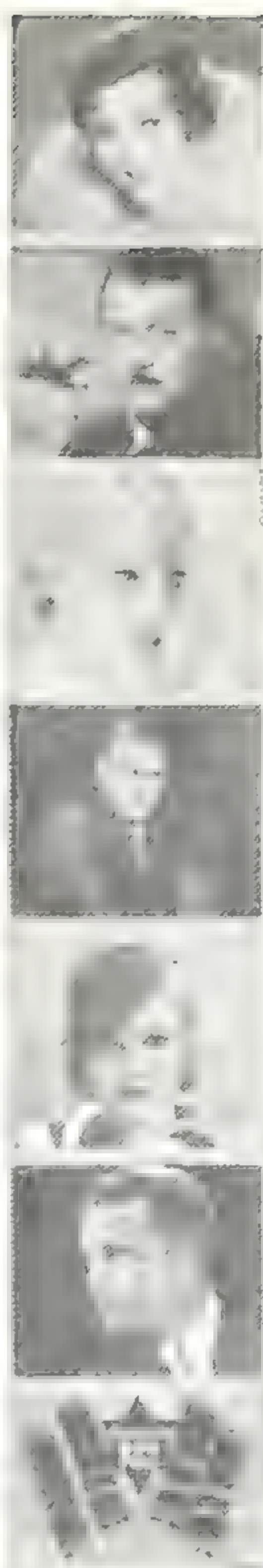
At Leading Stores and Beauty Shops

NOTE: Similar cards with "midget" size bob pins, featuring members of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" are available for little misses.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO.
Shelbyville, Ill.
In Canada, 49 Wellington St.,
Toronto.

STA-RITE

For soft, lovely, natural waves
use Sta-Rite Wave Set



The "New Deal" in Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

meteoric rise of Betty Furness. Why? Because Betty's picture was spotted by a movie executive one day while flipping the pages of a class book. The era of the new girl was just beginning to dawn and with the mad scramble to sign up the vigorous, healthy youngsters, Betty found herself in demand. She was as much surprised as was her Park Avenue father.

And with parental objections overcome, Betty was on her way to RKO-Radio film fame before you could say Merian Cooper.

I asked Betty one day what she thought she had to offer in the way of screen talent and she didn't hesitate a moment to reply:

"Gosh, I don't know. I don't seem like a siren and I certainly am not a glamorous type. I've often wondered myself what they saw in me."

The secret is herewith offered, Miss Furness. It was exactly that, and nothing else, which

gave you that picture contract. Your unsophisticated, natural, wholesome slant on life, and the fact that you *look* exactly like what you represent.

Lyda Roberti is another of the "new deal" girls—one hundred pounds of vim and vigor.

I could go on at great lengths mentioning names of new starlets; girls who have been chosen to conform to feminine standards of this new era which our country is heading into. The new deal in girls is to be reflected through the mirror of national trends—the motion picture screen.

But you will be seeing these starlets in future pictures and you can tell best, on your own judgment, whether these girls are representative of what the "new deal" girl should be like. For it is the public who has created this new standard of beauty. And it is for them to say whether her requirements have truly been fulfilled.

Let's Gather 'Round the Goldfish Bowl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

fixin' her screens—and y'oughtta see *her* bedroom . . .!" And then he gave a minute description of it, with personal comment. That's privacy, or is it?)

JOAN rings a bell via pushbutton beside her bed and a maid answers. Nice—but Joan can't help but wonder if, some day, that maid isn't going to "tell all" or sell out her mistress' boudoir secrets for a reporter's ten-dollar bill. She dresses, makes up—and realizes that her every action has been detailed in publicity stories, and that every gown in the wardrobe she selects from has been pictured in fashion layouts.

She steps into her car, and tells Bennett, the chauffeur, to drive to the studio. And is glad she has Bennett, because she still remembers the chauffeur she and Doug, Jr. had to fire for driving recklessly—and he got mad and made the circuit of the newspaper offices in Los Angeles with an offer to sell, for fifty dollars, some more of the private lives of his ex-employers!

She gets to the studio, finds an interview arranged. The interviewer is an utter stranger. But asks, nevertheless, the most intimate questions about her life with Doug, Jr. and why she divorced him. The interviewer asks things that not even the divorce court judge would ask, and wonders why Joan evades answering!

Then to the portrait gallery, where a new set of publicity pictures is to be taken. Then, say, she's got an engagement at the Ambassador Hotel at tea-time, with another interviewer. She gets there early, steps into the fashionable gown shop in the hotel lobby to look over some new clothes. Forthwith, the shop suddenly swarms with other hotel guests who finger a veil, look at a hat, ask a salesgirl about a dress—but who have no intention whatever of buying. They merely jam in to see Joan Crawford.

And Joan steps across the lobby and into the café—and as she walks between the tables to her favorite booth, the hum of the room ceases and heads turn and there's a barrage of eyes, eyes, EYES, EYES! EYES . . .! And whispers: ". . . it's Joan . . . Crawford . . . there's Crawford . . . it's Joan . . . wonder who she's gonna meet . . ." and so on. Joan sees them, hears them—but she's got to ignore them. Imagine doing that, if you think it's easy!

At the tea table with the interviewer. More questions, more prying into intimate secrets. A waiter steps up. "Miss Crawford, there is a telephone call for you . . ."

She steps over to the phone. It's out in the open, not a booth. "Yes—oh, hello Franchot," the room hears her say. And there's a hiss of whispering and then a swelling hum of undertone talk, and she knows everyone that heard is chattering that "there's Joan talking with Franchot Tone again and—buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz . . ."

She comes back to the table. "I suppose now it'll be all over the newspapers that I've talked with Franchot Tone again." And she adds: "I've heard that Winchell pays telephone operators in big hotels to listen in on conversations and tip him off."

Another touch at her elbow, and it's a perfectly strange woman. "Miss Crawford, I hope you don't think I'm intruding, but I'm here for a vacation from Minnesota—and would you sign this menu card for me, please, so I can take your autograph back and tell the folks that I met and talked with you?" It's easier to sign than not, so Joan signs and answers a few silly questions. And that's once, but it happens hundreds of times a month!

The interview is over, and Joan wonders if she's said anything that will read in print as though she'd meant something else, and she wonders why it is that innocent statements can appear, in type, so utterly, differently significant.

HOME, and there's time for a half-hour's sunbath. So Joan stretched out in her private garden, sunbathing nude—and wonders if ever will happen to her what happened to Garbo. Garbo, sunbathing in her own private garden one afternoon, heard a voice calling: "Oh, Miss Garbo . . .!" She looked up startled, and into a camera lens, and there was a click. And a man's face grinning behind the camera. Into the house fled the naked Garbo, and telephoned. And the studio functioned, and eventually located a man who'd come to Hollywood from the East with the determination he'd show Hollywood reporters that Garbo's picture could be *had*! The picture was never published, but it *was* taken. M-G-M saw to it that the negative was destroyed.

A maid. "Mr. So-and-So to see you." It's a lawyer. Joan dresses hurriedly, sees the lawyer.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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It's about the matter of the disgruntled free-lance writer, who, in revenge because Joan hadn't "tipped him off" in advance about her separation from Doug, had threatened to blast wide open to the world some horrendous secrets about a years-ago hospitalization Joan had undergone.

"We had to dig into years and years of hospital records to get the details on that case—actually, I had my tonsils out," said Joan, "and what the man threatened to broadcast was something entirely different!"

DRESSING again, and a car purrs up and Franchot Tone comes to take her to dinner and dancing. Joan knows, as she goes out, that the columnists will have it all next day, with cracks about "thataway" and "romance" and "Doug's successor." But she's used to it—as used, that is, as one can get to that sort of unprivacy.

As they draw up before the Beverly-Wilshire and the car door opens, POW goes a camera flashlight, and Joan and Tone have been photographed by a candid camera. Another one pops as they step into the hotel. Joan knows that when the picture comes out—unposed, unretouched—that she'll look exactly like one always looks on a picture of that kind, and wonders how long the public will continue to believe she's beautiful and glamorous, with pictures like that being taken by the dozen.

Well—dinner and dancing. And eventually, home.

And maybe, an hour after she drops off to fitful sleep, the ultra-ultra-private telephone by her bedside rings. This is not the private phone to her house, but a secondary private phone, the number of which is supposed to be very, very secret. Joan, knowing that only two or three most intimate friends have that number, wakes and answers.

And it's a newspaperman! With a question about a rumor that she and Doug are reconciling and leaving for China, or something equally silly! "How *did* you get this number?" asks Joan, half bewildered, half angry. "Oh, we have ways," says the newspaperman, and Joan knows that tomorrow for the eleven millionth time, it seems, she'll have to have the phone company change all her numbers again, so she'll have two or three days of freedom from impertinent telephonings!

And so to sleep, if any.

And if you think that's one bit exaggerated, you're wrong. If anything, it's mild, compared to one of Joan's days. And it's not Joan alone—I just picked Joan because she's one of scores.

There's not a movie star in Hollywood who doesn't, day in and day out, have the same routine of unprivacy!

"Go away from it," you suggest? First, they can't. They have to stay in Hollywood and work.

When they're not working, they can go away, of course—but not *from it*. Their faces are their fortunes, but at the same time they're their doom when it comes to privacy-seeking.

No matter where they go, they're bound to be recognized—and unprivacy away from Hollywood is even more determined than in cinemaland! I could tell you a thousand tales . . .

ON a train, to New York, in the dead of night. A small-town stop. A rapping on the window of her compartment, and Joan raises the shade.

And there on the platform is half the population of the town calling to her.

They'd been tipped off that she was on board, and the grinning porter had pointed out her compartment window. So she got up, stepped out on the platform in negligée, shook hands, signed books. On the same trip she stepped into a New York store, bought a five-hundred-dollar feather boa. By the time she came out, word had spread. The sidewalk was crowded. Joan had to literally fight her way to her car at the curb. By the time she got there, the boa had been plucked like a chicken for

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roasting! And scores of fans had feathers from Joan's boa as souvenirs.

Oh, I could fill this whole magazine with stories—

—about the girl who called Nils Asther at three A.M. to tell him she'd read an item that he had a cold and if he'd spread hot camphor oil on it, it'd help. Or the matron of Beverly Hills who called up his press-agent and ordered Nils, in evening dress, for a dinner at her home at eight, and how much would it cost?—of how stars can't shop in person, but send agents because (1) they are mobbed and (2) unscrupulous shop proprietors boost prices for them!—of how stars' automobiles, recognized by unusual color-jobs, or monograms or license cards, are half stripped by souvenir hunters!—of how, on the day after the papers printed news of Robert Montgomery's baby being born at the Cedars of Lebanon hospital, that hospital's visiting crowd suddenly tripled or more, and every one of them asks to be shown the Montgomery baby!—of how Hollywood believes the rumor that the nurses of the foremost physicians are paid to tip certain columnists off to when a star or star's wife expects a blessed event!

—of how ex-servants, ex-friends, babble to reporters the most inviolable secrets of a star's personal life!—of how Clark Gable's ex-wife, a Hollywood voice coach, told about her life as Mrs. Gable—of how certain of Garbo's ex-admirers told intimate things about her—of how honeymoons become personal appearance tours, marriages become publicity expeditions!

—of a million and one other unprivacies of the stars.

I could tell of how John Barrymore, ill in bed, listened to an argument under his sick-room window between his gardener and two insistent women who'd crashed his gates and intruded on his place, until his nerves cracked and he leaped half-naked to the bedroom balcony and screamed at them until they fled in terror. Or of how John Gilbert was hounded from one night cafe to another one night when he and a girl friend wanted a bit of privacy, and how they couldn't find it anywhere but in Gilbert's own home at last, at four A.M. And then Gilbert, having found privacy, got so bored by not having other people around, that he called up a press-agent at that ungodly hour to come over and keep them company! (But that's another story.)—and even of how a photographer actually took pictures of Marlene Dietrich's underwear to settle the question of what she wore under her mannish suits, masculine beeveedees or feminine fripperies!

OH—I could tell you scores and scores of such things. But they would be repetitious. And probably you'd get sick and tired of reading about them and say:

"Well, what of it? These stars get thousands of dollars a week, don't they? It's because they are so famous that we want to know all about them! So why should they kick . . . ?

And maybe you're right.

And maybe not.

But *who* wants to be a goldfish?



Come on, you movie devotees, here's an interesting spelling game. By starting from any letter in the above square and moving to the next adjoining letter in any direction, up, down, right, left or diagonally, the last names of thirty-four men and women movie stars can be found. How many do you find? Perhaps you will discover more. We've spelled "Page," for example. Note the arrows. Let's go! The list of stars whose names are hidden here will be found on page 118. There's no prize. But, like you work a jig-saw or crossword puzzle, you play this for the fun of it

The Last of the Veteran Showmen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

they have spoken it not. Every stand-in must learn all the lines and do all the bits of business. Which sends them screaming into the front office for more money. If they're going to act, they want pay for it.

Every extra becomes a bit player, to say nothing of a raving maniac, before it's over. For instance, if Freddie March said to Claudette Colbert in a scene from "The Sign of the Cross," "I will not succumb to your charms, and tell that to your leopards," why at least ten blocks away in the last row of the mob, one extra must say to another, "Thinketh thee not the Empress is a two-timing mama, oh Roman olive vendor in the market place?" Or words to that effect. And with gestures, mind you. Always with gestures.

"When I was with Mansfield" is a favorite line with Cecil. Production is halted twenty-seven times a day with executives prancing up and down the studio hallways and New York bankers tearing out their rapidly graying hair while Cecil "is with Mansfield." Just to show how innocent little incidents work, that little matter of Cecil once being with Mansfield has already cost Paramount \$250,000 in delayed production. And if they could find out who this Mansfield guy is and where, they'd sue him instantly.

DURING the making of "This Day and Age," he yelled at the astounded mob of high school boys, "When I was with Mansfield, we acted. Really acted. If Mansfield said, 'The mob muttereth,' we immediately muttered 'rumba, rumba, rumba, rumba'."

"Yes, Mr. De Mille," piped out a lad in the front row, "but I never learned the rumba."

Like a flash, the four assistants sprang to the tottering director's side while the coins rattled viciously.

It is very difficult to distinguish a director from the rest of the people about on an ordinary set. "Which is the director?" one invariably has to ask. They dress as ordinary business men. Their voices are low, their manners mild, their instructions more casual than deliberate. Their one and only assistant is never obvious. There are no flashing jewels to match colored underwear, no clattering of gold pieces, no megaphones, no loud speakers, no caps on backwards. They are scarcely aware of visitors.

But not so Cecil. No one ever need ask just who is the director. No one could possibly mistake him for anything but the master supreme of all he surveys. As on a pedestal he standeth and looketh on his work and seeth that it is good. Or rotten. As the case may be.

About him flutter his assistants. His light dauber, his megaphone carrier, his "finder" carrier and his microphone totter. All Cecil's own inventions with patents applied for.

THE light dauber stands at this angle and that angle. Watching for the slightest object that may do a bit of gleaming out of turn. For instance, if he thinks a door knob may glisten a bit too brightly in the reflection of an arc light, he immediately runs forward, never walks or strolls, mind you, but runs and daubs the door knob with paint. If this still doesn't help, he's liable to daub the arc light. And has even been known, when occasion demanded, to daub the extras.

Then there's the megaphone carrier. This instrument passed out of movies with the coming of Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," but not with Cecil. Strapped firmly to the wrist of an efficient young woman is the megaphone. And there she sits or stands or lies practically prone. Every time De Mille sits or stands or



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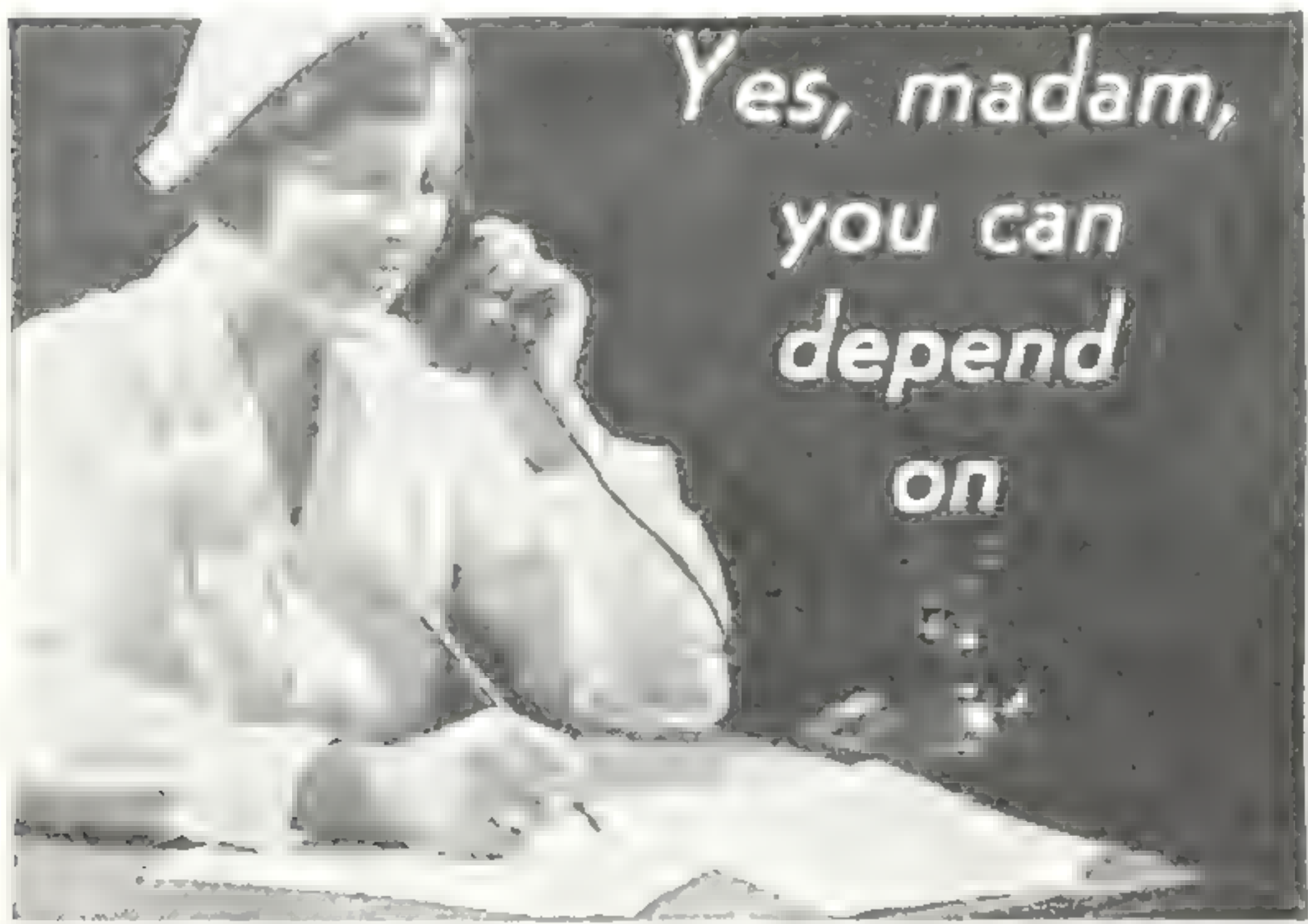
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lies practically prone. There is no telling from what position he may wish to scream through the megaphone at an extra on the ten yard line. And no one can say she isn't right there when the master feels a bit of yelling coming on.

Directly on the other side, the microphone carrier, a sturdy lad, sits or stands or lies prone. In case Mr. De Mille wishes to hurl blasphemy on the bewildered head of a dumb struck extra on the sixty yard line, the "mike" will be on an exact level with his mouth. Waiting and set.

The three lying there together (and the lion shall lie down with the lamb) on the set, surveying a scene from the ground, is one of the sights to which they should really run excursions. In no other part of the globe can such a cozy and intimate little group be found. Cecil, his megaphone carrier and his "mike" carrier. Flat on their stomachs and a hey nonny, nonny.

The "finder," a little instrument which looks like an opera glass and is used to spot out extras who are not emoting according to Mansfield, is carried in a leather case strapped about the shoulder of the script girl. The only member of the entire De Mille assembly who is called upon to perform two duties at once. "Scripting" and "finder carrying."

LET a visitor enter yon stage door where Cecil works and the first assistant director groans. The groan is relayed to the second assistant who, in turn, relays it to the third. It is then sent on to the fourth.

They know that once more production is to be halted as soon as Cecil gets his baby blue peepers on the awe-struck visitors. For Cecil invariably puts on a show that fairly stuns them with its fury.

He'll center out one person, usually a flea-bitten, down-trodden extra in the background, for his vitriolic attack. He is going to show these visitors from Pittsburgh that the old maestro is still maestroing.

He'll scourge the amazed extra with words, shrivel him with burning sarcasm and wither him with frosty, hoary epigrams.

"Get off my set," he'll scream in \$5,000 worth of fury. The coins in his pocket going it like mad. "Get off this lot. Never let me see your face again."

Shamed, and practically bleeding from his crucifixion, the extra will rise to his feet and start off.

"Here, here," De Mille will shout, "where are you going? Sit down."

He hadn't even seen the extra as an individual. He was merely putting on a De Mille production for the benefit of the guests. If the extra only knew it, he had been singled out for a grand part.

He'll look at the extra, his brows drawn together in bewilderment. "What's the matter with that guy?" he'll mutter. "Started to go off the set for some reason. What's he want to do, hold up production?"

DURING the making of "The Sign of the Cross," the press were invited to witness the Christians being devoured by lions. Mr. De Mille was notified of the visit and all had been going well. Several Christians had been torn to bleeding shreds and Cecil was happy. Suddenly he spied the press entering the arena.

"And who," he dramatically demanded, "are these people?" As if he didn't already know.

"The press, Mr. De Mille," he was told.

"Oh, yes. The press. Well, well!" And that was all that was needed. He had the audience he loved. For two hours not one scene was shot. He screamed at Freddy March. He screamed at Claudette Colbert. In tears of rage they left the place and had to be coaxed back. He stormed. He raged. He did everything but act on the trapeze and ride a horse bareback in pink tights.

The other companies and directors got wind of it and called off production to witness the performance. For miles around people heard of it and came running. He was marvelous,

was Cecil. Even Mansfield himself would have envied him that performance.

And then the climax was reached.

Far on the last tier of the arena, he spied, with the aid of his finder, of course, an extra girl whispering to another while he was giving instructions. Ah, hah! Here was his meat. "So," he screamed in his nasal, high-pitched voice, "our little movie is unimportant, is it? Well, we'll just discontinue our little movie while you two girls finish your talk. Or no, better yet, we'd all like to hear what you have just said."

HIS words fairly dripped with sarcasm. "Come here, to the center of the arena," he urged, "and tell us all the very interesting thing you were saying."

The extra quivered and turned white.

"Either come forward," Cecil demanded, "or get off this lot. And stay off it."

In fear and trembling, the poor wretched girl crept forward.

"All right now, here's the microphone. Tell us all what you were saying. We're all interested, I'm sure."

"It's too embarrassing." The girl hung her head in shame.

"Speak the truth or leave," De Mille tortured his victim.

Slowly the girl lifted her lips to the loud speaker. "I just said I wondered when that bald-headed — was going to let us go to lunch."

For a moment there was a deadly silence.

Suddenly De Mille threw back his head. And roared. He loved it.

"This bald-headed — is going to let you all go to lunch this minute," he said and patted the girl on the back.

The most remarkable thing about this tyrant De Mille is his ability to take it as well as dish it out. He loves all sorts of criticism. And cherishes every bit of fun that is poked at him. He repeats it to all his friends. He'll cut out every line and every drawing that depicts the ridiculous in this old master of the movies.

ONE night the company all sat in the projection room viewing the day's rushes.

"Who shot that scene?" Cecil screamed, leaping to his feet.

"I did, sir," a cameraman said.

"Leave this room," he stormed. "Never let me see your face again. You've shot that whole scene from the wrong angle. You're fired. Get out."

And the cameraman rose and departed. Into the land of Canaan, no doubt.

"Too bad about the cameraman being fired that way," someone said on the set the next day.

"Oh, he wasn't really fired," an assistant director said. "There he is over there at work. Why, De Mille's been firing that guy every night for ten years, but he's never lost a day's work yet."

And there's his habit of changing people's names. At the drop of the hat, he'll change every player's name from the leading lady down to the merest extra.

"Say," someone said jestingly one day, "let's get J. Pierpont Morgan to play the big 'business brain' in De Mille's picture."

"Naw," was the reply, "De Mille would only want to change his name." And De Mille went about telling the story on himself for weeks.

For all his tantrums and didos his co-workers cling to him. Giving him their undying loyalty. No matter how fiercely they may grumble among themselves, no one else dare criticize. They are always willing and even anxious to go back to him.

Yes, through the years from yesterday, he has come. And survived. From an age when directors were gods on their Olympus, hurling defiance at producers and mortals. He still stands on his peak, commanding his slaves below. The only real survival from the days

of the glamorous old Hollywood. The last of the Great Showmen. Still directing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with *Eva* going to heaven with the Christians and the bloodhounds skipping o'er the Red Sea.

Perhaps the best story ever told on De Mille is a true one. Cecil and his prop men and assistants had gone to look over a location. He stood on the shore and looked at the sea. Dramatically he surveyed it while two bums lay on the beach and watched him with interest.

Turning his back to the sea he surveyed the barren stretch of land. "Here," he said, with a sweeping gesture, "I want a city. Behind it I want towering mountains."

"Let's get out of here," one bum said to the other, his eyes wide.

"No, wait," said the other. "I want to see him walk on the water."

He Started Life On a Door-Step

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

a man. From early in the morning until late at night, his labor was unceasing.

He built the fire before dawn, did the chores, and at seven he was at labor in the field. And all this at an age when other children were crying for their parents. He was eleven years old.

His newly adopted mother weighed three hundred pounds, and suffered from dropsy. The disease irritated her, and as a consequence she followed the ancient instinct—when in doubt, whip a homeless child.

When the heavy lady became angry, which was often, the future Wallace Ford was forced to go to the arms of nature and cut his own switch.

Once, in the middle of a very successful thrashing, the switch broke.

Oliver Twist, asking for more porridge, caused no more consternation.

The dropsical lady's massive dignity crumbled. The broken whip fell from her trembling hand. She wept.

That night, when her son came home, the weeping mother told him what had happened.

To save the family honor, the son was forced to cut a much larger and stronger switch with which to whip the boy.

His body turned black and blue, and became so tender that wearing his few clothes caused him pain.

TOM, the son, and the whipper, was almost as large as his mother.

The orphan boy's suffering under the whip touched him so, that he, Tom, and not the boy, went to a revival meeting and got religion.

The boy often thought that Tom was insane. But that was of no importance in a sparsely settled country, except to the boy.

The superintendent in charge of the Home, traveled yearly over Canada to see how "his boys" were getting along.

He asked Sammy Jones if he was happy, and Sammy, properly coached by his adopted relatives, and in fear of a whipping, told the superintendent that he was very, very happy, and that he went to school every day, instead of working like a slave.

"I just love Mrs. Newton and Tom," he added.

Thus, again, the angels in heaven smiled in pity at the lies of an orphan boy.

These people, I blush to say it, were Irish. They taught Sammy Jones to hate the King of England, and to pray for Ireland.

As it made no difference to either the King, Ireland or Sammy, the boy, feeling that to avoid a whipping was much the better part of valor, did as he was told.

What color nails at the Casino? ALL SHADES!



At the Central Park Casino in New York: MISS KATHARINE MOSS, in white crinkled crêpe with smart accents of brown mink and Coral nails. MISS FLORENCE ROOME, in black ciré satin and deep Ruby nails—very elegant. MRS. MARSHALL MacLEOD—exquisite in candy pink satin, soft blue fox and delicate Rose nails.

IN the smarter midnight-to-dawn clubs, I just try to find a really smart evening frock without its accent of tinted finger nails.

No modern girl needs to be told twice that Variety in Finger Nails simply *multiplies* allure. What you can do with it is wicked — delightfully wicked — that's what it is!

Take Cardinal nails with a black-as-midnight gown, and any minute you may find all the attractive young men getting positively serious. And just try to get off the dance floor, in case you have one of those new green frocks made extra-appealing with Coral nails.

In fact, there's an utterly devastating shade of nail polish for any color or shade of gown you're wearing, day or night. But be sure you get Cutex.

Cutex owes its 7 grand shades to the World's Authority on the Manicure. And

it goes on smoothly, never cracks or peels. Now, don't get caught out at a house party or anywhere this fall—without the complete range of Cutex colors. At all stores.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX
Liquid Polish
— only 35¢

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 3Q10

191 Hudson Street • New York, N. Y.

(Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ for the new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked: ☐ Natural ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby

CORNS

and Sore Toes Relieved at Once



QUICKLY REMOVES CORNS

Relief from pain is yours in one minute with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and the corn or callous quickly removed! The cause is also ended preventing corns, sore toes, blisters or other discomforts from new or tight shoes. These thin, cushioning, protective pads soothe and heal like magic. You get *double value* now in every box at no extra cost. Ask for this safe, sure relief at your drug, department or shoe store today!

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

INEXPENSIVE

certainly . . . not cheap

Ace Combs with their smooth, rounded, even teeth are best for those who know the importance of being well groomed.

**ACE
COMBS**

American Hard Rubber Company, New York

Brushes Away Gray Hair Keeps Permanent Wave

Now you can really look years younger. With an ordinary small brush you just tint those streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is so easy to do—at home—with Brownatone. Over 20 years' success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Does not coat the surface—actually penetrates the hair. Defies detection. No tell-tale, flat "died" look. Cannot affect waving of hair.

No need to guess. Cut a lock of hair from your head and apply this famous tint. If Brownatone does not give your gray, streaked, dull, or faded hair its natural color, youth and luster, your money back. Only 50c. All druggists.



In two years came the boy's first challenge to life. He was thirteen years old.

The old lady became more ill than usual. Her son went many miles for a doctor in the middle of a raging blizzard. It lasted two days.

The monotony of the howling wind drove the woman frantic. To pass the time, she ordered Sammy to get a switch. Sammy was in no mood for such trifles. He refused.

"When my son comes home you'll get it," the woman screamed.

Sammy still remembered the last whipping. He ran away.

As he reached the railroad station he saw, through the whirling blizzard, Tom and the doctor driving toward the home of Mrs. Newton.

HE trudged on to the railroad station in silence.

It was locked until a few minutes before the train arrived. With half frozen feet and numb body, the boy waited outside.

When the train came in, he told the conductor of his plight. He wanted to go to Winnipeg.

The conductor, and may the Eternal Book-keeper write his name in the Book of Gold, put him on the engine. He pushed coal down the tender for the fireman.

Engineer and fireman shared their lunch with the runaway boy. Thus, all in a night, supreme kindness was shown to the lad who had been abandoned on the door-step, of all places—a Home for Girls!

When the train reached its destination, the engineer took the orphan boy to his home. The next day another phase of life opened for him.

There was a strike nearby. The strike-breakers needed some one to run errands for them, so they engaged the innocent Sammy Jones.

He worked for a few weeks, when the conductor, who had not forgotten him, secured for him a job as callboy. His duties were to go to the homes of different trainmen and tell them when they were to report for duty.

After six months of this work he was eligible for a pass to Winnipeg.

His money soon gave out in Winnipeg. He worked at odd jobs; a soda fountain clerk, a page boy in a hotel. He was too small to be a bell boy.

Later, he met the night watchman of a theater. They soon became friends.

It was the night watchman's job to pick up the discarded programs. Soon the boy did that, and other work for him.

RELIEVED of different duties, the watchman managed to punch the clock each night, between drinks in the green-room with old cronies. The boy was allowed to sleep in a dressing-room.

A stock company played at the theater. Its director was later to become famous in the films as Theodore Roberts.

If this were a novel, I might write that Roberts took an interest in the boy. Alas, I cannot.

Sammy Jones relieved another boy as usher two nights a week. He thus earned fifty cents.

Roberts moved on to fame and glory in Hollywood, and was succeeded by Wilson Hummel. In the meantime, Sammy Jones became a regular usher.

The curse of a tawdry ambition seized him. He dreamed of becoming an actor.

After much pleading, when "Under Two Flags" was put on, the director allowed the boy to walk on the stage in the part of a soldier—as atmosphere.

As a soldier, he was supposed to look perspired and dirty. Instead, he came on the stage, clean as George Arliss in the part of an ancient snob.

The boy's cleanliness so impressed the director that he was given a permanent place in the theater—as usher.

Reduced to mutton when he so much wanted to be ham—his heart was broken.

When he was fourteen, he placed a Bishop in the local critic's seat, and lost his job as usher.

He is next heard of as sleeping on a pool table at night, and learning to be a barber in Moler's Barber College by day. He quit the college before graduating. Wisely deciding that life was more varied as hobo than barber, he took to the road.

At a water tank eighty miles from Winnipeg, he met a vagabond who had two ambitions—to avoid work, and return to America to see his mother. She lived in an Iowa town.

He joined forces with the vagabond and changed the course of his life.

Many harrowing experiences followed.

The man was killed before half the journey was over.

Sammy Jones took a last look at his dead comrade, and went on to tell the mother of the end to which her son had come.

The dead vagabond's name had been Wallace Ford. It was all he had left in the world.

Sammy Jones took it.

When he reached the town he found that the mother had died at approximately the same time as her son.

He remained, living as best he could, a flunky in a restaurant, a hanger-on at the local theater.

WHEN times became too hard, he joined the navy, for the duration of the World War. Looking about him after his enlistment, he naïvely asked where his ship was. Upon learning that it was still far out at sea, that he was fifteen hundred miles from the ocean, and that he might not be called before the war ended, he took a job as short order cook in a restaurant. He immediately cooked a meal for himself, and burned the next meal he cooked. Being promptly fired, he again hung about the theater.

Back and forth between jobs as dishwasher, busboy and other menial work, he shifted, while all the time he was absorbing the technique of acting.

Tiring of restaurant work, he secured an old guitar and played and sang for all who would listen.

At last, he gave up all desire for future work that did not pertain to acting.

Slowly, but surely, in many stock companies over the land, he learned more of his chosen work. This company would fail, that company would release him, but still he persisted.

A leading man became temperamental. Ford took the rôle, made good, and quietly demanded a contract which called for the same salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a week, which the temperamental leading man had received.

The curtain was about to go up. The contract was refused. Ford played the first act. Still the contract was refused. He played the second act, and then emphatically refused to finish the third act without the contract.

It was given.

Now over the hurdle, years of success followed. His salary went to four hundred dollars a week.

A chance came to play a leading part in "Bad Girl," in Los Angeles, if he would cut his salary in half.

Feeling that there might be an opening in films if he made good, he took the chance.

There was.

CLARENCE BROWN, the director, saw him in the rôle. He was given a part in films. He made good at once.

He has since appeared in more than twenty-five feature pictures.

His salary is now two thousand dollars a week.

Even in a tale of fiction, it would be a far journey from a castaway baby on a door-step to a mansion in Beverly Hills.

But all this happened—and strangely enough, the lad who made the journey is still unchanged.

That, in Hollywood, is the great miracle.

"If I Could Start Over Again"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

you can work up to something better. I also learned that the more bitter the pill you have to swallow, the stronger your throat is after you've swallowed it.

"Then the next pill won't be quite so hard to get down.

"That same lesson I'd hope to learn all over again, if I were seventeen.

"I had to learn to take what Fate passed out—and I was fortunate to learn the lesson early in life.

"If I had a daughter or a young friend, I'd tell her to do what came her way to do, the best she could, and get the benefit of having gone through the ordeal."

IRENE DUNNE leaned forward in her chair, and spoke slowly, searching words to express this double-jointed thought of hers: "I would do two things, prepare for the future and against the future.

"I'd prepare for the future by equipping myself for the endurance test this profession invariably develops into, and against the future by turning to a profession that assures a reward that can never be taken from its followers.

"Only," and she smiled, "I'd make my decision long before I was seventeen. Then I'd stick to it.

"In preparing for the future I would go in for swimming—all kinds of swimming. I'd love to be a marvelous swimmer, and then I would have the physical stamina needed for this endurance test we call life—and for the strenuous grind of my profession.

"It doesn't take one long to learn that Hollywood's craze for athletics is really a matter of keeping fit and of offsetting the wear and tear of hard weeks at the studios. So I would do a great deal of swimming.

"Then I would adopt an intensive program of study—to prepare mentally for the future. I would establish firmly in my mind the conviction that a little intelligent thought and study in my teens would save me a lot of hard work and disappointment later.

"The time to guarantee your future success is between the ages of fourteen and twenty, I firmly believe.

"Certainly it is if you are coming into our profession.

"And now, about preparing against the future.

"Surely the last three years have proved to all of us that we can lose anything material that we accumulate—no matter what our worldly goods may be.

"Not only in this profession, but in every other profession, trade and business, people have lost their positions, their savings and even their personal belongings. I wouldn't dare say how many of my friends have been robbed of fame, position and wealth in the last few years.

"I WOULD prepare against the future by turning to something that would pay me in satisfaction and pleasure, as well as in money. I would stick to my music and work to be a great pianist.

"Then, as an artist, most of my reward would be in accomplishment—in things that could never be taken from me.

"I know musicians who so love their profession that their worldly possessions mean little to them.

"Although the world paid them well for their art, they put little stock in their income or their accumulation of worldly goods.

"They worked for the love of their work, not for the financial returns it would bring. Naturally, they were glad to have the money

They Save Teeth Now in a New Way



They End the Film

Countless people are now cleaning their teeth in a new way. And modern dentists all over America are urging other people to join them.

The old ways proved inefficient. As millions know, they failed to prevent tooth troubles. Despite the tooth brush, tartar, decay, and pyorrhea constantly became more common.

Some years ago the reason was discovered. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which constantly forms on teeth.

That film gets into crevices, hardens, and stays. It resists the tooth brush, and most tooth troubles are now known to be due to it.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It combines with other substances to harden into tartar. It holds food particles which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are among the chief causes of pyorrhea.

After years of research, a way has been found to combat it. Able authorities have proved this fact by adequate clinical tests.

For general use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we supply a special tube to all who ask, so the millions may quickly know it.

Let It Convince You

The Pepsodent results are quickly apparent. After a few days' use you will never forget them.

The basis is a special cleansing and polishing material. Its object is to remove film, then to retard its accumulation.

Some cleansing materials remove film but scratch enamel. Others are safe but too soft to be effective. That fact made the development of the ideal material seem impossible.

But, after 13 years, the ideal material was developed. It is accepted as one of the truly great discoveries of the day. This new material is unique in film-removing power. But it is twice as soft as those commonly used in toothpastes. Thus it is ABSOLUTELY safe.



Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U. S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

Safe for both children and adults. It is this discovery that makes Pepsodent entirely different in both formula and result.

Years have been spent by dentists in proving the value of this product.

Now we urge all people to prove it by a home test.

Please send the coupon below for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. Act now.

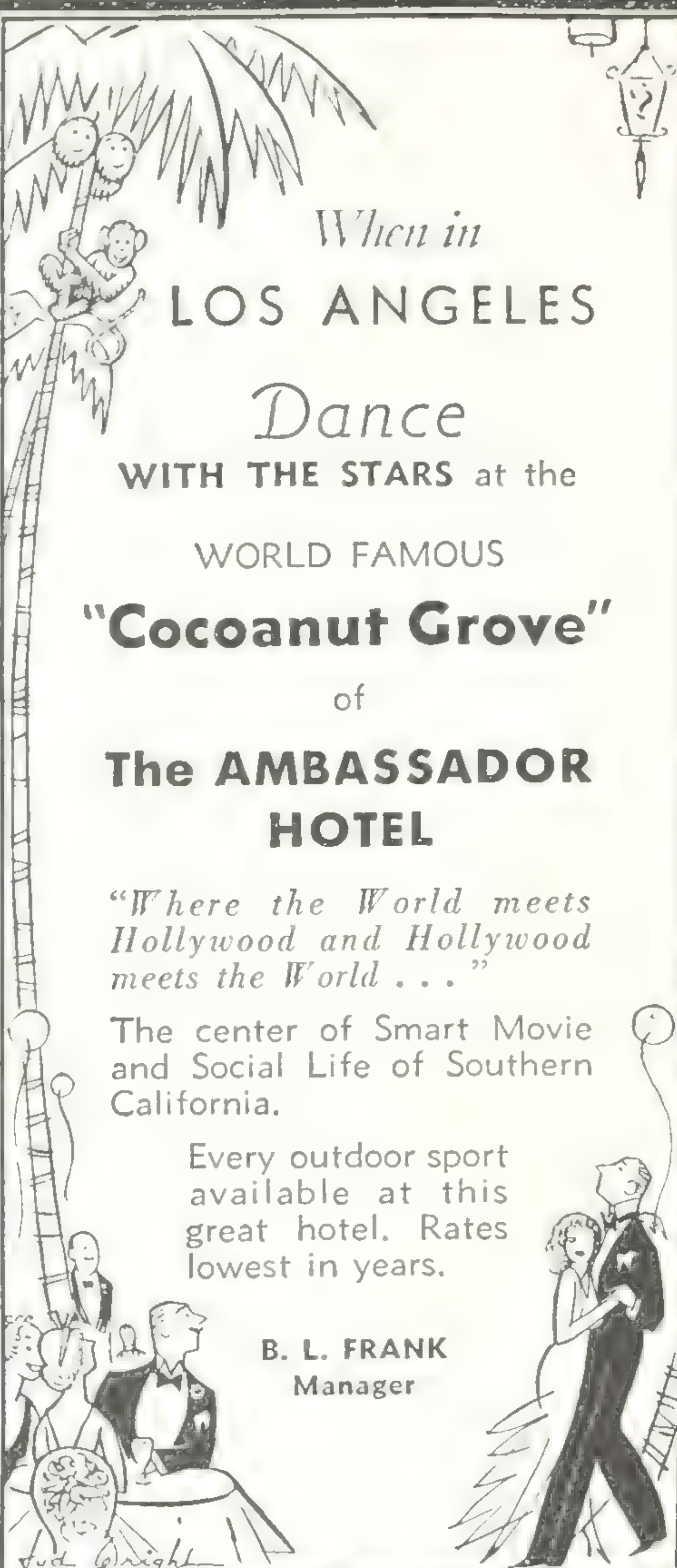
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THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 1110, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Address _____

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When in
LOS ANGELES

Dance
WITH THE STARS at the
WORLD FAMOUS
"Cocoanut Grove"
of
The AMBASSADOR HOTEL

*"Where the World meets
Hollywood and Hollywood
meets the World . . ."*

The center of Smart Movie
and Social Life of Southern
California.

Every outdoor sport
available at this
great hotel. Rates
lowest in years.

B. L. FRANK
Manager

Miss BLONDE ... want to be Mrs.?



OF COURSE you do! Then don't let dull, faded blonde hair spoil your chances. Use Blondex, the special blonde hair shampoo, that safely brings back all natural gleaming beauty. Prevents darkening, too. Contains no dyes—no injurious chemicals. Gives new life to scalp. A million delighted users. Now Blondex comes in the new, inexpensive 25¢ size. At all good drug and department stores.



**Fifth Avenue's
Newest Sensation
Changette**

Just think of having a beautiful ornament attached to your bag which cleverly conceals a new and useful bill. Be the first to wear Changette, the latest, smartest novelty of exquisite beauty and usefulness.

IT'S NEW AND DIFFERENT!
Your friends will rave about it! No more fumbling in your bag! There's always change at your finger tip for bus, carfare or phone!

Comes in 6 attractive colors with handsome jewel to match your bag, or clothes: **black, brown, blue, white, red and silver.** Just pin a Dollar Bill to this advertisement and mail TODAY, mentioning color wanted.

AGENTS WANTED! Sell your friends and make money doing it!

CHANGETTE, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., Dept. 913, New York, N. Y.

MENTAL HAPPINESS
DO YOU SEEK IT?
Have happiness in your home; make new friends; change the aspects of your life. Use the unknown creative powers of your mind. Let the Rosicrucians send you a FREE COPY of "The Wisdom of the Sages". It tells how you may learn to **MENTALLY DOMINATE** your conditions. Address **Friar K.W.W.**
ROSIKRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
SAN JOSE (A.M.O.R.C.) CALIFORNIA

and made the most of it—but money was the smallest part of their reward.

"Hard times could not rob them of their reward—for they were prepared against the future.

"To them their country homes or cars or clothes were only homes, cars and clothes, not their life's blood and the net of all their efforts.

"WE have learned that there is no such thing as absolute security in regard to a position, to fame or to worldly goods—that the only things which cannot be taken from us is that which is a part of us.

"So, that's why I'd prepare against the future, as much as for the future."

"I'd turn my whole efforts to overcoming shyness," says Sally Eilers. "I would put that ahead of everything else.

"Maybe you wouldn't think so now, but I used to be so shy I was terrified at the thought of meeting strangers. Because of my fear of meeting people I lost a lot of valuable time when I should have been getting acquainted and getting ahead.

"Finally one of my friends was good enough to tell me that unless I learned to meet and talk to strangers I could never get anywhere in life—and proved it to me.

"RIGHT there and then I determined to meet people—and to stop worrying about what they thought of me and being so miserably self-conscious.

"Almost from that moment on things began to break for me."

Elissa Landi says she would ask her mother's

advice about her career, and then take it. Indeed, that is what she actually did do, and says she has never regretted following that advice.

Says May Robson:

"I'd make up my mind to live my own life, even if it meant the choice between the one man and my work.

"Perhaps my background did not fit me for the part of wife.

"My father was a navy officer and when I was a small child our family traveled from Australia to England, stopping at various ports, and later I was sent to school in Brussels, Paris and London.

"The varied background of my upbringing proved a great stimulation to my ambition—and was probably responsible for my resisting the romantic impulse that usually leads young girls into domesticity. I had seen too much of the world to settle down as the wife of any man.

"IT broke me up at the time, to have to make a decision between the theater and the young man I was in love with, when the company prepared to go on the road—but I still say that if I had to do it over again I'd determine my own life."

So it all seems to boil down to this: First, know what you want to do.

Second, face things squarely and don't look for the easiest way out.

Third, follow your own inclinations.

Fourth, give the best you have and bravely take what comes your way.

Finally, prepare against the future as well as for it.



Lots of excitement at the Chicago World's Fair. That famous stutterer, Roscoe Ates, and his charming daughter Dorothy created a great stir by autographing thousands of copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Roscoe's inimitable vocal hesitation was broadcast through amplifiers over the Fair grounds. If you were at A Century of Progress and you did not get your copy of PHOTOPLAY autographed by Roscoe, as did Director Jack Sullivan, extreme left, and Director George Jesske, just back of Dorothy, or see these four busy making a motion picture, then you were gypped

Two Queens were Born in Sweden

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

throne, surrounded by her counsellors of state and representatives from every country in the world, and took the oath as *king* of Sweden.

(It is strangely coincident that Garbo began her career of dramatic queen when she was about eighteen.)

Shortly after Christina's coronation, she wished to abdicate. But she reigned for nearly ten years before she "set herself free," as she phrased it. The abdication ceremony was even more dramatic than the coronation. When the moment came for Count Brahe to take the crown from her head, he refused to do it. The queen rose gallantly to the occasion and took it off herself. Then she threw off her royal mantle, which was immediately torn into a thousand pieces by those present for souvenirs. Sounds somewhat like a Hollywood premiere, doesn't it? And this scene will be one of the most spectacular in the picture.

AND now comes that portion of the queen's life, which Garbo will delight to play.

After the abdication, Christina left her palace on horseback, disguised as a man. She rode for Denmark, her gun slung over her shoulder, a red scarf worn in the Spanish manner, and her pistols at her side.

The Queen of Denmark, curious to meet Christina (who did not like her and who had refused to see her) disguised herself also, but as a servant, and waited on her at a country inn. All through the meal, Christina talked of nothing but the stupidity and wickedness of the Danish queen.

"It serves her right," was her only remark when told of the identity of the "waitress," but there are strong suspicions that she knew it all the time.

Another prank Christina played would have had serious results had it been discovered. Disguised as a young cavalier, with a black wig, big hat and high boots, she visited a Jesuit monastery, a place no woman had ever set foot in, chatted all afternoon with the monks, and departed greatly pleased with herself.

She was Christina—unique and unassailable. And Garbo, unique and unassailable, will play her. Can you imagine anyone else in the rôle?

"She had a magnetic charm," writes Mackenzie about Christina, "which she could exert to the destruction of all criticism, and her sense of the stage never failed her. Sometimes she could not resist making grimaces at the crowd, and a favorite trick was to make a lightning change of clothes in her coach, queen to cavalier and *vice versa*."

She amused herself every day at a certain hour by gathering her entourage about her and listening eagerly to the latest bits of gossip about herself; the more exaggerated they were, the more she enjoyed them. Garbo reads avidly everything that is written about her.

THERE are, however, two great differences between Garbo and Christina. Christina was short, a trifle dumpy, and quite dowdy. Her shirts never quite met her skirts, and her wigs were always awry. And she loved people around her, the more the better.

Garbo is tall, slim, and always well dressed. And her dislike of people about her amounts almost to a phobia.

There was a tremendous uproar at Christina's abdication. A great surge of sorrow caught the country. "Keep your crown on your head!" the people of Sweden implored.

And now that rumor has it that "Queen Christina" will be Garbo's last gesture as Queen of the Screen, so do we cry, "Keep your crown on your head, Garbo."

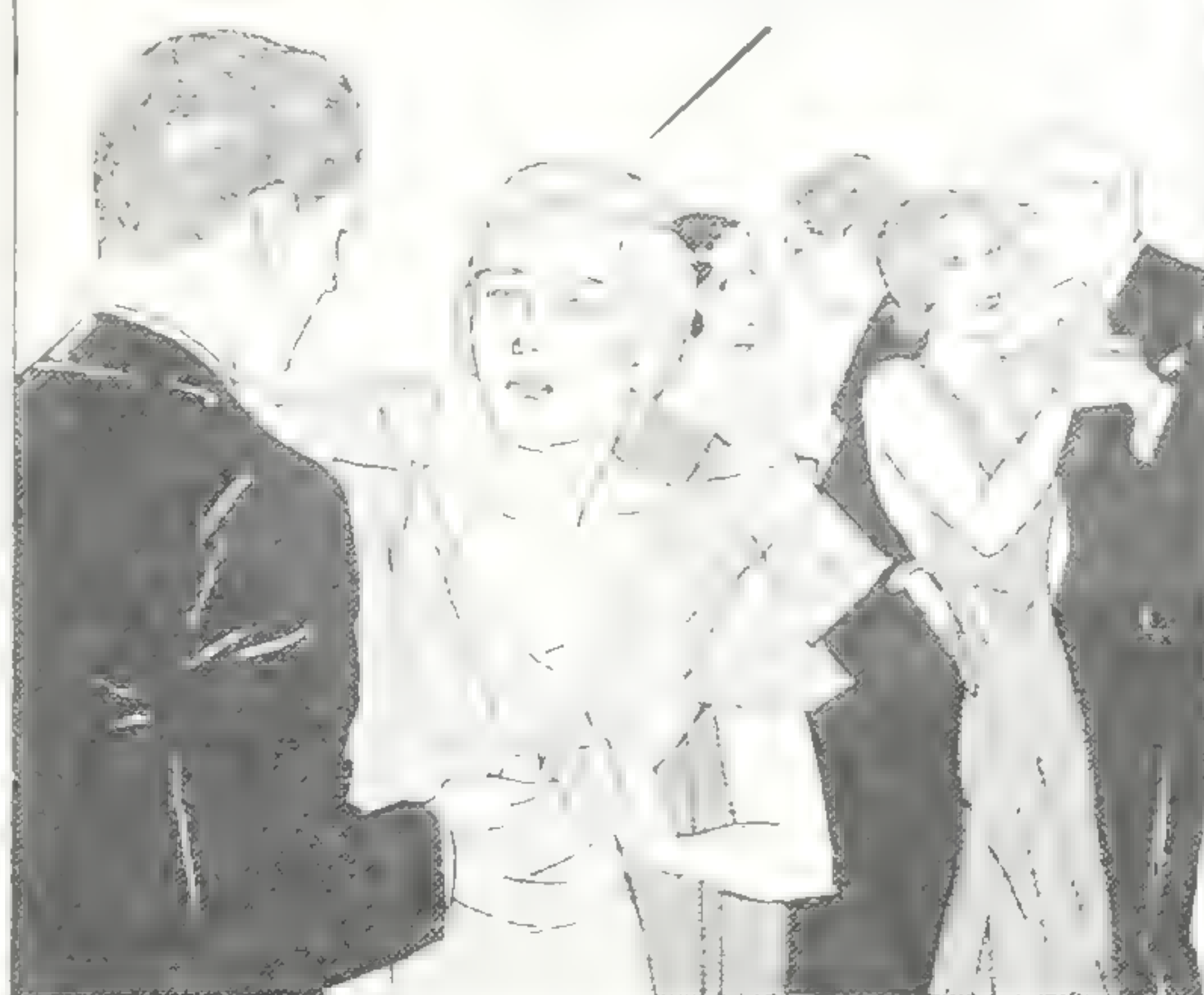
The Queen is dead! Long live the Queen!

VOICES IN THE DARK



JENNY, DEAR...NOT
QUITTING NOW?
THEY'RE PLAYING
OUR SONG

SORRY, BUT I...ER...
HAVE A HEADACHE.
PERHAPS LATER WE...



LATER

MAYBE SOME FRESH AIR WILL
FIX ME UP. CAN'T HELP FEELING
LOW — JENNY'S "HEADACHE"
SOUNDED SO FISHY. SHE WAS
FULL OF PEP AT
FIRST. SHE'S TIRED
OF ME — THAT'S
ALL!



JENNY'S INSIDE CRYING.
I WONDER WHY SHE
WOULDN'T DANCE WITH HIM?

MY GUESS IS "B.O."
IT'S A CRIME SUCH
A SWELL FELLOW IS
CARELESS AT TIMES



NEXT DAY

DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO
GET LIFEBOUY AFTER *THAT*
WARNING. HOW *DIFFERENT*
IT IS! YOU CAN TELL IT'S
SPECIALLY MADE TO END "B.O."



"B.O." GONE — *partners for life!*

OH DARLING, THEY'RE
NOT STOPPING SO SOON!

NEVER MIND, JENNY SWEET,
WE'LL BE DANCING TOGETHER
FOR YEARS TO COME!



I WOULDN'T DARE
RISK "B.O."...I
OBJECT TO IT
SO MUCH IN
OTHERS

I ALWAYS USE
LIFEBOUY, TOO.
AND IT'S DONE
WONDERS FOR MY
COMPLEXION

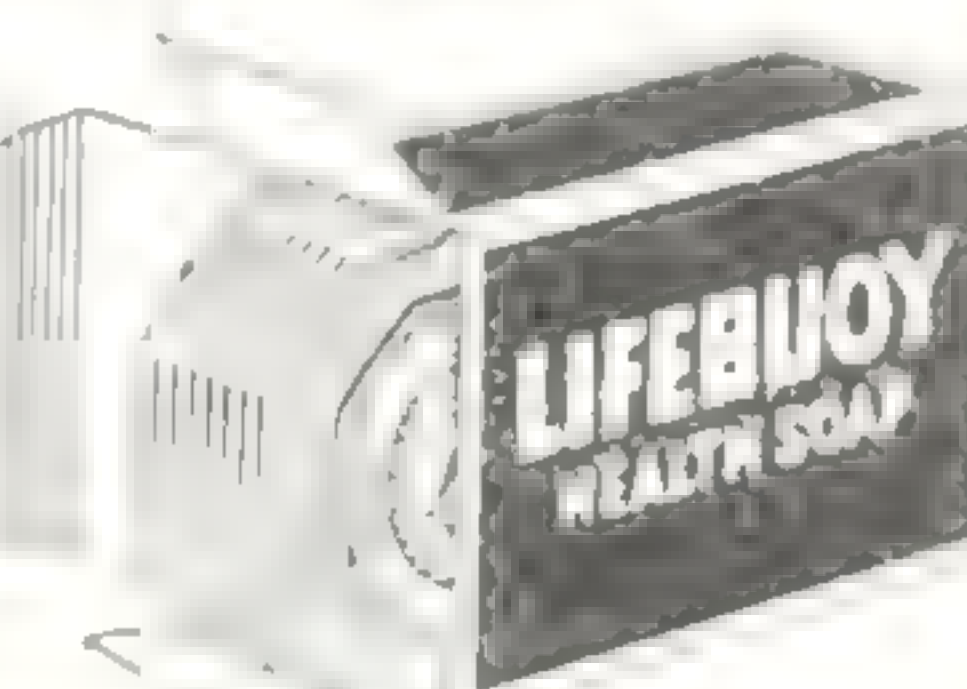


YOU can't condemn "B.O." in others — unless you play safe, yourself. Bathing with Lifebuoy is a delightful habit, anyway. Its lather is soft, creamy, luxurious. Leaves you feeling fresh as a daisy — pores *purified*, freed from every trace of "B.O." (*body odor*).

Your complexion freshens

Lifebuoy deep-cleanses face pores of clogged impurities — clears and freshens cloudy skin. Wash with it nightly — gain the healthy, radiantly lovely complexion

Lifebuoy's quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent promises you.



How Many Lives Has Del Rio?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

their crafts, who does not even claim to be a judge of well-written scripts—took the offer. And is sure she will make good.

For a simple reason that can be written in one word.

Clothes.

Yes, sir, that's it—clothes, the one thing she claims to know right down to the ground, or the skin, or wherever it is that clothes have their foundation. Also the one thing she never has been allowed to exploit on the screen.

IN private life, she has been at various times the best-dressed woman of Mexico City, the court of Spain, the cities of Paris and Hollywood.

When she was sixteen, Patou designed a creation of emerald velvet and named it the "Dolores." That was in Paris.

"And on the screen, I have worn nothing that cost over thirty-five cents a yard and never much more than a yard at that. In 'Bird of Paradise' it was half a yard. How can woman look beautiful for thirty-five cents?" she demanded.

One of those strange anomalies of pictures. By far the majority of our feminine headliners came from homes and were reared upon experiences where thirty-five cents was a high price for dress materials. Few of our so-called best-dressed women knew anything about clothes until studio designers trained them. But Dolores, the one who has known from childhood, has been covered with rags and ballyhooed as one who could best wear thirty-five cent cottons.

When Edwin Carewe first brought her to Hollywood, she pleaded with him, in her few imperfect words of our language, to be allowed to take publicity pictures in her own imported wardrobe. Her press-agent, Harry Wilson, added his plea. But Director Carewe shook his head. To show her *as she was* might spoil the illusion of the ragamuffin child he intended to make her.

Since "Ramona" netted four million profit and "Resurrection" almost as much, Eddie Carewe may have been wise. He was protecting, perhaps, his half of those profits—as well as United Artists'.

WHEN she went with Joseph Schenck, she pleaded to do "Mata Hari" or some other sophisticated production in which she could show the world herself as she is—a woman of beauty, figure and the ability to enhance both by proper gowning.

"But that is not your type!" Mr. Schenck exclaimed. "You must be poor; wear cotton—" That terrible picture, "The Bad One," resulted.

She pleaded with David Selznick at RKO-Radio. His words paralleled Mr. Schenck's in meaning. "Bird of Paradise" resulted.

Fortunately, "Bird of Paradise" was successful at the box-office at a time when box-office successes were a rarity.

Dolores' popularity in Spanish speaking countries is stupendous, and "Paradise" told a story through pictures. Natives did not need to understand the dialogue to understand the picture.

Her success in that production brought more than a hundred offers. In each one she would have been a native girl in cotton! But for once, Dolores stood firm. "No picture in which I cannot choose my own story!"

After eight months, Merian Cooper asked her why. He undoubtedly reminded her of what had happened to other women who had been likewise insistent. Then she told him her story.

"For seven years I haven't been able to con-



SIX BEAUTIFUL COLOR PORTRAITS OF POPULAR FILM STARS

Six—for only 15 cents

Not ordinary pictures, but attractive reproductions made from the original color pastels by Earl Christy.

We have selected the six poses illustrated above and have reproduced them in color on good quality stock. Sheet size of each picture 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ "x4 $\frac{7}{8}$ ". They will be supplied unmounted suitable for framing or mounting in your collection book.

This choice selection includes the following stars

GRETA GARBO
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All six pictures for only 15 cents

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----- MAIL THE COUPON NOW -----

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Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find 15 cents for which send me the six portraits of movie stars printed in color, as per your advertisement.

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PH-10-33

vince anyone that I should wear clothes—after my entire life has been devoted to a study of clothes.

"I wish I had the money in the bank I have spent on them. I do not want to wear exotic clothes. I want to be *very, very* fashionable. I want to show *fashion* through architectural lines.

"My face is clear cut, not soft. It is definite with high cheek bones. I have no baby blue eyes or fluffy hair. I am fitted for the architectural in clothes. I do not want to wear the ruffles and puffs so common today.

"I want to show women how they can design clothes architecturally to fit the way they are themselves architecturally molded. We all have our own architectural lines, you know, like houses. As houses are furnished to conform with the style of the architecture, so we should be dressed to harmonize with it.

"I do not wish to subjugate the story to clothes, but I do want to mold clothes taste with the help of a good story. I will not make another in which only rags are demanded."

HER arguments were made in perfect English from which accent has almost entirely disappeared. Dolores has been studying English for seven years.

When she had finished, Producer Cooper gave her control. Her first will be "Dance of Desire."

Studio designers will not see her. She will design most of her costumes with the aid of international dressmakers whom she chooses from Hollywood, New York or Paris.

At last, Dolores Del Rio has *carte blanche* with someone else's money to develop a dream which originated when Eddie Carewe first brought her to this country.

She will not wear flowers unless those flowers are designed from "modern" fashions. *Architecturally matching* flowers, if you please.

Her accessories, also, will show the modernistic trend—which, by the way, her husband, art director Cedric Gibbons, has helped to make famous.

Sophistication, modernism and *fashion* will be the keynote of this new Del Rio.

What will the world say when it sees her as she is in life, as one of the most smartly gowned women of all nations?

Only time can answer! The world is curious in its reactions. Veterans like Edwin Carewe, Joseph Schenck and David Selznick felt it meant doom to remove her from ashes to castles, even though they knew her private life had always centered about castles.

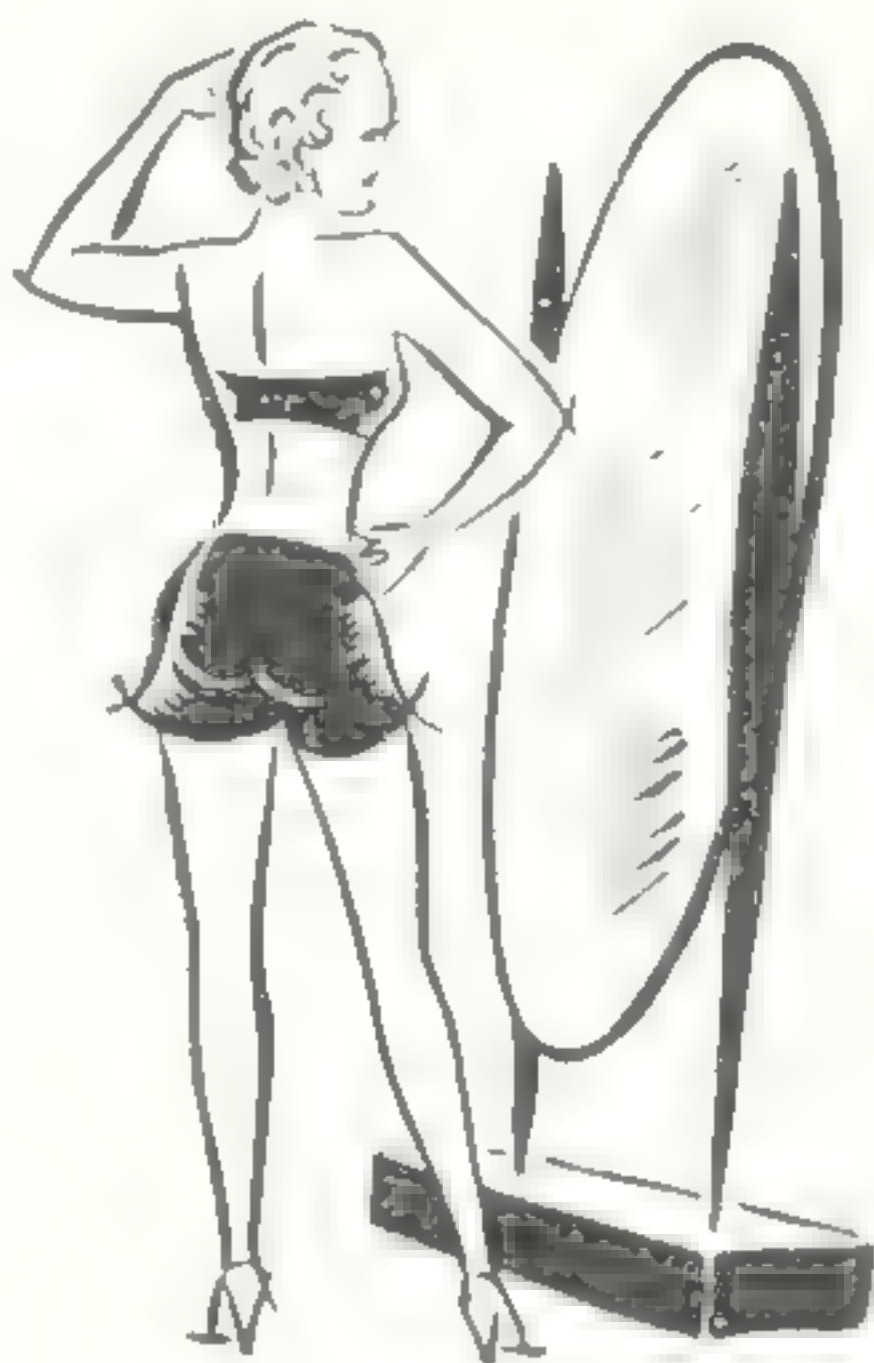
SHE is confident. You should have seen her face, the other day, when she led leading man Joel McCrea into the gallery for publicity pictures. He was in tails; she in svelte, sleazy, form-fitting white satin. She was radiant; joyous; like a young girl just released from a restraining boarding school. The last time they had had pictures taken together, each had been in an half-yard of cotton for "Bird of Paradise."

"He looks better, too. Now, my leading men will have a chance to show how handsome they are. This is the first time in seven years—"

She knows that by all the laws of Hollywood, she should be looking for bit parts or cooking for her husband by now. But here she is with a completely *new* life—the first of her own dictating. If it should fail—

Well, she can always return to rags. There seems to be no end to the professional lives of Del Rio.

Can Hair Loveliness be This Simple?



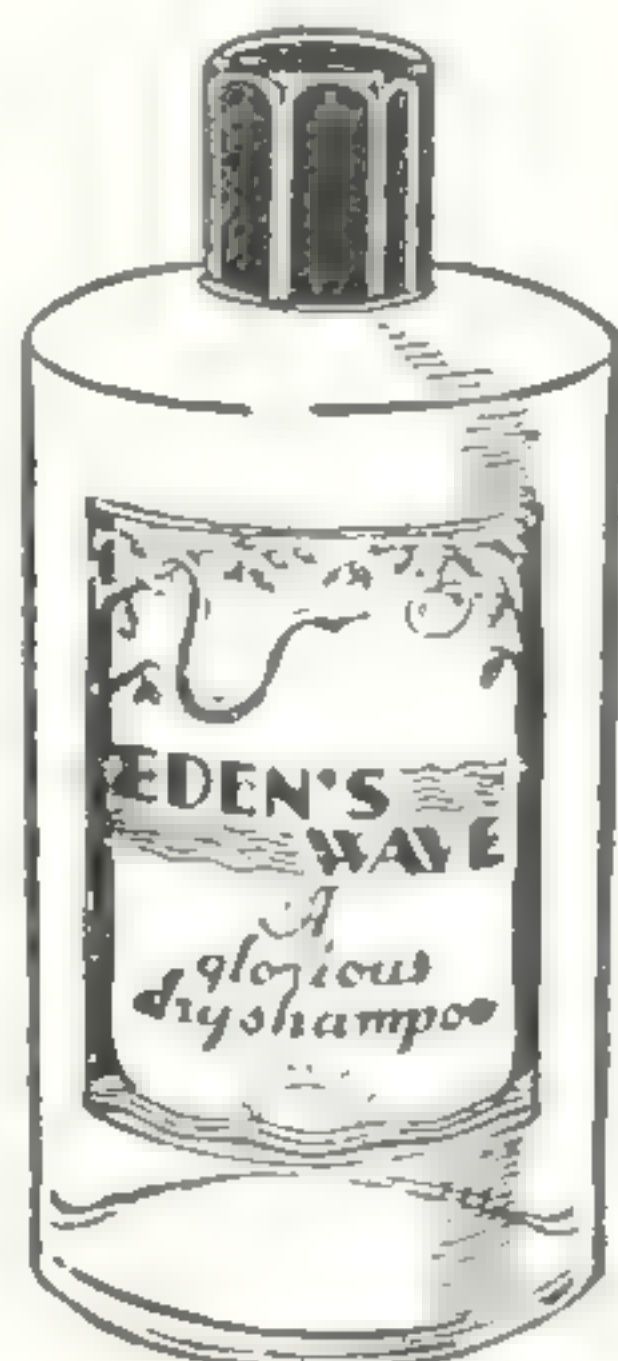
At Home . . . instead of the wet messiness of ordinary shampoos, try the ease and simplicity of Eden's Wave, the glorious liquid *dry* shampoo that dry cleans your hair and scalp. With Eden's Wave you don't wash away your permanent . . . you *preserve* and *deepen* it.

At the Office . . . where neatness and dispatch are indispensable. With Eden's Wave handy, the "neatness" is assured . . . because it is a perfect hair groom. For "dispatch" Eden's Wave is just the thing . . . it's as easy to use as powdering your nose, and darn near as quick.



For that Exciting Date . . . when you need that "right from the hairdresser" look to make a big impression, use Eden's Wave. It enhances the loveliness of your hair and gives you a perfectly groomed appearance. It makes last month's permanent look like yesterday's. And there's no wet messiness, no colds for fall and winter.

For the Autumn Week-End . . . when golf and tennis and riding whip your locks into a good imitation of Medusa, use Eden's Wave as a hair groom. Pat it on sparingly and run a comb through your hair. Eden's Wave will keep your wave in place so well that even your horse might say: how can she be so boisterous and yet so neat?



Eden's Wave is unique. It is the only "four-way" hair preparation for sale in the smart shops. Primarily, Eden's Wave is a liquid dry shampoo. It cleans the hair and scalp thoroughly . . . yet simply and quickly. It is a tonic . . . it conditions the hair and scalp, makes and keeps it healthy. It actually deepens and preserves a natural or permanent wave. As a hair groom made especially for women of discrimination, it uncovers and emphasizes the hair's natural beauty. But above all, Eden's Wave has one priceless virtue . . . when you use it, you know your hair *is* and *looks* its loveliest.

HOUSE OF EDEN, Inc.,
551 Fifth Ave., New York

Kindly send me your booklet on Eden's Wave, the glorious dry shampoo.

Name

Address

EDEN'S
WAVE

AT YOUR FAVORITE DRUG
OR DEPARTMENT STORE

What's new in
Hollywood Styles?

Seymour

tells you on pages 61-66

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



BY THE DAY,
MONTH OR YEAR
at the

SHERRY-NETHERLAND



A residence of quiet, private-home charm...individually decorated rooms and the advantages of Sherry-Netherland service. Tower apartments, and suites of one to four rooms. Boudoir dressing-rooms, serving pantries. Fifth Ave. at 59th St. on Central Park, New York.

THE war was at its climax when our issue of October, 1918, went to press, and how it stalked through our pages! Anita Stewart doing war gardening on her estate—several pages of pictures showing screen personalities in the service—Dorothy Dalton and others “adopting” companies and regiments! And we told that war-time coal shortage had forced producers to complete the transfer of all film-making from New Jersey to Hollywood.

In our wonderings over what films would be like after the war, we worried particularly about comedy. We thought the possibilities in slapstick and custard pies exhausted, and said the comedy of the future would use possible though funny situations of real life. Within the month, Charlie Chaplin’s “Shoulder Arms” was to enlarge our notions of comedy; but now we said the best future comedians would be like Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.



Anita
Stewart

Here’s a good one! Considerable space was devoted to the question—“Will Mary Pickford Retire?” Think of that—then of what she did in the following fifteen years!

Another odd one—the story of Bill Hart playing a hard-boiled sailor, *Shark Monroe*. Still another: David Warfield, of stage fame, turned down \$5,000 a day to do a film version of “The Music Master.” It seems that big money was current then, as in 1929.

The outstanding marriage we chronicled was that of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

While there was no selection of “best” films in those days, we waxed enthusiastic over Harry Morey and Betty Blythe in “All Man,” Mildred Harris and Lew Cody in “For Husbands Only,” Kathlyn Williams in “We Can’t Have Everything,” Olive Thomas in “Toton,” and Elsie Ferguson in “The Danger Mark.” On the cover, Marguerite Clayton.

10 Years Ago

OUR issue of October, 1923, made it plain that the coming winter was to be a fruitful season for new stars, many of whom became leading luminaries of the “pre-talkie” days. Most of them came from the stage, which by now had been overcome by Hollywood’s golden lure. Among the recruits were Mary Astor, beauty contest winner, and Billie Dove, late of the Follies, and now to be one of Tom Mix’s leading ladies!

Other and longer established kings and queens of the coming era were in notice, too—particularly Gloria Swanson. Folks had been wondering whether Pola Negri, imported that spring, would dethrone Gloria; but we said Gloria was “burning them up,” and would have the best chance of her career in “Zaza.” At the same time, we told how separate appearances at the same party made it plain that the Negri-Chaplin engagement was most definitely “off.” Constance Tal-



Billie
Dove

madge wrote us an article explaining, now that she was divorced from John Pialoglou, what kind of man she wanted. Yes, of course—he must be a “good” bad man, strong and silent—but with a sense of humor!

Then, as though recognizing the “milestone” character of the season, we had an article telling how the first decade of serious effort in movies had ripened the art of the Talmadge sisters, Charlie Chaplin, Doug Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford.

Our current history of the movies told how an exceptionally cloudy winter, back in 1909-10, had forced producers to California.

Leading pictures: Marion Davies in “Little Old New York”; Norma Talmadge in “Ashes of Vengeance”; George Arliss in “The Green Goddess”; a galaxy of stars in “Hollywood”; Gloria Swanson in “Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife”; Francis McDonald and Andree Lafayette in “Trilby.” Alla Nazimova on the cover.

5 Years Ago



Emil
Jannings

FOUR months before, unthought of—now “sound pictures” and their results were all over our issue of October, 1928! Among those whose “nexts” were to be “talkie” were, John Barrymore, Harold Lloyd, Pauline Frederick. Lupe Velez was to get a real start in Griffith’s “The Love Song,” with an Irving Berlin ditty written for her.

Casualties, too—stars being dimmed already! Emil Jannings’ next was to be a “sound picture” but not a “talkie”—a distinction much heard then. What it meant was, an accompaniment of sound effects, but no speech. Emil could not learn English—so ere long we saw him no more.

Another casualty with a different end to the story. Nils Asther, we reported, was “tired of mass production methods”—longed for the intimacy of Swedish production. We know better now since Nils, master of English, made his great comeback not quite two years ago. An

interesting footnote to it all—we told that the chance to sing had swung the decision with Ramon Novarro. He would not forsake movies for the priesthood.

Judge Ben Lindsay explained Hollywood divorces as a case of being too highly emotional folks.

The second installment of Joan Crawford’s life story told of leaving a home behind a Kansas City laundry to join the chorus. We reviewed the acknowledged “last picture” of Pola Negri’s career.

This was the season when Janet Gaynor’s “7th Heaven” and “Street Angel” were sweeping the country. Best (silent) films: Marion Davies, “The Cardboard Lover”; Dolores Costello, George O’Brien, “Noah’s Ark”; Dolores Del Rio, “Revenge”; Thomas Meighan, “The Mating Call”; Billie Dove, Paul Lukas, “The Night Watch”; Fred Thomson, “Kit Carson.” In sound, Al Jolson, “The Singing Fool.” Cover: Evelyn Brent.

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Walter Abel	Roscoe Karns
Brian Aherne	Jack La Rue
Judith Allen	Charles Laughton
Lona Andre	Baby LeRoy
Richard Arlen	Carole Lombard
George Barbier	Barton MacLane
Mary Boland	Fredric March
Grace Bradley	Herbert Marshall
Kathleen Burke	Four Marx Brothers
Burns and Allen	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Lyda Roberti
Ricardo Cortez	Charlie Ruggles
Buster Crabbe	Randolph Scott
Bing Crosby	Sylvia Sidney
Marlene Dietrich	Alison Skipworth
Patricia Farley	Sir Guy Standing
W. C. Fields	Kent Taylor
Frances Fuller	Helen Twelvetrees
Cary Grant	Evelyn Venable
Shirley Grey	Mae West
William Harrigan	Dorothea Wieck
Verna Hillie	Toby Wing
Miriam Hopkins	Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Vera Allen	Roger Imhoff
Heather Angel	Miriam Jordan
Lew Ayres	Victor Jory
Warner Baxter	Howard Lally
Irene Bentley	William Lawrence
John Boles	Philip Merivale
Clara Bow	Jose Mojica
El Brendel	Ralph Morgan
Henrietta Crosman	Herbert Mundin
Florence Desmond	George O'Brien
James Dunn	Will Rogers
Sally Eilers	Raul Roulien
Norman Foster	Sid Silvers
Preston Foster	Harvey Stephens
Henry Garat	Spencer Tracy
Janet Gaynor	Claire Trevor
Lilian Harvey	June Vladek

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Benchley	Benita Hume
Gloria Blondell	Dorothy Jordan
Bill Boyd	Arline Judge
June Brewster	Tom Keene
Bruce Cabot	Edgar Kennedy
William Cagney	Francis Lederer
Chic Chandler	Dorothy Lee
Dolores Del Rio	Eric Linden
Richard Dix	Helen Mack
Irene Dunne	Joel McCrea
Betty Furness	Gregory Ratoff
William Gargan	Ginger Rogers
Wynne Gibson	Bert Wheeler
Hale Hamilton	Howard Wilson
Ann Harding	Robert Woolsey
Katharine Hepburn	

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor	Al Jolson
Charles Chaplin	Mary Pickford
Ronald Colman	Gloria Swanson
Douglas Fairbanks	

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss	Paul Kelly
George Bancroft	Fay Wray
Constance Bennett	Loretta Young
Constance Cummings	

Columbia Studios, 1433 Gower St.

Walter Connolly	Tim McCoy
Donald Cook	Toshia Mori
Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Dorothy Tree

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Lillian Moore
Billy Gilbert	Billy Nelson
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Patsy Kelly	Thelma Todd
Stan Laurel	Oliver Wakefield
Dorothy Layton	

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander	Walter Huston
Elizabeth Allan	Otto Kruger
Nils Asther	Myrna Loy
John Barrymore	Ben Lyon
Lionel Barrymore	Jeanette MacDonald
Wallace Beery	Margaret McConnell
Alice Brady	Florine McKinney
Charles Butterworth	Una Merkel
Mary Carlisle	Robert Montgomery
Ruth Channing	Colleen Moore
Mae Clarke	Polly Moran
Jackie Cooper	Frank Morgan
Joan Crawford	Karen Morley
Marion Davies	David Newell
Marie Dressler	Ramon Novarro
Jimmy Durante	Maureen O'Sullivan
Nelson Eddy	Earl Oxford
Stuart Erwin	Jean Parker
Madge Evans	Jack Pearl
Muriel Evans	May Robson
Clark Gable	Ruth Selwyn
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
C. Henry Gordon	Martha Sleeper
Lawrence Grant	Lewis Stone
William Haines	Franchot Tone
Russell Hardie	Lee Tracy
Jean Harlow	Lupe Velez
Helen Hayes	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Hersholt	Ed Wynn
Phillips Holmes	Diana Wynyard
Jean Howard	Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vilma Banky	Ken Maynard
Vince Barnett	Chester Morris
Tom Brown	Charlie Murray
Andy Devine	ZaSu Pitts
Hugh Enfield	Claude Rains
Sterling Holloway	George Sidney
Leila Hyams	Onslow Stevens
Buck Jones	Gloria Stuart
Boris Karloff	Margaret Sullivan
June Knight	Slim Summerville
Paul Lukas	Luis Trenker
Mabel Marden	

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Robert Barrat	Lorena Layson
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
George Blackwood	Marjorie Lytell
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
Lynn Browning	Adolphe Menjou
James Cagney	Jean Muir
Maxine Cantway	Paul Muni
Ruth Chatterton	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Pat O'Brien
Claire Dodd	Edwin Phillips
Ruth Donnelly	Dick Powell
Ann Dvorak	William Powell
Patricia Ellis	Edward G. Robinson
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Rogers
Philip Faversham	Jayne Shadduck
Kay Francis	Barbara Stanwyck
Geraine Gear	Lyle Talbot
Hugh Herbert	Sheila Terry
Arthur Hohl	Helen Vinson
Ann Hovey	Juliette Ware
Leslie Howard	Gordon Westcott
Alice Jans	Renee Whitney
Allen Jenkins	Warren William
Al Jolson	Pat Wing
Ruby Keeler	

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
 Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



Mrs. Jim: "Oh, Mabel, that's the song Jim sang to me so much after we were married. He was so proud of my hands! But he doesn't sing it now—I don't blame him. Dishwashing has certainly ruined my hands—rough, red old things!"



Mabel: "Why, you poor lamb! Don't you know Lux in the dishpan will keep them soft and white? Ordinary soaps too often irritate your skin, hands get red and rough. Gentle Lux will give your hands a beauty bath three times a day!"



Jim: "Look at those beautiful hands! What have you been doing to them?"

Mrs. Jim: "A kitchen beauty treatment, Jimmie! I'm using Lux for dishes now and it keeps my hands white and soft!"



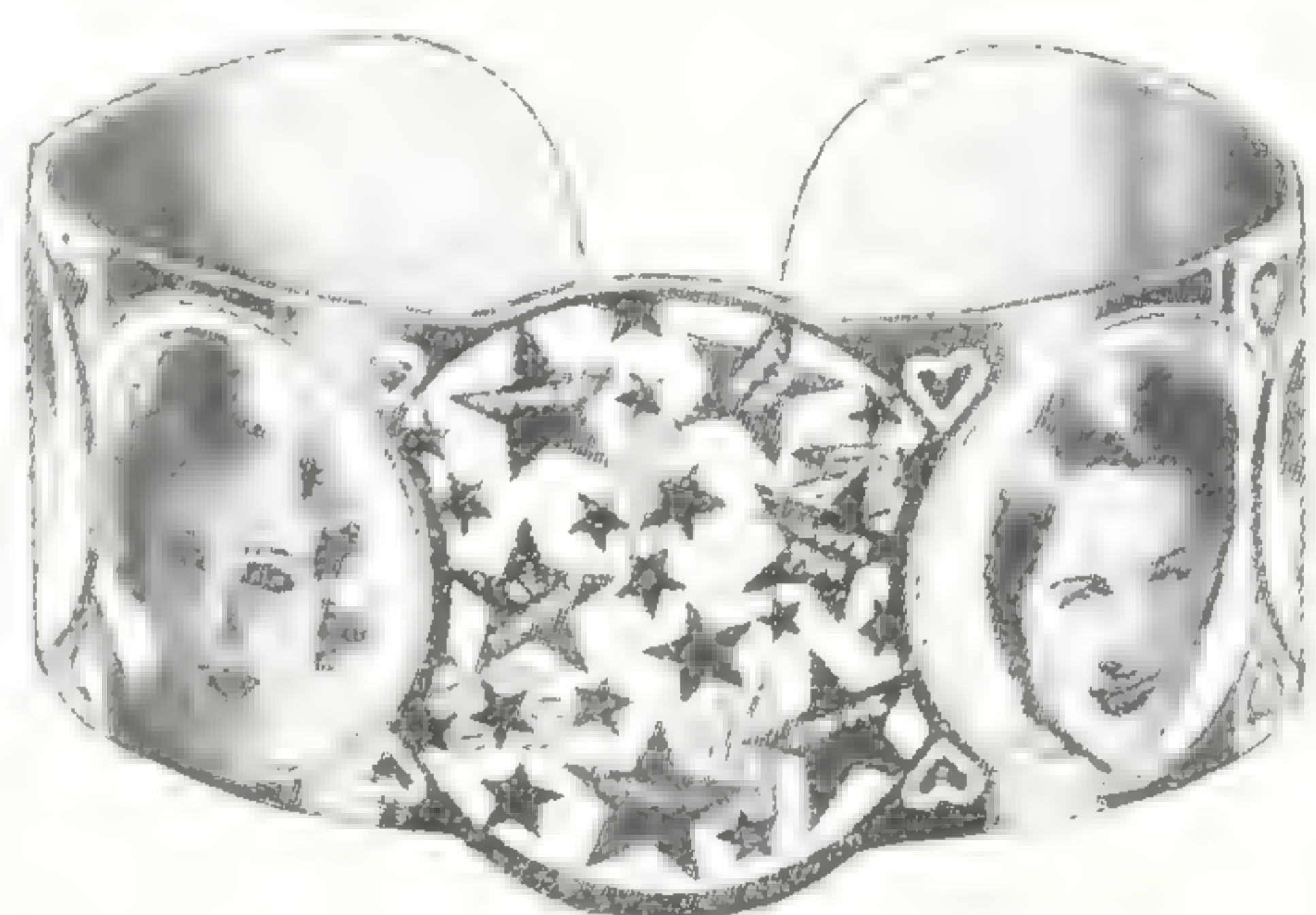
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movie star bracelets etched in two-toned gold effect with portraits of six movie
stars. Send to:

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P.H.-10-33

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (April)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (April)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Eclair.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (Sept.)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (Aug.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (Aug.)

★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (April)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergesheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (Sept.)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

WORLD GONEMAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (July)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)

NAMES

Here is the complete list of
thirty-four names that can be
made from the letter chart
appearing on page 106.

Brook	Page
March	Stone
Raft	Chase
Baxter	Hardy
Boles	Brown
Nixon	Fox
Tracy	Mix
Dix	Lukas
Oliver	Pitts
Dove	Dee
Chaplin	Brent
Cantor	Francis
Fairbanks	Lyon
Daniels	Marx
Garbo	Wray
Huston	Ayres
Loy	Woolsey

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ARKANSAS—

POLLOCK'S,
FORT SMITH.

DELAWARE—

ARTHUR'S APPAREL SHOP, INC.,
WILMINGTON.

FLORIDA—

RUTLAND BROS.,
ST. PETERSBURG.

ILLINOIS—

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,
CHICAGO.

CLARKE & COMPANY,
PEORIA.

OWENS, INCORPORATED,
ROCKFORD.

S. A. BARKER COMPANY,
SPRINGFIELD.

INDIANA—

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FORT WAYNE.

L. S. AYRES & COMPANY, INC.,
INDIANAPOLIS.

ROBERTSON BROS. DEPT. STORE, INC.,
SOUTH BEND.

IOWA—

M. L. PARKER COMPANY,
DAVENPORT.

YOUNKER BROTHERS, INC.,
DES MOINES.

MARYLAND—

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,
BALTIMORE.

MICHIGAN—

THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY,
DETROIT.

WURZBURG'S,
GRAND RAPIDS.

THE STYLE SHOP,
LANSING.

MINNESOTA—

THE DAYTON COMPANY,
MINNEAPOLIS.

THE FANDEL COMPANY,
ST. CLOUD.

NEBRASKA—

RUDGE & GUENZEL CO.,
LINCOLN.

NEW JERSEY—

QUACKENBUSH COMPANY,
PATERSON.

NEW YORK—

THE MORTON COMPANY,
BINGHAMTON.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS,
BROOKLYN.

J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,
BUFFALO.

THE GORTON COMPANY,
ELMIRA.

BLOOMINGDALE'S,
NEW YORK CITY.

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CHARLOTTE.

OHIO—

THE A. POLSKY COMPANY,
AKRON.

THE STERN & MANN COMPANY,
CANTON.

THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY,
CINCINNATI.

THE LINDNER COMPANY,
CLEVELAND.

THE MOREHOUSE-MARTENS Co.,
COLUMBUS.

THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY,
DAYTON.

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WATT & SHAND,
LANCASTER.

GIMBEL BROTHERS,
PHILADELPHIA.

JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY,
PITTSBURGH.

PENN TRAFFIC COMPANY,
JOHNSTOWN.

TEXAS—

LEVY BROS. DRY GOODS Co.,
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THE WOLFF & MARX Co.,
SAN ANTONIO.

WEST VIRGINIA—

COYLE & RICHARDSON, INC.,
CHARLESTON.

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CALGARY.

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THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
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Too bad, that she cannot hear the whispered conversations that would tell her the reason for her failure to "click"—underarm perspiration odor

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Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to skin. You can even use it right after shaving the underarms. Remember, Mum simply prevents unpleasant odor—not perspiration itself.

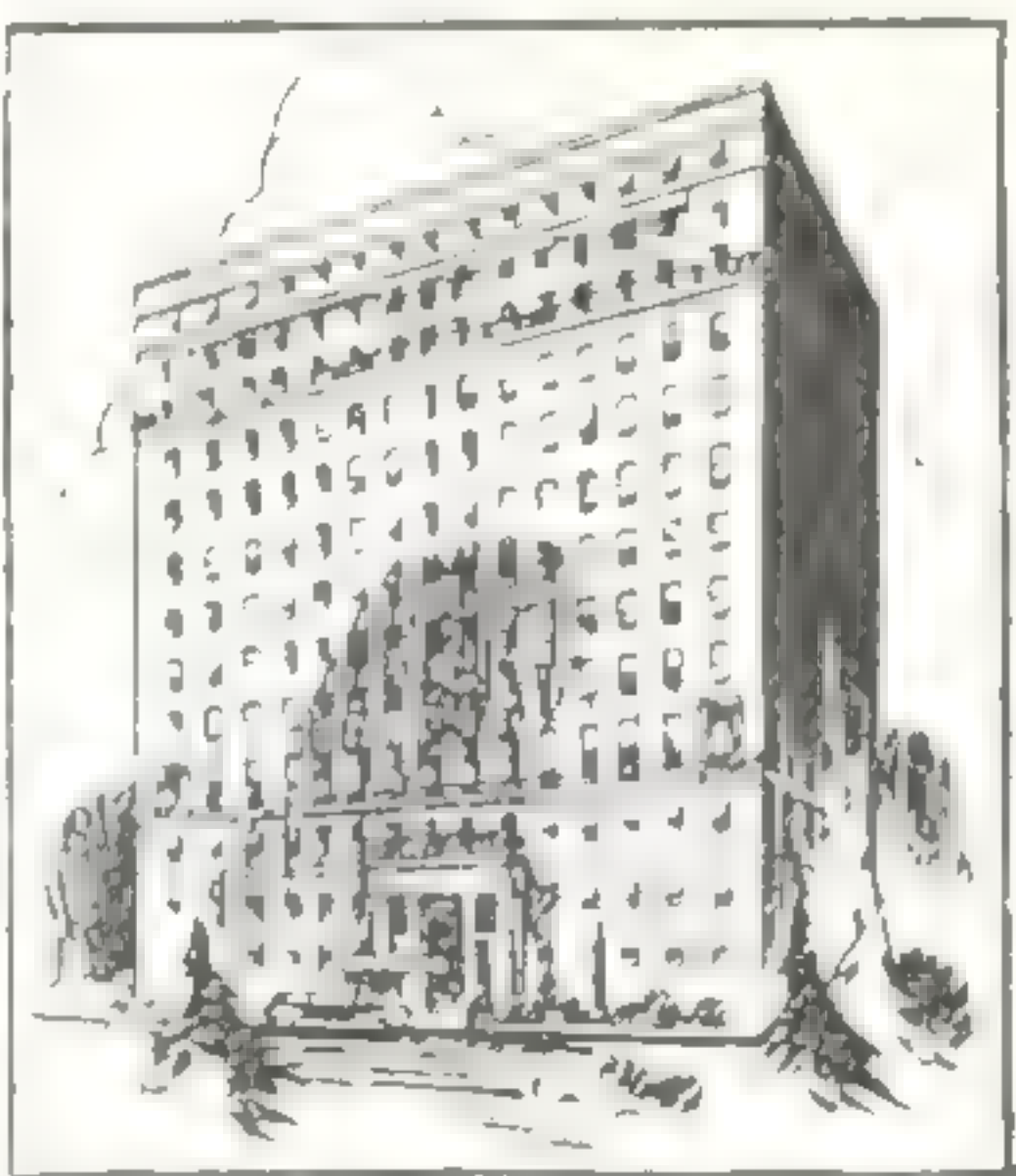
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WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a wonderful deodorant for sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.

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TOWN HOUSE
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Famous Film Flops

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 73]

of the players, technicians and producers of pictures feel sure that the public is going to like their creation.

In short, even when a film is obviously a dud, it is only rarely that anyone, in the course of its filming, has courage or authority enough to stop the slaughter and proclaim the whole enterprise just a basket of over-ripe tomatoes.

In most cases, the movie producers do not know whether they have a success or failure until you—the public—tell them.

Sometimes two master minds get together and produce a failure. Mary Pickford and Ernst Lubitsch would like to forget "Rosita." After the success of "Passion," a foreign-made sensation starring Pola Negri, Mary decided that Lubitsch must be brought to this country to help Mary gain a little sophistication.

"Passion" was the first great German movie to come to these shores and, after its successful showing, sophistication was in high demand. Mary, who is a clever girl, had a little mental lapse when she figured that a director who could do right by the smoldering Pola was just the person to bring out the hidden allure in America's Sweetheart. Lubitsch, too, had similar illusions, and "Rosita" was made with the best intentions in the world. Heralded as a new era in Mary Pickfordism, it soon flickered into oblivion.

But Mary and Ernst, being stout-hearted troupers, went marching on.

Nearly every director or star, no matter how successful, has some picture that started out with the hopes of winning PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal and ended up in the red, with dirty looks from the company's auditors. Even

that miracle man, Mr. Charlie Chaplin, once made a picture that never earned its celluloid.

And yet that picture, "A Woman of Paris," is numbered among the great of the screen. Charlie, you may remember, wanted to be a director, and so he concocted a Parisian romance about the figures of Edna Purviance and the then unknown Adolphe Menjou. The film was born too soon; the public wouldn't face the fact that illegal love has its lighter moments.

So Mr. Chaplin lost money; but the obscure Mr. Menjou was skyrocketed to fame and gold. The public, while condemning the morals of the episode, just adored the nonchalant way in which Mr. Menjou went to Edna Purviance's bureau and, with the familiarity of custom, extracted a handkerchief.

A DIRECTOR like Cecil B. De Mille has to go out of his way to produce a failure, but his prestige as a box-office expert received a setback when "The Godless Girl" went down for a loss. The film, purporting to show the abuses of reformatories, was too brutal, too harsh for public taste; especially for a public expecting only perfumed messages from Mr. De Mille. If the picture injured De Mille, it was still more harmful to Lina Basquette, since her hopes for stardom depended on her work in the title rôle.

De Mille, by the way, was started along the path of perfumed messages by the biggest flop of his career, "Joan the Woman." This filming of the life and death of Joan of Arc failed completely—yet it sent its star, Geraldine Farrar, on to bigger film popularity, launched



"I beg your pardon. . . I'm looking for the *mens'* room!"

Wally Reid as a box-office idol and vastly aided the De Mille career. Failures are as eccentric as lightning in their tricks.

In the case of Eric Von Stroheim, you get another side of the story. Mr. Von Stroheim produces either great, flaming money-makers like "The Merry Widow," or enormous, stupendous, hideous flops like "Greed" and "The Wedding March."

It is all a matter of indifference to Mr. Von Stroheim, and he captains a sinking ship with the same bravery that he guides a record breaker.

"Greed," for instance, with its powerful, repellent story, represented just about everything that the public did *not* want to see at the moment. It was the sort of film that only a Von Stroheim—and a Viennese Von Stroheim—could love. Yet a benign Providence and a still more merciful studio allowed Eric to complete every one of its sixty-seven reels, in the vain hope that the public might give it a break.

FIRST NATIONAL'S "Kismet" came near being one of those three-quarter of a million failures. If there is one thing to which the American public seems splendidly indifferent it is Oriental splendor. Indeed, the astute Doug Fairbanks skated along the edge of a colossal flop with his ornate spectacle of the East, "The Thief of Bagdad." Years later, radio and Walter Winchell were able to do more for the magic carpet than the redoubtable Doug with all his expenditures and camera tricks.

Having turned out one of the great films of all time, "The Covered Wagon," James Cruze, the director, tripped with a crash when he tried his hand at whimsy in making "Beggar on Horseback" in 1925.

In fact, "Beggar on Horseback" brought a glittering directorial career to a momentary halt.

Emmett Flynn was riding the directorial skies when he tackled the romantic film, "In the Palace of the King." When he quit, over half a million had been spent, the screen had another super-flop, and Flynn's career was wrecked for the time being.

Paramount ran into one of those large, expansive failures when it pictured the biblical career of the Prodigal Son in "The Wanderer." It cost a lot of money and did no one any good, least of all its principals, Greta Nissen and Willie Collier, Jr.

Rex Ingram washed himself up as a director of importance in 1926 when he filmed Ibanez's "Mare Nostrum," at his French studios. It was too decadent for popular consumption.

In 1927, the statuesque Maria Corda was imported to play the lady whose face launched a thousand ships, Helen of Troy. Alexander Korda built a \$600,000 picture spectacle around Helen, but the film was just another noteworthy failure. The producers ended up with a wooden horse and a bad taste—and later Miss Corda went home disappointed.

WHEN a director such as King Vidor makes two "artistic failures," he has to possess a lot of come-back power to retain his place in pictures. "Hallelujah" still is looked upon by many as one of America's finest films. But America, unfortunately for Mr. Vidor, did not give a darn about his study of the every-day negro life in the South. "The Crowd" was a conscientious, calculated close-up of big city mediocrity. But it didn't get to first base as box-office entertainment. Vidor won praise with both of these films but he had to make a "Street Scene" to prove he still had the box-office punch.

"Wet Parade" bordered upon the edge of being a classic flop. It made the mistake of straddling the prohibition question at the very moment that America had made up her mind to be wet.

And, of all things, it had a prohibition agent as a hero.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ANOTHER LANGUAGE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Rose Franken. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Stella*, Helen Hayes; *Victor*, Robert Montgomery; "Mom," Louise Closser Hale; *Jerry*, John Beal; "Pop," Henry Travers; *Helen*, Margaret Hamilton; *Harry*, Willard Robertson; *Grace*, Irene Cattell; *Paul*, Minor Watson; *Walter*, Hal Dawson; *Elta*, Maudel Turner.

"BIG EXECUTIVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alice Duer Miller. Screen play by Laurence Stallings. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Victor Conway*, Ricardo Cortez; *Helena Grant*, Elizabeth Young; *Commodore Richardson*, Richard Bennett; *Miss Healy*, Sharon Lynne; *Mrs. Conway*, Dorothy Peterson; *Harry, the Guide*, Barton MacLane; *Sheriff*, Charles Middleton; *Coroner*, Pop Kenton; *Coroner's Wife*, Maude Eburne; *Reverend Oates*, Albert Hart; *Aunt Henrietta*, Jean Beaks; *Richardson's Secretary*, Frank Darien; *Caddy*, Wilson Bengel-Pawnbroker, Tenen Holtz; *Harrison*, John M. Sullivan; *Storekeeper*, Irving Bacon; *Aunt Peke*, Mildred Hardy.

"BLIND ADVENTURE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the screen play by Ruth Rose. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. The cast: *Richard Bruce*, Robert Armstrong; *Rose Thorne*, Helen Mack; *Burglar*, Roland Young; *Jim Steele*, Ralph Bellamy; *Regan*, John Miljan; *Lady Rockingham*, Laura Hope Crews; *Major Thorne*, Henry Stephenson; *Gwen*, Phyllis Barry; *Reggie*, John Warburton; *Mrs. Thorne*, Marjorie Gatenon; *Chambermaid*, Beryl Mercer; *Gerald Fairfax*, Tyrell Davis; *Harvey*, Desmond Roberts; *Bill*, Charles Irwin; *General*, Fred Sullivan; *Inebriated Guest*, George K. Arthur; *Buller*, Ivan Simpson.

"DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Harry Hervey. Screen play by Howard Estabrook. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Andre*, Victor Jory; *Margot*, Loretta Young; *Rena*, Vivienne Osborne; *Jean*, David Manners; *Capt. Radak*, C. Henry Gordon; *Bimpy*, Herbert Mundin; *Father Carmion*, Emil Chautard; *Salazar*, J. Carrol Naish.

"DEVIL'S MATE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Leonard Fields and David Silverstein. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Nancy Weaver*, Peggy Shannon; *Inspector O'Brien*, Preston Foster; *Natural*, Ray Walker; *Parkhurst*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Gwen*, Barbara Barondess; *Joe*, Harold Waldridge; *Clinton*, Jason Robards; *Warden*, James Durkin; *District Attorney*, Bryant Washburn; *McGee*, Harry Holman; *Nick*, Paul Porcasi; *Maloney*, Paul Fix; *Buller*, Gordon DeMain; *Collins*, George Hayes.

"DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION" ("The Big Attraction")—TOBIS-TAUBER-EMELKA PROD.—Music by Dr. Caper. Directed by Max Reichmann. The cast: *Riccardo*, Richard Tauber; *Kitty*, Marianne Winkelstern; *Juana*, Margo Lyon; *Felipe*, Siegfried Arno; *Tommy*, Teddy Bill.

"FIGHTING PARSON, THE"—ALLIED-FIRST DIVISION.—From the story by Harry Fraser. Directed by Harry Fraser. The cast: *Steve*, Hoot Gibson; *Susan*, Marceline Day; *Mr. Doolittle*, Robert Frazer; *Bart*, Stanley Blystone; *Arizona*, "Skeeter" Bill Robbins; *Mike*, Charles King; *Marshal*, Jules Cowles; *Mr. Larkin*, Phil Dunham; *Mrs. Larkin*, Ethel Wales.

"F. P. I."—FOX-GAUMONT BRITISH-UFA.—From the story by Walter Reisch and Kurt Siodmak. Screen play by Walter Reisch. Directed by Karl Hartl. The cast: *Droste*, Leslie Fenton; *Ellisen*, Conrad Veidt; *Claire*, Jill Esmond; *Lubin*, George Merritt; *Photographer*, Donald Calthrop; *Sailor with Toothache*, Alexander Field; *Argumentative Sailor*, Francis L. Sullivan; *First Officer*, Warwick Ward; *Matthias*, Nicholas Hannen; *Konrad*, William Freshman; *Doctor*, Dr. Philip Manning.

"HELL'S HOLIDAY"—SUPERB PICTURES.—A compilation of World War scenes. Narrated by Eugene Dennis. Music and sound effects by Joseph Finston.

"HER FIRST MATE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Dan Jarrett and John Golden. Screen play by Earle Snell, H. M. Walker and Clarence Marks. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *John Horner*, Slim Summerville; *Mary Horner*, ZaSu Pitts; *Hattie*, Una Merkel; *Percy*, Warren Hymer; *Davis*, Berton Churchill; *Sam*, George Marion; *Socrates*, Henry Armetta.

"HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY"—SHOWMENS PICTURES.—From the story by Lew Collins. Directed by Phil Whitman. The cast: *Marion Hall*, Evalyn Knapp; *Dick Wallace*, John Wayne; *Dr. Hall*, Alec B. Francis; *Wallace, Sr.*, Reginald Barlow; *Polly*, Natalie Kingston; *Little*, Arthur Hoyt; *Garage Owner*, Al St. John.

"LAST TRAIL, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Tom Daley*,

George O'Brien; *Patricia Carter*, Claire Trevor; *Newt Olsen*, El Brendel; *Mrs. Wilson*, Lucille La Verne; *Looney McGann*, Matt McHugh; *Japonica Jones*, George Reed; *John Ross*, J. Carrol Naish; *Sally Olsen*, Ruth Warren; *Pedro Gonzales*, Luis Alberni; *Judge Wilson*, Edward Le Saint.

"LIFE IN THE RAW"—FOX.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Jim*, George O'Brien; *Judy*, Claire Trevor; *Belle*, Greta Nissen; *Myles*, Francis Ford; *Lamson*, Warner Richmond; *Tom*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Petroff*, Alan Edwards; *McTavish*, Nigel De Brulier.

"MAN WHO DARED, THE"—FOX.—From the screen play by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Jon Novak*, Preston Foster; *Teena Pavelic*, Zita Johann; *Joan*, Joan Marsh; *Tereza Novak*, Irene Biller; *Dick*, Clifford Jones; *Barbara*, June Vladek; *Yosef Novak*, Leon Waycoff; *Dan Foley*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Judge Collier*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Senator McGunness*, Frank Sheridan; *Posilipo*, Leonid Snegoff; *Ruzena*, Elsie Larson; *Miss Rainey*, Lita Chevret; *Ronda*, Vivian Reid; *Karel*, Matt McHugh; *Jon Novak* (the boy), Jay Ward.

"MIDNIGHT CLUB"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Screen play by Seton Miller and Leslie Charteris. Directed by Alexander Hall and George Somnes. The cast: *Colin Grant*, Clive Brook; *Nick Mason*, George Raft; *Iris Whitney*, Helen Vinson; *Lady Barrett-Smythe*, Alison Skipworth; *Commissioner Hope*, Sir Guy Standing; *Arthur Bradley*, Alan Mowbray; *George Rubens*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *The Duchess*, Ethel Griffies; *Thomas Roberts*, Forrester Harvey; *First Detective*, Billy Bevan; *Second Detective*, Charles McNaughton; *Grant's Double*, Paul Perry; *Iris' Double*, Celeste Ford; *Bradley's Double*, Pat Somerset; *Nick's Landlady*, Rita

Carlyle; *Head Waiter*, Jean De Briac; *Waiter*, Lee White; *Nishi*, Teru Shimada; *Jenkins*, Charles Coleman.

"MORNING GLORY, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Zoe Akins. Screen play by Howard J. Green. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Eva Lovelace*, Katharine Hepburn; *Joe Sheridan*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Louis Easton*, Adolphe Menjou; *Rita Vernon*, Mary Duncan; *Hedges*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Gigolo*, Don Alvarado; *C. Seymour*, Frederic Dantley; *Henry Lawrence*, Richard Carle; *Charles Van Dusen*, Tyler Brooke; *Actress*, Geneva Mitchell.

"ONE YEAR LATER"—ALLIED.—From the story by F. Hugh Herbert and Paul Perez. Adapted by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Molly Collins*, Mary Brian; *Tony Richards*, Russell Hopton; *Jim Collins*, Donald Dillaway; *J. Atwell Hunt*, George Irving; *Will Ahern*, Will Ahern; *Joyce Carewe*, Gladys Ahern; *Deputy Russell*, DeWitt Jennings; *Clarence*, Jackie Searl; *Vera Marks*, Pauline Garon; *The Wisecracker*, Marjorie Beebe; *Greggs*, Al Hill; *Mrs. Hunt*, Myrtle Stedman; *Mr. Grant*, Edward Keane; *The Fat Man*, Harry Holman; *Conductor*, William Humphrey; *Mr. Wells*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Mrs. Wells*, Nina Guilbert; *Jim's Father*, John Ince; *Second Reporter*, Pat O'Malley.

"RAFTER ROMANCE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by John Wells. Screen play by H. W. Hanemann, Sam Mintz and Glenn Tryon. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Mary Carroll*, Ginger Rogers; *Jack Bacon*, Norman Foster; *Max Eckbaum*, George Sidney; *Hubbell*, Robert Benchley; *Elise*, Laura Hope Crews; *Fritzie*, Guinn Williams; *Rosie Eckbaum*, Ferike Boros; *Julius*, Sidney Miller.

"SAVAGE GOLD"—HAROLD AUTEN PROD.—A record of Commander G. M. Dyott's adventures in Ecuador. Photographed by G. M. Dyott. Edited by L. F. Kennedy. Dialogue written by Burnet Hershey, spoken by John Martin.

"SING SINNER SING"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the play by Wilson Collison. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Howard Christy. The cast: *Phil Carida*, Paul Lukas; *Lela Larson*, Leila Hyams; *Ted Rendon*, Donald Dillaway; *Margaret Flannigan*, Ruth Donnelly; *Spats*, George E. Stone; *Gwen*, Joyce Compton; *Sadie*, Jill Dennett; *Uncle Homer*, Arthur Hoyt; *Louis*, Walter McGrail; *Cecily Gordon*, Gladys Blake; *Jerry*, Arthur Housman; *Roberts*, Edgar Norton; *James Parks*, John Sainpolis; *Aunt Emily*, Stella Adams; *Conley*, Pat O'Malley; *Riordan*, Walter Brennon; *Johann van Puyten*, William Humphrey.

"SKYWAY"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Paul B. Franklin. Screen play by Albert E. DeMond. Directed by Lew Collins. The cast: *Flash*, Ray Walker; *Lila Beaumont*, Kathryn Crawford; *Hamilton*, Arthur Vinton; *Beaumont*, Claude Gillingwater; *Webster*, Lucien Littlefield; *Tug*, Tommy Dugan; *Baker*, Jed Prouty; *Girl*, Alice Lake; *Spike*, Jack Pennick; *Taylor*, George Hayes; *O'Toole*, Jack Kennedy.

"SLEEPLESS NIGHTS"—REMINGTON PICTURES.—From the story by Stanley Lupino. Adapted by Victor Kendall. Directed by Thomas Bentley. The cast: *Peg*, Polly Walker; *Guy*, Stanley Lupino; *Jerry*, Gerald Rawlinson; *Drew*, Frederick Lloyd; *Percy*, Percy Parsons.

"STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE"—FIRST DIVISION.—A screen record of the Mooney case. Foreword by Theodore Dreiser.

"THIS DAY AND AGE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *Garrett*, Charles Bickford; *Gay Merrick*, Judith Allen; *Steve Smith*, Richard Cromwell; *Don Merrick*, Eddie Nugent; *Morry Dover*, Ben Alexander; *Herman*, Harry Green; *Sam Weber*, Lester Arnold; *Max*, Fuzzy Knight; *The Sheriff*, Wade Boteler; *Toledo*, Bradley Page; *Manager of Night Club*, Billy Gilbert; *Mr. Smith*, Harry C. Bradley; *Mrs. Smith*, Louise Carter; *Billy Anderson*, Michael Stuart; *Chief of Police*, Guy Usher; *Judge Maguire*, George Barbier; *Gus*, Oscar Rudolph; *District Attorney*, Charles Middleton; *Defense Attorney*, Warner Richmond; *George Harris*, Onest Conly; *Mayor*, Samuel Hinds; *Mosher*, Mickey Daniels; *City Editor*, Howard Lang; *Little Fellow*, Arthur Vinton; *Little Fellow's Wife*, Nella Walker.

"THIS IS AMERICA"—FREDERICK ULLMAN, JR. PROD.—A compilation of newsreel scenes from 1917 to 1933. Edited by Gilbert Seldes. Musical arrangement by Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld.

"THREE-CORNERED MOON"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Gertrude Tonkonogy. Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Ray Harris. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Elizabeth Rimplegar*, Claudette Colbert; *Dr. Alan Stevens*, Richard Arlen; *Mrs. Nellie Rimplegar*, Mary Boland; *Kenneth Rimplegar*, Wallace Ford; *Jenny*, Lyda Roberti; *Kitty*, Joan Marsh; *Eddie Rimplegar*, Tom Brown; *Ronald*,



Ricardo Cortez looks like he's ready to pick a fight with any stevedore that walks the dock. If Ricardo fights as well as he swims, it's okay. That abbreviated yacht costume is for a scene in Paramount's film, "Big Executive"

Hardie Albright; *Douglas Rimplegar*, William Bakenwell; *Landlady*, Clara Blandick; *Mike*, Edward Gargan; *Truck Driver*, John Kelly; *Hawkins*, Sam Hardy.

"TRAIL DRIVE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Alan James. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken*, Ken Maynard; *Virginia*, Cecilia Parker; *Honest John*, William Gould; *Thirsty*, Frank Rice; *Blake*, Bob Kortman; *Aunt Marthe*, Fern Emmett.

"TUGBOAT ANNIE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Norman Reilly Raine. Adapted by Zelda

Sears and Eve Greene. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Annie*, Marie Dressler; *Terry*, Wallace Beery; *Alec*, Robert Young; *Pat*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Severn*, Willard Robertson; *Shiftless*, Tammany Young; *Alec (as a child)*, Frankie Darro; *Pete*, Jack Pennick; *Sam*, Paul Hurst.

"WRECKER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Albert Rogell. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Chuck Regan*, Jack Holt; *Mary*, Genevieve Tobin; *Tom Cummings*, Sidney Blackmer; *Shapiro*, George E. Stone; *Cramer*, Ward Bond; *Chuck, Jr.*, Russell Waddle.

"It's A Grand Adventure," says Norma Shearer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

"You see," she said, after we'd chatted about the health baths at Bad Nauheim, and Scottish golf courses and Nazi doings in Germany, "I'm the sort of person who doesn't approve of separations. Oh, I know, it may sound Victorian and passé, but Irving and I believe in taking our vacations together, enjoying the same things, going the same places. You see, we have never been separated—with the exception of two business trips Irving had to take to New York when I was in the middle of a picture.

"MY motto is, if we must separate, why not go together? I don't like to give him the chance to find he can get along without me. On the other hand, he says he wouldn't trust me as far as you can throw a piano—which is rather flattering, don't you think?"

The subject of the recent avalanche of Hollywood divorces followed on this.

"There are so many glamorous personalities in Hollywood and they are all thrown into such sudden personal contact with each other in the course of picture making, that it is very easy sometimes in that highly charged atmosphere of sex, romance, sophistication and excitement to go off on emotional tangents. In fact, you would not be quite human if you did not have to guard against it.

"But unless one is fancy-free, it is dangerous and stupid and can hurt so many other people. Those who don't guard against it, usually make a mess of their lives. I think this is one of the causes of divorce in Hollywood, but goodness knows it is understandable in that hectic, fascinating world of make believe.

"Personally, I feel if one has something precious in one's life, one should fight to guard it with all one's strength and try to do nothing deliberately that will destroy it or even take off a little of the bloom.

"Forgive me for getting on that soap-box—you see, I have my fingers crossed."

One couldn't quite reconcile this old-fashioned formula for marital happiness with one so attractively modern as Norma Shearer. She is the typical 1933 wife; gracious, charming, knowing how to order her servants without being obvious, spending many hours of her personal and precious time in the nursery where Irving, Jr., plays happily most of the afternoon. An amazingly vital mind, keen to current interests, talking business and politics and love with equal facility and depth of knowledge. Always in command of herself, brisk, alert, what one might truly define as a vivacious personality.

"DON'T you think this is a very idealistic age?" Norma remarked suddenly. "Up until twenty years ago the average girl married for protection, to be supported—she picked herself the first decent, available male who could earn an honest living and who would be kind to her and her children. If she happened to love him, too, and he loved her, that was a bit of rare good fortune. Nowadays, with their earning capacity, girls can marry for love and love alone. And if they don't find love, they say, 'Sorry, dear, let's not try to compromise. This is wrong—let's try again.' Consequently,

the people who do stay married do so for no other reason than that they like each other better than anyone else in the world.

"Now, marriage is the beginning of a grand and glorious adventure. It's the beginning of romance instead of the end of it. Haven't you noticed how many recent pictures are built on this premise?"

"I love doing married stories on the screen. They have for the most part been successful. 'The Divorcee,' for all its sophistication and risqué flavor, was a beautiful love story of two married people first losing and then finding each other again. It touched so many people's lives, especially the losing part—so many people used to write to me when that picture was playing and say: 'This is just the story of my life only without the happy ending.' Poor dears."

NORMA SHEARER has everything to make life smooth and comfortable for her. She could so easily fall into the routine of easy life, rising only when she was thoroughly rested, dining when she wished, going places and doing things on inspiration alone with never a thought to studio schedule. Yet she isn't the type for this. She has an abundance of vitality and she is so orderly you can almost visualize her as the super-efficient secretary if life had not been so kind to give her that first chance in pictures; the chance showing of her face and her figure on a short reel back in the silent days—the chance which brought her to the attention of the major studio officials who had faith in this quiet girl as a "comer."

Everything that Norma Shearer does is done with quiet precision. When you ask her a question, she looks directly at you with her sincere blue eyes and thinks for a moment before replying. It is as if she wanted to be sure of her statements before recording them. Yet there is a genuineness about her which makes you believe every opinion she gives is an honest one; her personal beliefs, uncolored by the slightest ulterior motive.

AS this is being written, her plans for the future are indefinite. Rumors of bigger and better things in store for her; rumors of a new contract for both Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. For Norma insists that Irving's interests shall be her interests and vice versa.

She wants to do, from now on, human interest dramas. Stories of real people, with situations to face and problems to solve.

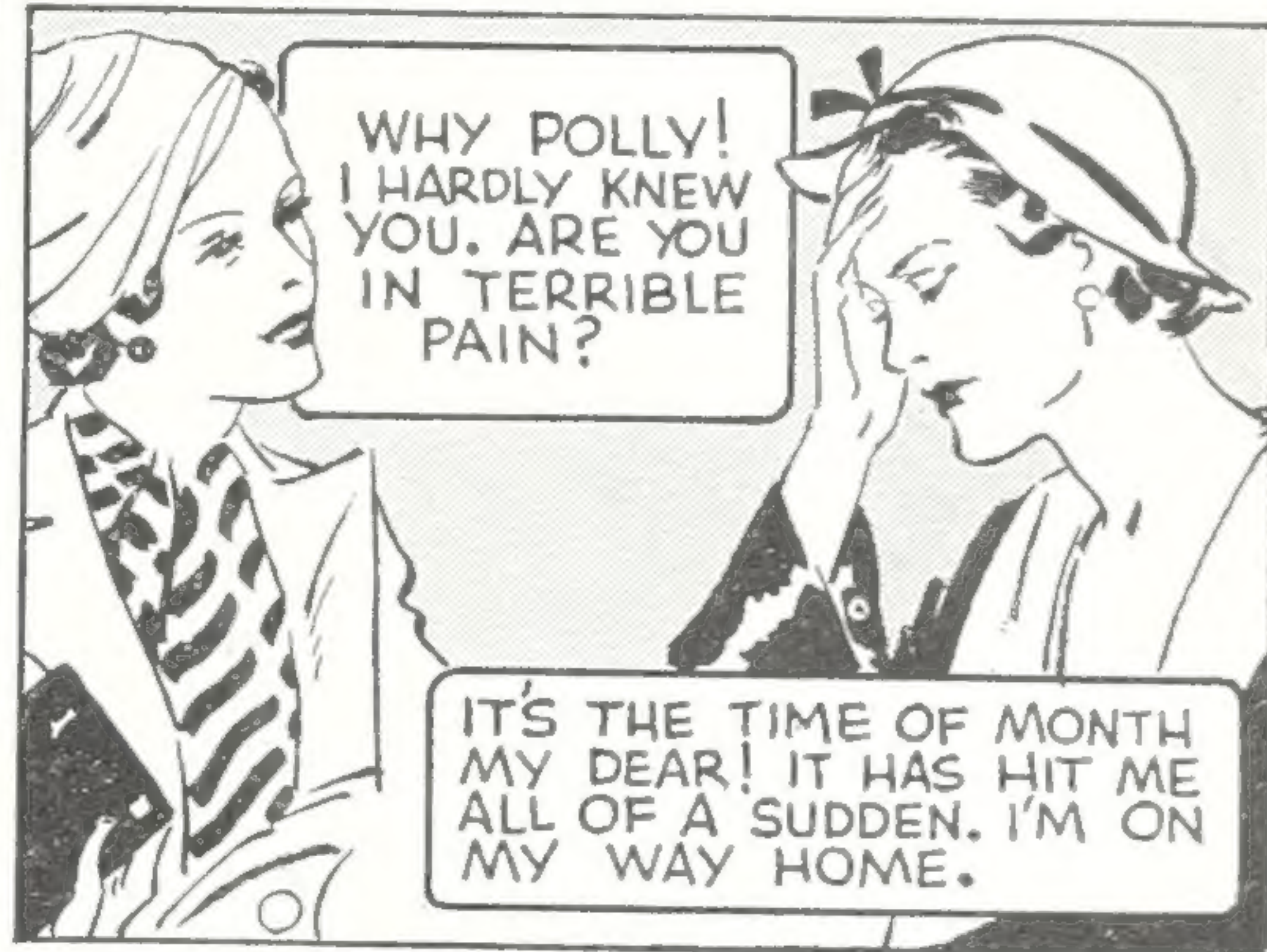
"They are the most interesting stories to work out on the screen," she says, "and I believe they are the sort of stories most people like to see."

Norma has returned from her restful, European vacation, a new girl; rejuvenated in body and mind and ambition. And Irving Thalberg has again accomplished what he went to do—regaining his health.

There will be more stories like "The Divorcee" and "Let Us Be Gay" and "Smilin' Through," for these hold the problems of average people. And Norma, despite the luxury which Fate has so abundantly poured into her lap, insists upon being—just herself.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



Ernest A. Bachrach

Happy dreams! And get up in time for breakfast. But you can't be sure whether he's sleeping or not, the old fox! For it's Roland Young as *Mr. Sherlock Holmes*, a very tricky gentleman, in the RKO-Radio comedy drama, "Blind Adventure," a London story, with a laugh for every scream

WHEN the Marx Brothers arrived from the East recently, a man from the publicity department went to the train. A negro chauffeur was polishing an expensive new car of foreign extraction.

"Gee," he said in admiration, "who are you going to meet with that?"

"Mr. Zeppo Marx," the chauffeur said.

"Why, I've got a car here for Mr. Marx," the publicist said, pointing to a studio limousine.

The chauffeur looked it over disdainfully.

"Humph," he sniffed, "you can take his suitcase back in that, if you-all want to."

THERE'S the one Chester Morris tells of a visit he and Dick Arlen paid to an insane asylum in Oregon.

One of the inmates approached the superintendent and said:

"You are the crazy one. You've got the keys to get out of here and still you stay."

IT was an elegant cafe in "My Weakness," Lilian Harvey's new picture.

Hundreds of beautiful young women, charmingly gowned, with their gentlemen escorts, all smooth and handsome, were sitting about at tables. Then a young man with a megaphone started shouting orders.

"All right, girls on that stairway. Don't move so fast this time. Everybody ready."

Then, remembering something, he picked up his megaphone and shouted, "And say, you society dames, no gum-chewing in this scene."

MAE WEST is reported to have given a hastily gathered and nondescript camera crew on the first day of the studio strike, the reverse English of her famous "Come up and see me sometime."

"I'd like to get *that* in the microphone," one of the crew retorted as they folded up.

HAVE you noticed that the peaked beret Joan Crawford wore in "Today We Live," has appeared on practically every fair young head in the country?

And Adrian says he received nasty letters demanding to know why he put such a bonnet on Joan. Well! Well!

MY goodness! None other than cagey young Bill Cagney is rushing the lady we had thought right along was all dated up by Gary Cooper—Judith Allen is the name. Oh well, pardon us if we can't keep up. These things develop faster than the measles, but they don't show up so plainly.

THELMA TODD had parked too long. Up strode the cop.

She looked at the cop helplessly and explained that really she just couldn't move because she must pick up a friend who was shopping in the store before which she was parked. And would the kind policeman please tell the friend that Miss Todd was waiting?

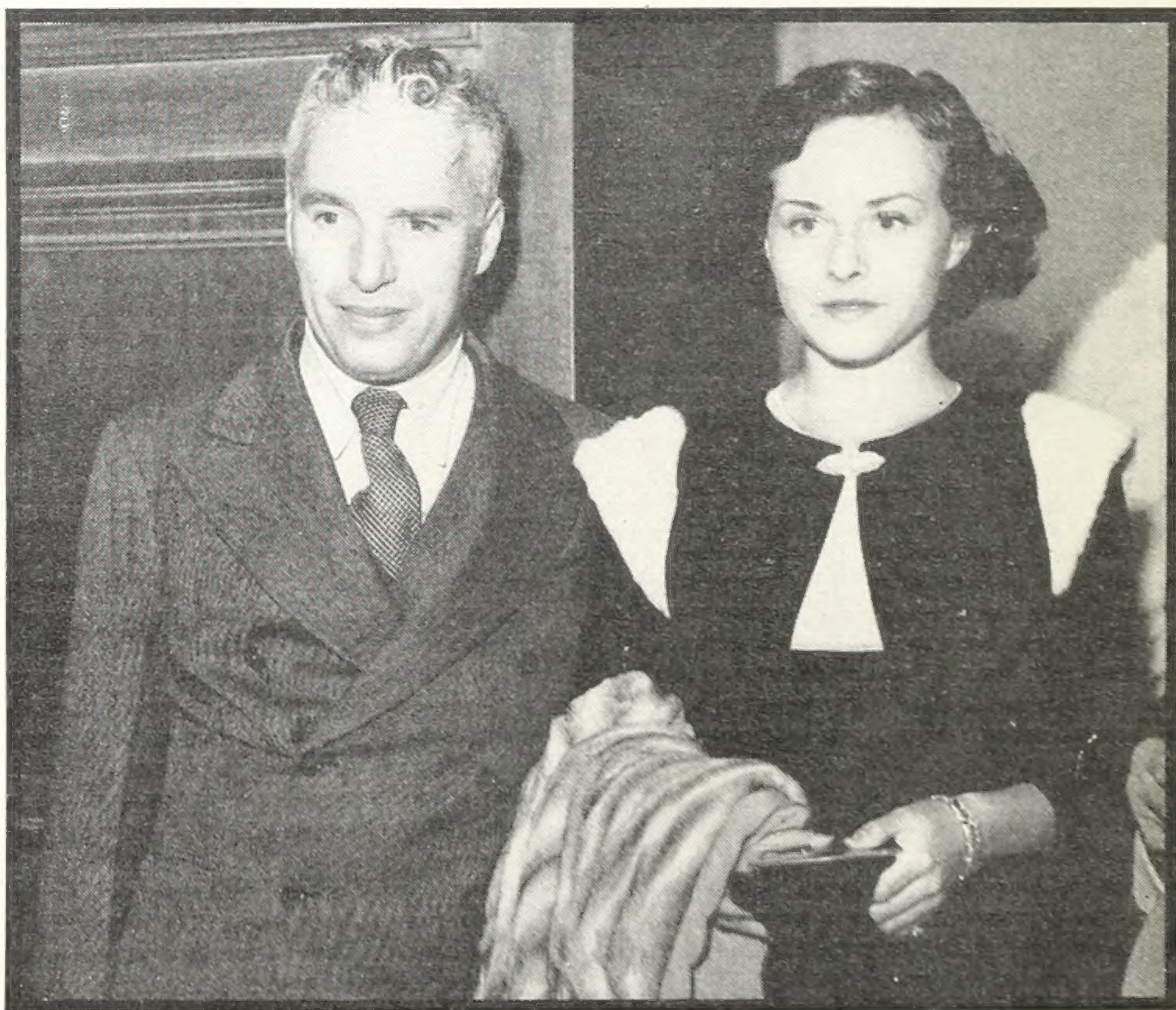
Which, hat in hand, he did.

IN "This Day and Age," you will see the sons of five one-time famous actors, stepping out on their own.

Wally Reid's son, Bryant Washburn's son, and the sons of Fred Kohler, Carlyle Blackwell and Eric Von Stroheim. They are not far apart in years and each has a small but important part to play.

An interesting angle is in the fact that director C. B. DeMille's early successes were all with Wallace Reid.

MRS. OAKIE'S proudest possession these days is a telegram of congratulation from Marie Dressler—Mrs. Oakie is playing son Jack's mother in "Too Much Harmony," and she is doing it without a rehearsal, since the lady has been in practice for just such a part for some thirty odd years now.



They're married! They've busted up! They're never going to marry! They were married months ago! Close your eyes and put your finger down without looking. Your guess is as good as ours. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard have everybody guessing. But she will star in his next film

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"I STARTED SMOKING
CAMELS FOURTEEN
YEARS AGO ———"

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN, II



■ Before her marriage to the famous yachtsman whose "Ace" in the star class won the Bacardi cup in Cuba again this year, Mrs. Adrian Iselin, II was Madeleine L'Engle. She grew up in New Orleans and the warmth and graciousness of the South is a definite part of her charm. She has an endless fund of enthusiasm and can always manage time to work in her garden at East Williston, Long Island, or make a flying trip to her seaside place on the Massachusetts coast. Her interest in painting is keen and she is an ardent collector of first editions. Her wit makes her a delightful hostess and her Southern spoon bread is famous. She always serves Camel cigarettes.

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